A TRIBUTE TO IVAN T. SANDERSON
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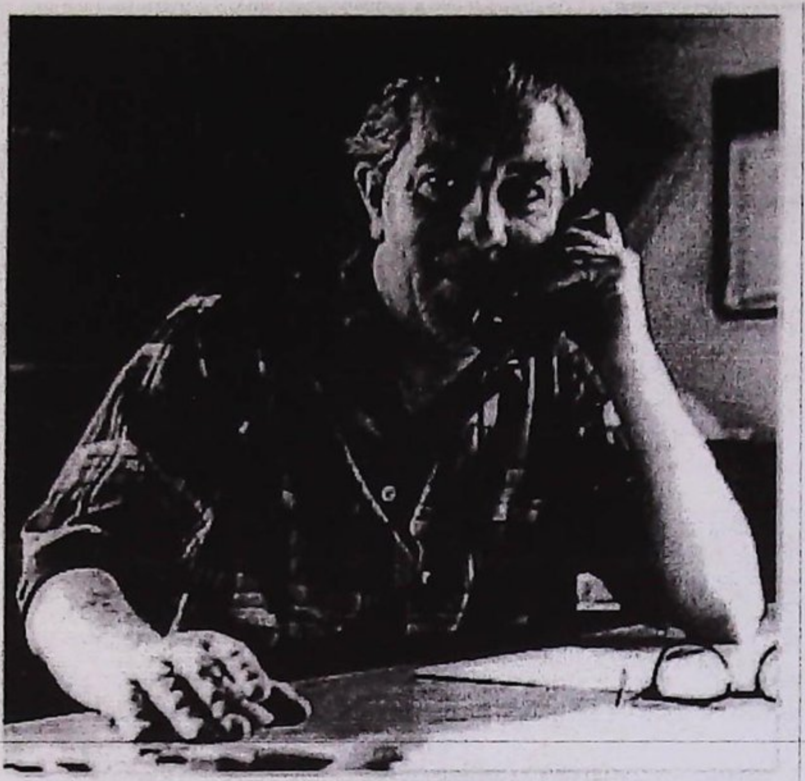
A Tribute to Ivan T. Sanderson

Prologue



Ivan T. Sanderson in his home office, *circa* 1967.

It is a popular belief that everyone at some point in their lives encounters a remarkable person they feel is worthy of depiction in that iconic feature, "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met," in *The Reader's Digest*. In reality, crossing paths with such personages is an exceeding rare occurrence, on a par with winning millions in the lottery—but heaven knows there are enough people out there we'd all like to *forget*.

In the case of Yours Truly, however, such an encounter not only took place, it occurred rather early in life, as a youngster in the summer of 1970.

The person in question: Ivan Terence Sanderson (1911 – 1973), F.L.S., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., M.A.(cantab). Fellow of the Linnean Society of London, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Fellow of the Zoological Society of London. There's a Wikipedia entry on Sanderson, as well as a tribute by his former assistant Mark A. Hall in *Wonders*, December 1992, pp. 65-67 (which can be found in various places on the web, such as here). Moreover, there's an excellent biographical entry on Sanderson that appears in the *National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, Vol. 57 (Clifton, NJ: J.T. White, 1977), pages 192-194, probably written by Sanderson's widow and second wife, the former Marion L. Fawcett (born August 19, 1931), who gave Sanderson's personal papers to the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Sanderson was one of the last of the great world explorers and naturalists, a World War II spy who with his wife Alma battled Nazis in the Caribbean, a best-selling author of 26 books who hosted *The World is Yours* (the world's first regularly-scheduled color TV series). If that weren't enough, in the 1950s he owned his own zoo along the Delaware River, and later became interested in strange phenomena for which there is as yet no scientific explanation, pretty much ruining his reputation among more skeptical scientists unable or unwilling to venture into professionally risky intellectual waters.

Mildred Hughes, 1970

How did I get to meet him? As a stereotypical, intellectually precocious child, my teachers didn't know quite what to do with me. The only one who knew exactly what to do was my eighth grade English teacher, Mildred P. Hughes, who taught at the Halstead Street School in Newton, New Jersey.

Millie Hughes was an interesting person in her own right. When she and her husband adopted a Korean child in 1963, a children's book about the experience entitled *Welcome Child* (New York: John Day, 1963) was written by Pearl S. Buck (1892 – 1973), author of *The Good Earth* and first American woman to win the Nobel Prize for literature. Indeed, Mildred Hughes had been hired in August 1941 as the first director of Buck's East and West Association, an organization with the mission to be "an educational organization devoted to furthering mutual knowledge and understanding between the people of the United States and the people of Asia and Australasia and their allies." (It ceased operations in 1951.) As director of the organization, Millie had known not just Buck and her husband Richard Walsh, but a board of directors that included anthropologist Ruth Benedict and Planned Parenthood founder Margaret Sanger, and an advisory board whose members included novelist Louis Bromfield, artist Miguel Covarrubias (whose vivid paintings of Central American wildlife would inspire Ivan Sanderson to write a children's book, *John and Juan in the Jungle*), philosophers John Dewey and Ernest Hocking, *Time* publisher Henry Luce, IBM's Thomas Lamont, and Juan "Terry" Trippe, chairman of Pan American Airlines.

In any case, in 1970, having gone through a brief, intense childhood phase of reading science fiction and fantasy works, I was now collecting books and articles on unexplained phenomena that seem to challenge or simply have escaped scientific examination. These anomalies and paranormal phenomena are often called "forteana" in honor of Charles Hoy Fort (August 6, 1874 – May 3, 1932) the author of four books based on his obsessive research in this area. While perusing the available mass of unusual literature, I noted that Ivan T. Sanderson, one of the few genuine scientists who took any of this stuff seriously, had popularized (and probably invented) the term "cryptozoology" to describe legendary, as-yet-undiscovered animals.

I discussed my activities with Millie Hughes.

"I know someone who knows all about that kind of stuff," she said. "He even lives around here—well, actually he lives way out in the woods past Blairstown. I think he's a little eccentric, but he's a brilliant scientist and I bet you two will hit it off. His name is Ivan Sanderson."

"You know *Ivan Sanderson*?" I asked, incredulously. She did indeed did know him, and then I was given an old manuscript of an article about him that she had written for a local newspaper some six years previously. On reading it, I

The Future Zippy, 1970

began to get the impression that this fellow Sanderson was a bit of Lowell Thomas, Marco Polo, and the entire staff of the British Museum all rolled into one.

I went back to the local library and searched for the numerous books and magazine articles that he had written. To my surprise, I found that much of the authoritative material on unexplained phenomena I had gathered had either been written by Ivan Sanderson, or else the authors of the articles and books would refer to him from time to time. He delved into matters that other scientists wouldn't touch, bringing to the fore all of his scientific training in order to study them. Assisting him in his research was his nonprofit organization, Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained, or SITU, made up primarily of renegade scientists, researchers, adventurers, strange geeky characters and other interested parties who had helped him investigate and compile information on unusual creatures, artifacts and phenomena found throughout the world. Sanderson appeared to have squeezed a whole different lifetime into each decade of his life. Everyone who ever interviewed him inevitably wrote the line: "I walked into the room and began talking to the most interesting person I've ever met."

Chapter 1 — On the Trail of Ivan T. Sanderson

I became determined to meet this Ivan Sanderson and make a tape-recording of a conversation with him, even if only for reasons of posterity. I persuaded my father to drive me into the wilds of Warren County, then I found Sanderson's home phone number and made arrangements with his wife Alma for a meeting scheduled to take place in two days. She said: "Wait at the Inn in Hainesburg. Two of our people will show you the way from there. You'd never find our home and headquarters on your own."

She was quite correct. New Jersey may be the most densely-populated state in America, but the Delaware Water Gap area back in 1970 was more of a wilderness. Just locating the thriving metropolis of Hainesburg was an exercise in keen observation. You rode along the highway and you soon saw a sign that read: "Welcome to Hainesburg—Home of the Rubber Stamp." You then passed a tavern-hotel ("Roth's Inn") a delicatessen, five other buildings and then—*wooosh*—you were now out of Hainesburg and into the dark recesses of the New Jersey woods. When lost in that vicinity, one couldn't use a compass—they just are not accurate up there. A mineral in the surrounding mountains called magnetite is responsible for this effect.

After having a Coke served in a shot glass by the proprietor of Roth's Inn (appropriately named Mr. Roth), I used a payphone and got through to Sanderson. He told me that his wife Alma was ill and had to be taken to the hospital. The two men would still come down for us, however. Soon a car appeared and a wiry fellow got out, followed by another man who looked like a linebacker for a pro football team. They disappeared into the Inn but soon reappeared, looking inquisitively in our direction. My father and I, in turn, got out of our car and shook hands with them.

"Follow our car," one said.

We did. We made our excursion through the forest and nearby farmland, always following the elusive car up ahead. On an uphill grade the lead car turned left. Before following, I took note of the road marker for later reference. It read: *Ivan Road.* Amusing. I later learned that the local government lacked the money for a sign large enough on which the name, *Polkville Centerville Road* could fit. The locals decided that the name Ivan was well-known and short enough. (Ivan lived at what is now 33 Ivan Road.) I discovered some three years later that the "wiry guide," Mark A. Hall (b. 1946), had served with the U.S. Army Security Agency as a Russian linguist (with Top Secret Clearance) in West Berlin during the midst of the Cold War (he speaks several languages). Hall had traveled a great deal throughout Europe and once attended the University of Minnesota where he majored in physical anthropology. Following his military service he became an editor of the Minnesota Archeological Society, and has worked in human relations in various branches of the federal government (such as the U.S. Department of Agriculture) while in his home state of Minnesota. Like Sanderson, he became an author and publisher of a journal (*Wonders*, now defunct) and serveral books on "cryptids," or animals still in the realm of cryptozoology. The other, larger fellow was named Richard T. Crowe, who years later became a well-known "ghosthunter" in the Chicago area. (Ivan Sanderson himself was on record as disapproving of ghost investigations, as he thought the phenomeon was too "intangible" and therefore not amenable to genuine scientific investigation.) Mrs. Sanderson called Rich Crowe "Rich #2" because he had a friend working at SITU also named Rich. This other, "slimmer" (never to exceed 160-pounds in his life) Rich #1 was named Richard T. Grybos, who was an occasional author in the area of unexplained phenomena. Grybos, a geography expert, would soon leave SITU to become a photo analyst for the Central Intelligence Agency, then come back to SITU when Mrs. Sanderson became ill, and then finally leave for good to become an employee of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* organization.

Finally, coming down a stretch of road, the forest fell away to reveal an old house, concrete building, an unwheeled bus set on concrete blocks, a vestigial parking lot, and two neatly lettered metal signs that read: SITU: The Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained. A smaller sign read "Visits by Prior Appointment Only."

We all pulled into the parking area and got out of our cars. As my father was getting out the recording equipment, I headed straight toward the house where I would inquire if, perhaps, I should leave now and return when Mrs. Sanderson was feeling better. A screen door opened at my approach, and there stood a dark-haired woman about my height who fit the description of Alma Viola Sanderson (Ivan's wife) perfectly.

The following earth-shattering dialogue then took place between us:

"You must be Mrs. Sanderson. I'm Richard Grigonis."

"How do you do?"

"Fine, but I don't understand. You are supposed to be going to the hospital."

"Yes I am, as soon as the ambulance gets here."

"But I still don't understand. You're on your feet and you look well."

"I am, really, but you see this fly bit me."

"A fly?"

"Yes, it bit me on the eye during the night."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"Yes [*chuckle*] I must learn to sleep with my eyes *closed* from now on!"

I found out later that Alma *had* been bitten on the eye while asleep, (nothing serious) but her sense of humor had tacked on that line about learning to sleep with her eyes closed. I was now ready to believe anything, so I just said "Oh really," and nonchalantly walked inside.

"Ivan will be with you in just a moment. In the meantime, just sit down and relax," she said.

I was led through some connecting rooms into the "living room." It looked more like a museum, with what were said to be Kriss knives from India hanging on one wall, sawfish "saws" on another wall, and Chinese tapestries hanging on the third. Each of these three walls had a sofa, and I sat down on one. Immediately my eye caught a funny-looking lamp sitting on a small table of its own in the far left-hand corner of the room. It was projecting multi-colored beams of light onto the wall behind it, and occasionally a beam would shine into ray face, which was a little disconcerting. Alma sat down beside me and, sounding a bit like a tour guide, proceeded to explain the origins of the various articles around the room and how they happened to fall into Ivan's hands during his travels. Afterwards, I discovered that the whole house consisted of 11 rooms, each containing Sanderson memorabilia (except perhaps for the bathroom, the only notable feature of which was a well-displayed sign giving special instructions as to how to go about flushing the toilet "safely.").

Just then a bunch of people walked in: My father with the tape recorder and wiring, the two guides who had led us here, and a young woman to whom I had not yet been introduced. She quickly passed by and said hello. Alma told me that her name was Marion L. Fawcett, Ivan's "literary partner," and librarian for his organization, SITU. She had been an editor of medical texts and had first met Ivan when he was editing books for Chilton during the period of 1960 to 1965.

After we had all chatted a while, a tall, gray-headed fellow wearing a goatee strode into the room. This distinguished-looking gentleman of impressive physique was clad in some sort of gray utilitarian garment. From photos I had seen earlier, I knew this to be Ivan Sanderson.

Ivan and I shook hands. As I stood there before him, the words of a short biographical newspaper article echoed for a moment in my thoughts: "At first glance, he is a taller edition of Rex Harrison with a voice like Graham Kerr, of the [then-popular TV show] *Galloping Gourmet*. Americans say his accent is British, the English call it American...."

As he gave us a preliminary greeting—the vocal inflection of which providing credence to the above quote—I saw that a conversation between us was imminent, and so I began to make a mental check of my equipment. *Let me see—tape recorder, two thousand feet of magnetic recording tape, extension lines, microphone. Microphone?* ***I FORGOT THE MICROPHONE.***

I turned away from Ivan, who was still uttering witty platitudes—but now in the general direction of my father—and whispered, "I seem to have forgotten my mike. Perhaps I can write down what he says instead."

Rich simply shook his head in disapproval just as Ivan excused himself for a moment to attend to something or other.

With that, my father and I got up, picked up the equipment and headed for the car, giving apologetic goodbyes all the way. We would be back next week.

About a week later, I would say July 6, we again attempted to find the residence of Ivan T. Sanderson. This time I made sure that I had brought along all of my equipment. As usual, I was in the back seat attempting to stabilize all of the wires, spare vacuum tubes, and boxes of recording tape, as we made our way through the New Jersey wilderness and back into the Twilight Zone. I had told Alma that we would try to make it to SITU Headquarters alone.

Through a lucky series of correct turns on the backroads, we got there—early. Not knowing what to do in such a situation, we just sat there in our car, waiting for the appointed time to roll around. Ivan's dogs then began to bark—he raised golden retrievers for the Seeing-Eye Dog Foundation, but these two were his pets: Marzi (a Golden Retriever) and Bruno (a Black Retriever with some Collie blood) . They dogs made quite a fuss, and out paraded Ivan himself, wearing swimming trunks. He informed us that he would be busy for a few minutes, but in the meantime we could set up the recording equipment inside. While my father attended to this, I took a stroll around one of the two large ponds in back of the house that were used by the Society for biological experimentation.

A short time later I was called in for the talk. At last I rushed in to find "Big Rich" doing his laundry in the kitchen sink. I was then ushered by Alma into a room having blue walls decorated with silver swirls sprayed onto them. This discotheque effect was electrifying, and was in sharp contrast to the museum atmosphere of the living room. Ivan sat down on a sofa, facing me from across a coffee table. It was so hot that day that Ivan conducted the interview in what appeared to be his swimming trunks. Behind me was a window through which my father, society staff members, and an occasional Golden Retriever would peer in from time to time. Shelves of old photographs lined the right wall.

I made a test tape recording at 7.5 inches per second on my old Revere reel-to-reel recorder, got out my notes, and watched Ivan try to start his own miniature tape recorder, a machine that was to have made a duplicate recording of our conversation for SITU records and files. It did not work properly, and thus my tape is the only recording that exists of our conversation (aside from two cassette duplicates, one of which was mailed to radio talk show host Barry Farber in 1996 and another to cryptozoologist Loren Coleman in 2006).

Before we got underway, Daniel F. Manning, reporter, writer, and public relations man for SITU, came into the room to take three pictures of me for SITU's files. I was "posed" on the sofa with him, holding the microphone to Ivan's non-operational tape recorder in my hand, along with my notes. These are reproduced herein. Had there been air conditioning, I'm sure Ivan would have sported one of his more distinguished outfits, as opposed to his swimming trunks!

I had been fortunate enough to have met Sanderson at a time that later proved to be, in retrospect, altogether opportune. He had an entire lifetime of experiences behind him, which he could now leisurely reflect back upon, and my conversation with him came only a few months before the appearance of the brain tumor that led to his tragic downfall.

After Manning departed, I started recording and began a conversation that soon unfolded the events of Ivan Sanderson's remarkable life. For those readers who know Sanderson only in terms of his more unusual cryptozoological writings, this material describes, to paraphrase the title of one of his books, the "Ivan Sanderson that Nobody Knows."

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 2 — Birth, Parents and Education

Ivan Sanderson always kept a three-page biography on hand for publicity purposes. Entitled *Biographical Notes*, it's a reasonably good outline of his life, so I will reproduce small sections of it and similar biographical material in a large bold font as we go along, sometimes correcting it and augmenting it with both my own comments and a transcription of my interview with him, along with some text I extracted from a biography I wrote about him when I was 15 years old. (Plus recent research for this website.)

In the transcription, "**ITS**" stands for "Ivan T. Sanderson", and "**RG**" is "Richard Grigonis."

IVAN TERENCE SANDERSON

Born: Edinburgh, Scotland; 30 January, 1911.

Ivan Sanderson used to joke that although he first poked his head out in the presence of a doctor and midwife in a room in Edinburgh, Scotland on January 30, 1911, he apparently didn't like conditions in general, and so he popped back in! Sometime after midnight, the doctor's impatience grew to overpowering proportions, and Ivan was duly hauled out with forcepts. Thus, his "genuine" birthday is January 31, 1911.

Ivan was half Scot, half Pict. As he said in a 1961 interview: "The Picts, the Scots and the Welsh, you know, were the original inhabitants of Britain. They were there long before the Romans, the Angles, the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans came. The Picts are the Black Irish of Scotland." [Ben Gross. "Scotch was the Poor Man's Drink," *New York Sunday News*. 26 November 1961. pp. 15, 18.]

I'm sure many of Ivan's "fans" will be surprised to learn that he had three kidneys and some other unusual physical characteristics. Ivan explained that tests conducted when he was younger indicated that he was a "mosaic twin" and that he had twice as many chromosomes as a normal person!

Ordinarily, when an egg and a sperm are joined at conception, a single cell is created with a total of 46 chromosomes. The cell then divides to create two identical "daughter" cells, each having copies of the original 46 chromosomes. The chromosomes in these two cells are again copied, the copies divide and four cells are created. These four cells become eight cells, then 16 cells, and so on.

As we know now, the term "mosaicism" denotes a situation where an error in cell division occurs very early in the development of an unborn baby (embryo). Both the normal and mutated cells continue to multiply, leading to a person having two populations of cells in his or her body, each cell population having different numbers or arrangements of chromosomes (that is, different genotypes). This situation is called "mosaicism" because, as the The Chromosome 18 Registry & Research Society beautifully describes it, *"...in a way, the cells of the body are similar to the tiles of a mosaic. In a mosaic piece of art, each tile is different. They have different shapes and colors. The tiles are fitted together to make a whole picture. If a person has mosaicism, their cells are like the tiles of a mosaic. Taken together, the different tiles of the mosaic form the whole picture, similar to the way the cells form the whole body. Just as the tiles of a mosaic have different shapes and colors, the cells of the body have different numbers or arrangements of chromosomes. For example, if an individual has mosaic trisomy 18, this means that some of the cells have three copies of chromosome 18 while other cells have two copies of chromosome 18."*

There are many forms of mosaicism and Ivan was fortunate that he apparently wasn't too adversely affected, and lived to be 62 years old. Normally, a mutation leads to any number of genetic diseases, but in a mosaic individual, the bad cells are "diluted" to various degrees by good cells, so the person may not be as severely affected. Depending on where the mutated cells are and how many of them exist, effects can be attenuated or even hidden. For example, people with Down syndrome (which leads to mental retardation) have an extra copy chromosome #21 that was present in the egg or the sperm at the time of conception. However, a later "error" in chromosome replication (actually a fortuitous *correction* in this case) may lead to a line of cells created without the extra copy of chromosome #21, which means the person will have "mosaic Down syndrome" with a population of good cells that may assuage the effects of the disease. If the error happens at the 4 cell stage, 1/4 of the cells would have 46 chromosomes and 3/4 would have 47 chromosomes (with the extra chromosome #21). If the error occurrs at the 8 cell stage, 1/8 of the resulting cells would have 46 chromosomes and 7/8 would have 47. Of course, it may be that a person with mosaic Down syndrome actually inherited the correct number (46) of chromosomes at the time of conception, but the error in chromosomal replication and separation occurred later, after several cell divisions.

Certain types of mosaicism can affect reproductive ability. Ivan and his first wife Alma never had any children, though that may have been because of their globe-trotting lifestyle.

Father: Arthur Buchanan Sanderson, Whiskey Manufacturer; later founded first Game Reserve, Kenya, East Africa. Died there 1925; killed by rhinoceros making film with Martin Johnson.

Mother: Stella W. W. (Robertson) Sanderson

RG: Seated next to me is one of the very few people in the world who leaves no stone unturned when it comes to seeking the truth. This man is Ivan T. Sanderson...

Mr. Sanderson has led a most colorful life. He was originally a Scot, born in Edinburgh in 1911.

Your father, as I understand, Mr. Sanderson, was a very keen amateur naturalist, and one of the first conservationists in East Africa.

ITS: That's true. He also manufactured a libation, commonly known in America as scotch, which we call whisky, or 'whosky'. He devoted most of his life to sports. Originally, he was a very keen sportsman, but then he gave up sports because he didn't like killing animals. He was a crack rifle shot, and he wasn't allowed to shoot in the international tournaments any longer after three years because he used to hit the bull's-eye every time.

RG: Really!

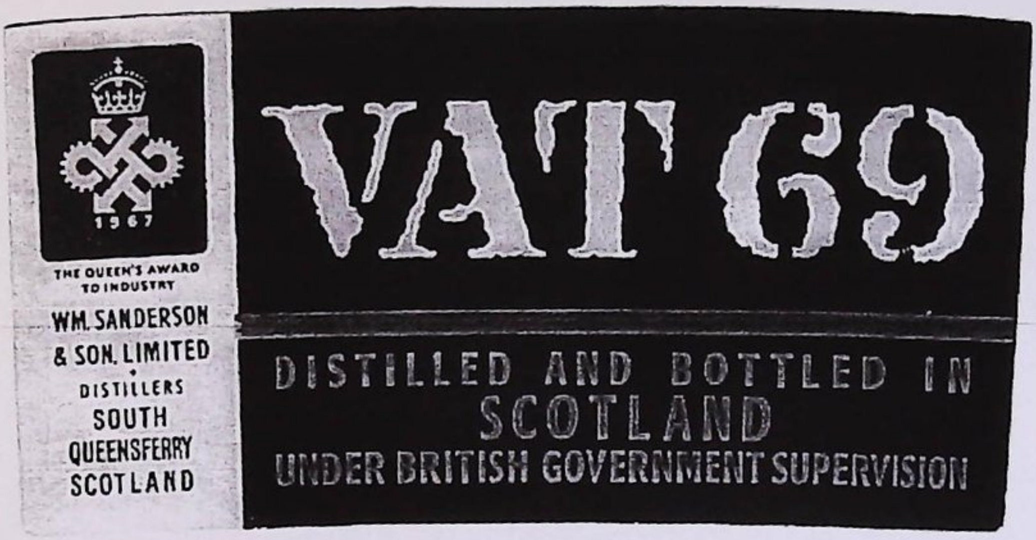
ITS: There was just no competition for him. He then went to Kenya, East Africa, after World War I, and he got a farm there. The British government would give a farm to those who were wounded during the war in those days. He set up the first private game reserve in Africa, even before the governments did it.

RG: You mean he really just converted his farm into a reserve?

ITS: Yes he did. Call me Ivan, will you, and not "Mr. Sanderson."

RG: Yes, that sort of saves tape.

ITS: Also it's a little less pompous.


1967
THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY
WM. SANDERSON & SON. LIMITED
DISTILLERS
SOUTH QUEENSFERRY SCOTLAND

VAT 69

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Richard T. Grybos, who worked as a resident assistant at SITU Headquarters in the late 1960s and early 1970s, found this label in his collection of memorabilia, given to him by Ivan Sanderson.

Ivan's father, Arthur Buchanan Sanderson (22 November 1880 – 25 September 1925) , was part of the family that owned the distillery company, William Sanderson & Son Ltd. He was the eldest son of Arthur Sanderson of 25 Learmouth Terrace, Edinburgh, Scotland. Arthur attended the Rugby School as a boy, then was admitted as a "pensioner" at Cambridge's Clare College on April 21, 1899. For those unfamiliar with the term, at the University of Cambridge there were four classes of students: *fellow commoners* and *noblemen*, *pensioners*, *sizars* and *sub-sizars*, and the more distinguished, elected Scholars "on the foundation" of their college. The majority of Cambridge students were always pensioners, who pay for their own tuition and "commons" (dinners and rooms). Arthur was matriculated into Cambridge in 1899. Matriculation is the formal admission of a student into the University as distinguished from his admission into a college such as Clare. Matriculation occurred in each of the three terms: Lent, Easter and Michaelmas (the latter derives its name from the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, which falls on 29 September). In Arthur's case, he was matriculated for the Michaelmas term. (Today, Cambridge's Michaelmas Term begins on 1 October and runs for 80 days, ending on 19 December.) Arthur was awarded a B.A. in 1902.

Was in business in Edinburgh as a whisky manufacturer, also a Lieutenant in the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, 1903 (this was an Armoured Yeomanry Regiment of the British Territorial Army from 1793 to 1956 when it was amalgamated with the Scottish Horse). Arthur also served in World War I (1914-1918) in the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Scots (the Royal Scots, or "The Royal Regiment" existed until 2006, when it amalgamated with the King's Own Scottish Borderers to become the Royal Scots Borderers, 1st Battalion of the newly-formed Royal Regiment of Scotland); then a Lieutenant in the 1st Lovat Scouts. (The Lovat Scouts were formed during the Second Boer War as a Scottish Highland yeomanry regiment of the British Army and is the first known military unit to wear a ghillie suit. In 1916, these scouts formally became the British Army's first sniper unit, then known as sharpshooters. This was a perfect position for Arthur Sanderson, who was literally one of the world's top rifle marksmen.)

The book *A Century of Sanderson* (1960) is about Arthur Sanderson & Sons, Ltd. founded by another branch of the family, led by (another) Arthur Sanderson (*born* Kennington, Surrey, 13 April 1829; *died*? London, 11 March 1882). The company was (and is) a leading British importer, designer, manufacturer, and marketer of fabrics and wallcoverings. The book was written by another relative named Ivan Sanderson, the then-chairman of Arthur Sanderson & Sons Ltd.

In a 1961 interview, "our" Ivan explained how a drink that originally only cost a penny a mug became the source of his family's fortune:

"Some of my ancestors were fishermen on the West Coast of Scotland back in the 18th Century," Ivan said. "They'd go out in winter in tiny boats across the Atlantic to fish on the Newfoundland Banks. Big schooners used to come out from England to bring them water and food and to pick up their cod. These fish were then dried and salted and shipped back to be sold to the American colonies."

"But when these fishermen had nothing else to do they made whisky out of barley and burne (brook) water. This water was the color of fine sherry because it was colored by the peat bogs over which it ran.

"This whisky, manufactured only for home consumption, was kept in big vats made of the timbers of old sailing ships which had carried fish. Well, the bacteria of the dead cod had impregnated the wood. It was this, plus the peat water, which gave Scotch its original and distinctive flavor.

"Now, at this time in Scotland, only the poor people drank whisky. The wealthy confined themselves to fine wine and brandies, imported from France.

"So these fishermen, who took plentiful supplies of whisky on their long journeys, eventualy asked themselves: 'Instead of getting our food from the English schooners, why don't we buy it in the colonies?'

"And that's exactly what they did. Often they exchanged their whisky for food and other supplies in New England, whose inhabitants were able to buy the potent stuff for a penny a mug. Of course, eventually Scotch became the drink of the rich.

"My ancestors, incidentally, were the first to bottle whisky and my family once owned the company which made Vat 69. But," Ivan added with a spirited sigh, "not today." [Ben Gross. "Scotch was the Poor Man's Drink." ***New York Sunday News.*** **26 November 1961. pp. 15, 18.]**

The elder Sanderson's farm that he converted into a game preserve was near Naro Moru, in central Kenya, a small market town between Nyeri and Nanyuki through which flows the Naro Moru River. Its main industry is tourism, as a base for hikers ascending Mount Kenya, to its east. As one travel guide says, Naro Moru, "is the most common starting point for trekers attempting to climb the mountain. Otherwise, Naro Moru is but a village and there's no reason to stop here." Interestingly, the Solio Game Reserve lies near the town, perhaps a remnant of Arthur Sanderson's pioneering game preserve.

The senior Sanderson's death came in what was then called Kenya Colony, Africa, while he was associated with the famous wildlife photographer of the 1920s, Martin Johnson. In 1924, Johnson and his wife Osa began a four-year filming expedition that would ultimately result in the famous 1928 documentary, Simba: The King of the Beasts. In December of 1924 Arthur Sanderson joined the Johnsons as they led a 30-camel safari into the N'Doto Hills to the west of Marasabit, which lasted until January 17, 1925. As for Arthur Sanderson...

He was an excellent shot, experienced in bush craft, and responsible for both running the camp and for providing cover... whenever Martin and Osa approached dangerous game. [Imperato, Pascal James and Imperato, Eleanor M. ***They Married Adventure: The Wandering Lives of Martin and Osa Johnson.*** **New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1992. p. 128.]**

It was the latter job that ultimately did in Arthur Sanderson. Ivan's version of the story is that in 1924 a rhinoceros chased and killed Arthur Sanderson, while Johnson just kept cranking away at his camera, recording the whole incident. Years later, Ivan got his hands on some of Johnson's films that had not been released to the movie companies or to the public. Running one off at random on his projector, Ivan was horrified to find that this particular reel was the one which showed his father's death.

What actually happened is more complicated (and Ivan once gave an incorrect date for his father's death so that the error has been perpetuated by many authors who have mentioned his father in passing). One of the investors in Johnson's motion picture corporation was the entrepreneural wizard, Percy Norman Furber, an

Englishman who had mined mining quicksilver and drilled for oil in Mexico, only to arrive in America in 1918 and found what became the Trans-Lux Corporation. In 1925 his wayward son, Beverly Heckscher Furber, an alcoholic who nevertheless was a crack shot and who had a keen interest in natural history, was hired by Johnson to assist Arthur Sanderson. According to the biography of the Johnsons by Pascal and Eleanor Imperato:

> **On May 3, 1925, some six months after young Furber's arrival, he and Sanderson unwisely went into some thick brush a quarter of a mile from the lake to track down rhino which Martin and Osa wanted to photograph. They suddenly came onto three of them; one charged and tore into Sanderson's right thigh despite having received two shots from Furber. Martin and Osa, who were three hundred yards away on an anthill, came running to the scene and found that Sanderson was semiconscious and bleeding profusely. Sanderson made a slow but steady recovery and was ambulatory by early June, when Martin and Osa decided to go on a visit to Nairobi. [Imperato 129.]**

Although the Imperatos in their biography don't mention it, the Johnsons must have been filming the rhino attack from their position 300 yards from Sanderson and Furber, otherwise there would be no reel of film for Ivan to discover years later. Also note that Arthur Sanderson was not immediately killed by the rhino. After he was "ambulatory" again in early June 1925, he wanted to return to Nairobi for rehabilitative treatment, and resigned his position, which distressed Johnson greatly. The Imperatos quote Ivan as saying that his father Arthur "later died of complications from his wounds." The exact date of Arthur Buchanan Sanderson's death is 25 September 1925, more than four months after his violent encounter with the rhinoceros.

Ivan's Mother, Stella

Ivan's mother, the former Stella Winifred Woodthorpe Robertson, was born in Shillong, Meghalaya, India in 1882. Her father was Major General David Robertson of Her Majesty's Indian Army (born 1840 in Bengal, India). Her mother was Annie (also listed as Amy) Somers (born 1855 in Shillong, Meghalaya, India). Her older sister (by five years) was Erica Marion Josephine Robertson.

Stella was an international bill broker—somebody who buys and sells promissory notes and bills of exchange—and an early example of a venture capitalist, who claimed to have helped finance the work of both Guglielmo Marconi (April 25, 1874 – July 20, 1937) and Scottish television pioneer John Logie Baird (August 13, 1888 – June 14, 1946).

Arthur Buchanan Sanderson and Stella Winifred Woodthorpe Robertson were married 13 October 1906 (Parish: Holy Trinity, Chelsea. County: London. Borough: Kensington and Chelsea.) Arthur was 25 years old, Stella 24. Arthur is listed as a "wine merchant" instead of a whisky manufacturer. Click here to see their marriage certificate.

Arthur Sanderson brought a divorce action against Stella on 12 June 1920, on grounds of desertion. The custody agreement for their only child, Ivan Sanderson, was worked out on May 21, 1921.

Stella was a brilliant, somewhat headstrong and overbearing woman. Ivan would always acquiesce to her wishes. That didn't stop him from describing her in glowing terms...

My mother was a remarkable woman... half French... who became an orientalist; entirely self taught. She was 'a bill broker'—do you know what that is? It is somewhat like a stock broker, only involves international currencies and all that. Most unusual for a woman, especially in those days. She sat next to Stanley Baldwin, the British Prime Minister once at a dinner in London and he told someone later he wished he knew as much about the economy of Egypt as she did. [Cameron, Gledhill. "As Leader of 'Society for Investigation of Unexplained' He Probes Worldful of Unanswered Questions." ***The Evening Times.*** **(Trenton, New Jersey) 10 July 1968. 13.]**

No doubt Stella leveraged the prestige of the Sanderson name to enhance her international business dealings. A fabulous black Chinese wall hanging with gold dragons in Ivan's home had originally been given to his mother by the last emperor of China, Puyi. Ivan would occasionally accompany her on trips (Australia, Tangier, etc.). She apparently traveled quite a bit, probably a mix of business and sightseeing. Strangely, despite her sophisticated international business dealings, on at least one ocean liner document she lists herself as a humble "homemaker," even though her husband had been dead for years and her son was a world adventurer.

Ivan says that she was half French. Stella's grandparents on her father's side were Nobel Robertson (born 1806 in Ireland) and Elizabeth Robertson (maiden name unknown, but born in 1818 in Dublin, Ireland). This implies that Stella's mother, Annie Somers, had French ancestry, but research has not yet uncovered anyone in that branch of the family.

Stella Sanderson died in 1960.

Education: Private schools (1916-1923) Eton College (1924-1927)

Trinity College, Cambridge University, England (1930-32) Postgraduate studies Cambridge and University of London (1933-34)

Degrees & Credits: Higher School Certificate (5 Credits)

M.A.s (with Honors) in Zoology, Geology, and Botany; Cambridge

University, England.
Elected Fellow the Linnean Society of London
Ditto, the Royal Geographical Society of London
Ditto, the Zoological Society of London

RG: You were educated in England.

ITS: That's right, England, France, and Switzerland.

RG: You attended Eton College and Cambridge University.

ITS: Correct.

RG: And there you obtained Bachelor of Arts Degrees?

ITS: No, what we call a Tripos, which is like three B.A.'s in one. It's actually three separate degrees. Then I proceeded and got three M.A.s in zoology, geology, and botany.

Now, you have in America a thing called a 'Minor' or 'minoring.' We call it 'reading in.' I read in Physical Anthropology and Pre-History. You don't get a degree for them, but you do get a sort of certificate saying that you spent three years studying it in your spare time. It's a little different over there.

I also wrote a thesis which was acceptable for a Ph.D., but I was teaching at Cambridge after I'd finished my education, and I never picked it up, because a Ph.D. in Europe does not mean a 'Doctorate.'

RG: Oh?

ITS: Anyone with a Ph.D. in this country you call a Doctor because it means 'Doctor of Philosophy.' But it's not. A Doctorate is something quite different that takes seven years. You have to have at least one Ph.D., and two theses, I think. Then you go before a board. It's like a medical man in this country. Anyone can get a Ph.D., which is just writing a thesis. That doesn't make him a Doctor, though, at least not in Europe. He still has to go through the whole thing to get to another level. And don't forget, in Europe a Professor is like a super-Doctor. He has to 'own a chair', or sit in a chair, as it's called. You have to hold this chair in things like anatomy or something. It is a higher degree than a Doctorate, you see.

This is all very interesting to young people in this country, because everybody who has got a Ph.D. is running around calling himself 'Doctor.' I've got a Ph.D. ***[Although he wrote a thesis, Ivan never actually earned a Ph.D]*** but I refuse to be called a Doctor because I am ***not*** a Doctor, Sir! ***[Note: Ivan was rather humorously vehement at this point.]***

RG: Not a Doctor? Yes, yes, of course, not by European standards.

ITS: Carry on, Richard.

Actually, the Tripos consists of the multi-part examinations for the B.A. degree with honors at Cambridge University in England. The name derives from the three-legged stool candidates once used to sit on when taking oral examinations. Despite Europeans' denigration of American degrees in higher education, I would not exactly characterize the Tripos, as Ivan does, as being "like three B.A.'s in one," though the Engineering Tripos, for example, does lead to the simultaneous awarding of B.A. and M.Eng. degrees. With respect to Ivan's field of study, the Wikipedia says that, "the Natural Sciences Tripos is especially designed to allow a highly flexible curriculum across the sciences."

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 3 — Early Travels and World Expeditions 1927-1941

1918-24 Extensive travelling with parents in Europe, Mediterranean, and around North Atlantic.

1924-27 Two annual trips by ship or car to Europe and North Africa, collecting animals.

1927-29 Extended trip around the world alone, collecting animals for the British Museum; via Egypt, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Indonesian Islands, New Guinea, Indochina-China, north China, Japan, Tahiti and South Pacific, Hawaii, and the United States.

1929-32 Cambridge University, with three summer vacation collecting trips to East Mediterranean area and North Africa. Winter research at Marine Biological Laboratories, and at sea out of Plymouth, England.

1932-33 Leader of the Percy Sladen Expedition to the Cameroon, West Africa, on behalf of the British Museum, the Royal Society of London, Cambridge University, University College, London, and other Institutions.

1933-35 Research at London University, Collecting trip to the High Atlas, Morocco.

1936-37 Collecting trip to West Indies; invited by Trinidadian Government to investigate Human Rabies carried by Bats; collecting expedition to Haiti.

1938 Leader of Scientific Expedition to Dutch Guiana (Surinam).

1939-40 Expedition to Jamaica, British Honduras, and Mexico. Faunal Survey and preparation of Game Laws for British Honduras and Botanical Survey of Country. Specialized collecting in Mexico for British Museum (Natural History) and Chicago Natural History Museum.

RG: You went on your first expedition in 1927.

ITS: That is correct, yes.

RG: You had been traveling quite a bit previously, ever since you were five, as a matter-of-fact.

ITS: Yes, with my parents I traveled. My father went to East Africa, and I traveled with my mother while she looked after some youngsters—well, they were older than me. They belonged to my Godfather, whose wife had just died.

He was a remarkable man. He had this 800-ton "yacht." He was Marconi's partner, and with him he was the first to step the Atlantic with radio. They did it with a fellow called Sarnoff, now General Sarnoff, the president of RCA and NBC. ***[General Sarnoff died in 1972]***

RG: I thought I'd heard of him somewhere before.

ITS: He was a young man, sixteen years old, and he was doing the "table-tapping" for the Trans-Atlantic cable on Nantucket Island. He was in America and Marconi was one-third across the Atlantic in his boat ***[called the "Electra"]***. My Godfather, in his boat ***[the Surf]*** was two-thirds across, and then they had another young fellow, a captain in France. In 1911, the year of my birth, was the first time they crossed the Atlantic by radio—by "stepping it over." My Godfather's name was James McKelvie.

Although Ivan often mentioned that radio was "stepped over the Atlantic" in the year of his birth, and was rather precise about how it was done and who was involved, this particular incident is not recorded in the history books. What historians do tell us follows the following chronology: In 1896 Guglielmo Marconi transmitted a signal a distance of two miles. In 1899, he sent a message 32 miles across the English Channel. His first triumphant demonstration of a transatlantic radiotelegraph occurred on December 12, 1901 at 12:30 P.M. Atlantic Standard Time. At that moment it is claimed that Marconi heard the Morse-code letter "S" (three 'dots') transmitted by John A. Fleming from Poldhu, Cornwall, on England's Lizard peninsula, at Land's End, 2,170 miles across the Atlantic Ocean to Marconi and his assistant, George Kemp, at a receiver on Signal Hill in St. John's, Newfoundland. The signal was captured by an aerial device suspended from a kite.

Note that this transmission was done in "one shot" completely across the Atlantic, rather than "stepping it across" from one ship to another. Perhaps Sanderson got the year wrong, and was referring to an earlier experiment, with the "stepped" transmission occurring in early 1901 instead of 1911. As it happens, many of today's radio experts doubt that the equipment Marconi used could have bridged the entire Atlantic Ocean in one shot with a signal. At the time, theorists friendly to Marconi tried to explain his alleged success in terms of unusual atmospheric phenomena. In early 1902, Arthur Kennelly theorized that perhaps Marconi had some signal reflected off an ionized layer in the upper atmosphere in what we now call the ionosphere.

Later, England's Oliver Heaviside, best known for having tidied up James Clerk Maxwell's electromagnetic field equations, agreed with the Kennelly theory. Most experts followed, and came to believe that the spark-gap transmitters used by Marconi's team must have generated signals with some High Frequency components that "bounced" off of the ionosphere. However, at the time, no one could prove that the signal had traveled in such a manner, since ionospheric "skip" propagation was just barely a theory and no one knew how to calculate signal path losses. Indeed, it was not until 1911 that Louis W. Austin derived the first formula for radio propagation from experimental data in the kilometer wavelength range taken during daytime hours. Austin, working for the Naval Wireless Telegraphic Laboratory, accounted for propagation anomalies in his observations as being due to absorption of radio signals in the ionized layer of the atmosphere. In a later, 1913 paper, he explained that nighttime signals are of increased strength and travel farther because of their reflection from an ionized layer that is less uniform during the day. Today, experts would note that lower frequencies are propagated through horizontally stratified media (atmospheric layers and the Earth) primarily in a "waveguide" mode instead of a bouncing "ray" mode, even though the ionosphere "sky wave" is often interpreted as an ionospheric reflection for a particular ray path.

Therefore, ironically, Sanderson's perhaps incorrect account of "stepping" a signal across the Atlantic actually makes more sense than Marconi's. The receivers of pre-1912 "spark gap" radio systems were basically unamplified dectectors. A spark transmitter had a range of about 600 feet with a 1/2 inch coil, about 100 miles with a 15 inch spark coil, and ships at sea with 5 kilowatt transmitters might be able to send signals about 500 miles.

Later, on October 21, 1915, the first experimental transatlantic radiotelephone speech communication was made. Using the new vacuum tube-based transmitters and receivers, AT&T and Western Electric conducted radiotelephony tests from NAA, the U.S. Navy station in Arlington, Virginia. These culminated in B. Webb of AT&T talking to Lt. Colonel Ferries of the French Government using relay points in Canada and at the Eiffel Tower in Paris. In fact, Webb's voice was heard as far away as Honolulu, Hawaii. Perhaps more important from a commercial standpoint, music as well as voice was transmitted.

ITS: Now in those days they didn't have oil for ships, all coal. He ***[James McKelvie]*** was in charge of all fuel for the Allies during World War I. He had stone quarries in the eastern Mediterranean and way up in the Arctic.

ITS: When I was a kid, I worked as a deck hand on his boat. So I just traveled, since I was a little tiny pithy, you know, a real kid. Then, around about the age of nine, he put me on a Norwegian whaling ship as a cabin boy for a year. We went all over the North Atlantic catching whales. ***[Ivan's experiences on the whaling ship would result years later in his writing the book, "Follow the Whale."]*** Then I was—well you see, in Scotland a man becomes of age when he is fourteen years old.

RG: Fourteen?

ITS: And girls at sixteen. You can sign title deeds, you can get married without your parent's permission, you can have a drink if you want, you can fight, you can become a captain of a ship, and you can get a driving license. So when I was about fifteen I got a driving license and then I used to go off alone, wandering all over Europe and all the way down to Palestine, and such. During my schooling at Eton College ***[1924-1927]*** I averaged about two trips a year by ship or car to Europe and North Africa, where I would collect animals.

Then, I finished my final examinations at Eton College. You have to get five credits so you can go on to a University, you see, otherwise you're "out." Once I got those under my belt a year and a half early, I then took off and I went around the world for eighteen months wandering around collecting rats for the British Museum. That was my first expedition.

RG: On behalf of the British Museum and the Royal Linnean Society?

ITS: No, not that time Richard, the first time I went simply for the British Museum and I financed the trip myself. I was just a youngster, you know? I was beginning to learn something about how to catch these animals and skin them, you know, for scientific purposes.

During this trip I went to Egypt. I had my seventeenth birthday on the top of the Great Pyramid, and *oooooo* was it cold! My guide had taken me up—it was during what they call Ramadan, which is the Holy Islamic week when they have to fast, and are not allowed to eat until sundown. And of course, Mohammedians are not allowed to drink anyhow. But he had a bottle of something very strong under his burnoose, and he took me up like a tourist—he was a guide, a special guide—to the top of the pyramid.

RG: 481 feet.

ITS: Yeah, and those stones seem twenty feet high, and you can only get up where they are broken. We got to the top and he—well, I didn't know he had this bottle under his burnoose—he was dead drunk! A terrific storm then came on us, and it was *cold* brother, because this is in the end of January. He couldn't find his way down, and then he went to sleep!

RG: He couldn't find his way down?

ITS: No, he was absolutely "out" because he was not used to drinking, and he had been fasting all day, you see. We climbed this great thing and I didn't know how to get down, and there's this fellow snoring away down there. We did get down the next day when the sun came out and it got warmer.

Then I went on, let me see—I might as well tell you now because–***[Ivan never finished that sentence. Later I thought perhaps he knew even then of his fate, but his second wife Sabina assured me that he uttered these words long before he had the first symptoms of the brain tumor, and so was just saying "I might as well tell you know because I'm an old man now"]***

I went from there to Aden and then to Ceylon, then to India, to Padang, Malaya, and then on to Indonesia where I spent nearly a year going all over the islands: Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Lombok, Flores, Timor, Bali—before it was discovered by the tourists—up to Indo-China and went to Siagon. I met a young Chinese fellow there my age and we walked all the way to Canton—nearly a thousand miles—where he came from.

RG: You *walked* a thousand miles?

ITS: Walked it all. And then I went from there to Hong Kong, Hong Kong to Shanghai, Shanghai to Peking, Peking to Aben, Aben back to Shanghai. Then I took a boat over to Japan. My other godfather was Japanese, so I spent some time **[six months]** with him and his family.

Ivan Sanderson's Japanese godfather was Baron Kishichirō Ōkura (1882–1963). (The Japanese place the family name first: Ōkura Kishichirō.) He studied at Trinity College Cambridge from 1903 to 1906, but did not graduate from Cambridge University. He was the eldest son of the great Baron Okura Kihachiro (1837-1928) the peasant entrepreneur who started with a grocery store and built up the *Okura-gumi* and founded the giant Okura *zaibatsu* (family trust), and who at the time of his death controlled 63 firms (hotels, theatres, steamships, shoe factories, breweries, etc.) in China and Japan, not to mention the Okura Shogyo Gakko which in 1949 became Tokyo Keizai University

Sanderson's Japanese godfather, Baron Kishichiro Okura (1882-1963)

(Tokyo University of Economics). The young Okura, something of a playboy, was the first Japanese racing car driver in history, having competed in the first ever car race held at Brooklands in Surrey, England, on July 6, 1907 (he came in second place). He was instrumental in introducing the automobile to Japan. He was the President of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, and the Okura luxury hotel chain still exists. Ōkura Kishichirō is perhaps best known these days as a great patron of the strategic board game of Go (called *igo* in Japanese), having helped establish the *Nihon Ki-in* or Japanese Go Association in 1924. Ivan would say of him: "After World War II, he was the only Japanese industrialist who was cleared by the General MacArthur government of war crimes. Baron Okura was allowed to reopen his plants shortly after the war ended." What Ivan didn't say was that the MacArthur government soon dismantled the imposing *zaibatsu* into separate, associated companies.

ITS: I got mixed up in a revolution and had to get out real quick on a Japanese fishing boat. Then I went to Tahiti, Samoa, Hawaii, and then I came to the United States of America.

Ivan appears to have this sequence backward—Japan was his actual departure point for America. Official passenger records indicate that an 18-year-old Ivan Sanderson departed Yokohama, Japan on the ship, *Siberia Maru*, and arrived in San Francisco on 8 June 1929, with his ultimate destination listed as England.

ITS: All of my fiendish friends said: "You're crazy. What do you want to go to America for?" America to them was something "ugh." However, I came here and had a wonderful time. I had just a little money left. I met a young American on the boat—he was the only other white man on the Japanese boat that I arrived in San Francisco on.

How's the "pips" doing? ***[He looks at the flickering volume light on my tape recorder]*** Everything all right?

RG: Fine, fine.

ITS: The sound level is good, huh? I can pitch it up if you want me to, because *I'm used to radio and television and I can talk like the Dickens!* ***[Ivan spoke those words with all the finesse and eloquence of a foghorn, and just about as loudly.]***

So, I arrived in San Francisco with this young fellow, and his father suddenly gave him the great car of those days— it was called the Blackhawk-Stutz ***[Americans called it the Stutz-Blackhawk]***. It was all sort of streamlined. Today it would be a super-Ferrari. Then the father told this young man, who was about my age, "Now you have to go to South America." It was for the business—in those days his family manufactured pianos. His name was Henry Sawyer.

Henry had to get rid of this beautiful car, so I said: "I'll give you all the money I've got for the car." As it turns out, I got the car, and he went off to South America. I got it for a song. Now I had no money whatsoever and I went down to Hollywood. I had some letters of introduction to the English film stars.

They took me in and were very nice but they pulled my leg one day. They asked me to go in my car to a big hotel to pick up a girl. They gave me a slip of paper with some name. So I went and I picked her up. She had dark glasses on, she didn't talk, she had spots all over her face, and she was very rude. I drove her down to the beach club at Venice and I delivered her. It was a big party with Ben Blue and a lot of the "old people" who were film stars before your father was born.

RG: Ha. Really?

ITS: No really, I'm going back now to the silent days.

Then they all started laughing. Finally I got one guy who I knew and I asked: "What are you all laughing at?" He said: "Don't you know who that was you brought down here?" I said: "Well, she was damn rude. She never spoke a word, she was very grumpy, and she's terribly ugly." He said: "That's Greta Garbo." Greta Garbo! Do you remember the great Greta Garbo?

RG: Yes, Greta Garbo! So that was the rude little tyrant, eh?

ITS: It was a funny thing, yeah. Oh she was an enormous string bean. She was taller than I was and I'm six-foot.

Then I got a terrific third-degree sunburn because I didn't realize how hot the sun was in California. Uhh, I nearly died.

RG: That deadly California sun, eh?

ITS: Whew! We were out playing sort of a ball game and going in and out of the saltwater and all that. I recovered though, they put me in a hospital. I was peeling and had blisters all over.

A lot more things happened to me in L.A. Then I went off in my car and got a job in an oil well in Oklahoma. It was the first big oil well they had ever sunk in Oklahoma. There I made enough money to get to the East Coast, where I visited some friends: A girl who had been at school with me in Switzerland and her family, who were living in Virginia.

Then I came up to New York. I sold the car, bought my boat passes and I got back to England. I had 800 dollars more money than when I left England eighteen months before! That was the first trip.

As he said later to a reporter in April 1951:

"I had enough money to buy a car," he said, "so I bought a Black Hawk Stutz and drove through 32 states, I sailed back to England with exactly twice the amount of money I had when I landed."

While driving across the United States, he worked at many odd jobs.

Having arrived in the U.S. on June 8, 1929, he left July 1, 1929 from the port of Lewiston, New York, which accesses Lake Ontario.

RG: It seems that almost all of your expeditions around the world have occurred during the 1930s, haven't they?

ITS: Well, you see Richard, when I got back in 1929 after that trip, I went to Cambridge University and I did my three years. During my three summer vacations I used to go, well, I went to Morocco once, and I also went to the Near East. In the winters I used to go on ships doing biological research at sea out of Plymouth, England, so that got me around a bit.

After I left Cambridge I organized the Percy Sladen Expedition—that would be 1931—to the British Cameroons of West Africa. That's the one I went on for the Linnean Society, Cambridge, Oxford, University College, Professor J. P. Hill, the Royal Geographic Society, and some other organizations.

RG: You were the youngest member ever elected to the Linnean Society, as I understand.

ITS: That's correct, yes. Do most people realize what the Linnean Society is?

RG: I don't think so; you had better tell them.

ITS: Well, in 1780 there was a Swede by the name of Carl von Linnea. He took the Latin form of his name, Linneaus. He was the first person to classify animals and plants. All animals and plants are now classified on what's called the Linnean system, in which they use a generic name, in Latin with a capital letter, then the specific name with a small letter. Like you have *Musca domestica*, the Housefly. Before that, the naming of animals was a mess.

RG: I can imagine.

ITS: There were all different languages, and one person would call it the Bottle-nosed fly, and the next person would call it something else. He straightened it all out. Then they founded Linnean Societies in France, Sweden, England, America, and one other country. They are the stuffiest, the most precise of all scientific societies in the fields of zoology and botany.

RG: So I've heard.

ITS: You have to be elected—I think there are twenty people who cast black balls, you know? If there is one black ball cast, you don't get in. It's not like when you send in ten bucks and join a "scientific society" today, you see. I was actually the youngest ever elected by the whole board in the British Linnean Society.

That time I went to West Africa, I traveled with two friends. We were there for a year, and I got 100,000 specimens.

RG: 100,000! On your 1936-1937 expedition to Surinam, you collected only 20,000.

ITS: That's right. Well, let me get this thing straight. I went to West Africa from 1932 to 33, then I worked at the London University where we worked on my specimens. I sorted them all and got some research going. Then I got married to Alma here 36 years ago.

RG: 36?

ITS: 36 yes. Isn't that frightful? Same girl too! Well, cheer up.

RG: She was originally from the island of Madagascar, wasn't she?

ITS: Yes, but she was educated in England, where we met.

Ivan Sanderson's first wife, Alma Viola Guillaume de Veil (after her death, Ivan gave the original spelling as "Alma'a Vioreta Guillaume de Veil"), was born in Madagascar on 26 September 1909 and died 18 January 1972. Ivan said that he married her on 18 February 1934, though records in England indicate that he registered his marriage to an "Alma Viola Williams" in London on 10 April 1935. ("William" in French is "Guillaume" so in a sense that was her name, and "Williams" was sufficiently short to fit on a marriage certificate.) From conversations with Ivan's friends Eddie Schoenenberger and Vlado Gettig, Ivan met Alma in Switzerland and had to marry her immediately (18 February 1934) for diplomatic / legal reasons. This infuriated his domineering mother Stella, and so the marriage was again solemnized in England on 10 April 1935. Click here to see Ivan and Alma's British marriage certificate.

ITS: We later went to Morocco again, this time on a collecting trip up into the High Atlas Mountains, and we also finished work on our African specimens. After that was all finished, we then went to the West Indies.

To be a bit more specific, the newlyweds left England two days prior to Christmas, 1936, and went to Jamaica on a sort of honeymoon. Ivan, nevertheless, kept his trusty collecting case with him. It was during this time that they breezed through the West Indies as well. In February, the collecting case was full to the brim, and the two lovers had now arrived in Trinidad.

Becoming entranced with the dazzling array of fauna and flora there on the island, a decision was made to live for a time (two months, as it turned out) in a tent at the very zenith of the Government reserve—a reserve which not only covers most of the northern mountain range there, but was also uninhabited at the time, having rarely been penetrated (except for an occasional hunter) in all of the centuries prior to Ivan's coming. Assisting them in this venture was a native of the island by the name of Vernon Dixon Capriata, who Ivan claimed was "the best hunter in the New World."

Thus, Alma's "honeymoon" had now been expanded and somewhat modified so as to include her second jungle experience with her mate—one of a number of exploits that would take place over the following decade. While in Trinidad...

ITS: We ended up doing a Job for the Naval Department on the island of Trinidad, on rabies carried by bats.

RG: Yes, you mentioned something about that in your book, *The Dynasty of Abu.*

ITS: Yes, I mention it in there, but I told the full story in a book called *Caribbean Treasure.* When we got out of the jungle and back to civilization on the coast, we found a letter from the British Museum asking me if I would go back to Haiti—I had been there before—where there were some very strange animals which had not been found for many years. We got them, having reached Haiti in May from Trinadad via Curaco. There, in 1937, my wife and I met a young Englishman who'd been brought up in Haiti, of all places. He was the airport manager there. He just quit his business and joined us. He was with me for seven years.

That man's name was Frederick G. Allsop. A How Fred met and later joined Ivan and Alma is something of a story in itself.

It seems that after the couple landed in Haiti (after a bout with fever on the way over in the boat), Ivan desired some form of transportation to get him from his residence (several mud-and-wattle houses with thatched roofs in a village known as Pont Beudet) to the great plain surrounding his village and also up into the magnificent mountain ranges beyond. In a yard, Ivan came across a huge, abandoned 1923 Rolls-Royce. It was the only Rolls in Haiti, and for that matter, it was the only Rolls that had *ever* been in Haiti. Ivan's British background got the better of him psychologically, and he convinced himself that he could not do without the Rolls. He inquired as to the cost of the luxurious vehicle.

"Fifty dollars," came a native's reply.

Thinking that he had outwitted the owner, who obviously did not appreciate or understand the value of this little gem of the Empire, Ivan gladly handed over the fifty dollars.

Then a problem arose. The car would not run, and Ivan was not particularly adept at servicing engines. *Caveat Emptor.*

It was just at this time that they met Fred Allsop, a blond Englishman who had been born in London, was something of a naturalist himself, could speak both English and the native tongue, and could fix engines of all kinds. (Indeed, at the time he was also doing some work as an auto mechanic.) Ivan liked the latter qualification the most, so Fred was employed to keep the Rolls running.

Ivan had heard tales of a pine forest up in the mountains, so he sat down and planned a little excursion that would settle the matter. Fred, being on a vacation and having nothing better to do, tagged along in his Ford.

This little motorcade discovered a road (rising some 8000 feet in 25 miles) that passed over the top of the mountain range between the two major peaks. They pressed on.

Sure enough, an hour later, a "breeze that I shall never forget blew down upon us," as Ivan later wrote in *Caribbean Treasure*. Everyone got out of their cars to make sure that they were actually seeing a wonderous, "aromatic" pine forest that stretched out for miles before them.

Fred became so interested and enthused over Ivan and Alma's zoological pursuits, that he immediately cut all ties with his job and joined the two explorers/collectors. After his seven years of traveling with the Sandersons, Fred was put in charge of the United States Rubber Company's concerns in the West Indies. He ended up as an agent for the Haitian-American Sugar Company, located in Port-au-Prince.

The one especially noticeable feature of Fred was his scowl. To have Frederick G. Allsop scowl at you was a terrifying experience, as I understand. Still, he probably deserves a biography. Just around the time he met the Sandersons, Allsop became friends with Katherine Dunham (22 June 1909 – 21 May 2006), the famous black American dancer, choreographer, songwriter, author, educator and activist who was trained as an anthropologst. While doing graduate work in 1935-1936, Dunham was awarded Travel Fellowships from the Julius Rosenwald and Guggenheim Foundations to conduct an ethnographic study of the dance forms of the Caribbean, particularly as manifested in the Vodun of Haiti. (Vodun—a.k.a. Vodoun, Vaudun, Voudou, Voodoo, Sevi Lwa—is commonly called Voodoo by the public. The name is traceable to an African word for "spirit".) According to Dunham's biographer, Ruth Beckford (*Katherine Dunham, a Biography*. New York: Marcell Dekker, 1979, p. 82): "The first step of her [Dunham's] vaudun initiation, referred to as *lavé tetê*, took place during her early research in Haiti in the late thirties and was arranged by Dunham's long-time friends, Doe Reeser and Fred Allsop. The preparations for the *lavé tetê* took months...."

A few days after the pine forest trip, Ivan received word from America that his book, *Animal Treasure* (dealing with his adventures in Africa) had won world-wide acclaim and had become a Book-of-the-Month selection. The royalties from this first book of Ivan's were used to fund a side-trip to Surinam, where the group did even more collecting, exploring, and animal studies.

ITS: Then the British Museum asked me if I would go back to Trinidad from Haiti for something else, which we did. Then we went back to England and I organized an expedition to Surinam, which you mentioned before.

We all then went to Surinam in late 1937. We got to the capital, Paramaribo, in January '38, stayed there a couple of months, then did some collecting out in the jungle for a year. Well, not quite a year; we left a short while before Christmas.

As a result, this prolonged Caribbean expedition yielded thousands of specimens and "original data" that was later turned into a number of scientific papers which proved to be imperative in supplementing knowledge in zoological fields. The events of this last expedition had also been carefully recorded by Ivan, and it gave him the incentive to produce another book, *Caribbean Treasure*, which was published by Viking Press in November, 1939, and became an even bigger success than its precursor, *Animal Treasure*. You can still pick up a copy of it, for the paperback publishers bought the rights when the hardcover sales finally dropped in the 1950s, and they have kept it in print all of these years. (As we shall see in another chapter, many of Ivan's books are of great longevity.)

The Jungle's Got Talent

Not many people realize this, but Ivan Sanderson and his wife Alma were great dancers, at least until Ivan got arthritis. They had picked up all sorts of dances in their visits to foreign cities, and when they weren't in the jungle capturing wildlife, they were "moonlighting" by performing exotic dance routines in local nightclubs! A sort of "Fred & Ginger go to Paramaribo" kind of thing.

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 4 — Canopy Life

Ivan Sanderson was intrigued by the canopies of the rainforest. The thought of this living entity, this “continent” suspended above the ground kept bothering Ivan. He could set traps up there and at the same time admire its awesome beauty all right, but he could not observe the daily animal and insect life in the canopy as easily as he could watch their counterparts going about their business on the ground. No, Ivan must get a closer look. He must live up there! It was not until his fourth and final expedition, however, that this dream would become a reality.

This last expedition (1939-1941) entailed visits to Mexico, Honduras, British Honduras, Mexico, and Nicaragua. It was here in Nicaragua that Ivan made the decision to build an “aerial camp” in the jungle canopy. He started off by taking his schooner as far up the Rio Kuringuas River as was feasible. He then tore up the boat's floor boards for building material. Ivan, his wife Alma, and their assistants now began to look for a convenient place in the jungle where they could begin construction work on a platform that would support their camp. They soon found an enormous tree, the branches of which intertwined with those of several others, thus making a woven area above the ground that was a perfect location in many respects for the platform, with but one exception—this spot happened to be situated at an altitude of 120 feet above the forest floor.

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Life in the canopy was no safer or less troublesome than on the ground. An approaching thunderstorm would drive both Ivan and Alma crazy, since the reflective foilage at that height made the flashes of light appear to be right in front of their eyes, regardless of whether they were lying down, sitting up, or standing up. At around 4:00 P.M. one day, a storm struck while the collectors were lounging up in their treetop home, and Ivan "very unsensibly" stayed up there to observe what a storm was like in the canopy. The huge tress began to sway and thrash about, and some of the group's personal effects were tossed out and strewn over several acres of ground. Birds whirled out of control above them, having been caught in an updraft.

The entire expedition, as a matter of fact, came to a thunderous conclusion after the group had forged their way back to the waiting schooner on the Rio Kuringuas.

Ivan and Alma were sitting in deck chairs beside the river while the floor boards and other paraphernalia were being put back in shape aboard ship. At that moment an earthquake struck. It was December 1941. Just a year prior to this, the couple had experienced an earthquake of moderate proportions in Mexico City while trapped inside a stone building, with tons of plaster (the construction material that was supposed to have held the whole shebang together) falling down on them. Now, however they could observe what a big earthquake could do to the open forest.

Actually, no one really knew what was going on at first, They were both sitting around, quietly cleaning their guns, when suddenly they both began to drop things. Looking up, they could see that the trees were gently swaying, *in the absence of wind.* A strange pulsating sound then emanated from the earth, while everything in sight shot up into the air for a few feet, throwing Ivan and Alma from their chairs onto the ground, the ground itself now shifting from side to side with such force as to make standing impossible. Vertical waves, like the kind you see on any body of water, swept through the forest, beneath the river, and under the couple, lifting them about five feet with every pass of a wave. About eighty of these waves rolled under them, which was followed by another shifting of the earth sideways, and then the ground once again became solid enough to stand on.

The Grand Finale came when all was quiet and seemingly over with. A huge section of river bank opposite them, about 40 feet high and over 150 feet long, gave way and slid down into the water, generating a sound that deafened the entire group for some days thereafter. Meanwhile, half a mile upstream from camp, a quarter-mile section of river did just the opposite, having been thrown out of its bank in one great mass and washing out a full square mile of jungle when it returned to the earth.

Although the expedition, the boat, and the river could have disappeared forever, leaving wild speculation as to what became of them back in London, a survey by the group revealed the ironic fact that, other than the big splash up the river and the bank that collapsed, there was absolutely no evidence that some titanic force had just finished shaking the jungle. Everything ran as normally and as smoothly as it had before the quake.

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 5 — World War II: Cloak-and-Dagger in the Caribbean

1940-41 War service abroad; Naval Intelligence; various countries; ending in transfer to...

1945-47 British Government Services — Information and Overseas Press Analysis, New York

Earthquakes were not the only rumblings going on during December, 1941. The United States had just entered World War II, and Ivan Sanderson (who had now finished his last expedition for the museums) would play a rather shadowy role. Up until this time, Ivan had a sort of tentative relationship with British Naval Intelligence that dated from around the time of his marriage in 1934. With the coming of the Blitz in Britain and U.S. involvement, he was called on to serve full-time in counter-espionage work, ultimately rising to the level of Commander. Pretending to be an animal collector/writer of harmless English idiocy, he had a perfect cover—for a while.

After leaving Nicuragua...

ITS: We then went back to England, my wife and I were in British Naval Intelligence anyhow. They wanted to send us to northern Australia, because they were worried about, well, they knew the Japs were coming down, and they knew the war was going to start in a few months.

RG: They were sure going to put you away, weren't they.

ITS: No. You see they had no agents down there, and I speak Malay, and my wife is partly Malayan, They wanted me to buy a schooner in the Portuguese Timor to find out what the Japs were playing at. They suddenly switched us at the last minute to Mexico, because we didn't have any agents there, and America was not in the war yet. The Americans were relying on us to keep an eye on all the Germans. I built a schooner, and we wandered around there. Then I was in charge of counter-espionage in the western Caribbean, all the way through the war.

Then, of course, America got in the war—Pearl Harbor—and that made it all "official." So I then came under the American Command. **[Ivan was under U.S. command from 1941 to 1944, working in Naval Intelligence involving counter-espionage and anti-submarine warfare against the Germans, though at one point he was called away to "the Orient" for a year.]**

My cover then "got blown" as they say, and they transferred me to the information service as a diplomat in America. That's how I ended up here.

RG: Tell me more about your 50-foot schooner that you refitted as a home and laboratory.

ITS: Well, I bought the thing on the bottom of the sea for 300 dollars. It was built up as a motorboat. It had a funnel on the top and a latrine sticking out of the back–horrible looking thing.

Underneath, the boat was very old. She was a baby schooner, well, actually a baby clipper—a terapin clipper. I got her up from the bottom of the sea by getting a lot of good local swimmers together for a salvage job. We got these big 50-gallon oil drums, filled them with water, and took them down to the bottom. Then we got some pumps, put tubes down into the drums, pumped air into them and pushed the water out. When we got enough of these lashed on, this big boat came up to the surface. We towed her into shore and pumped her out. Then we pumped out all the mud and stuff. We found a hole in her bottom and we fixed that up. I then took her completely apart—whole boat. We put it all back together again, threw all those funnels and things away, and made her into a—well, wait, I'll show you. I know this is "radio," but you just hold the fort, I'll be right back. I've got a photograph of the boat here ***[Ivan then got up, walked over and picked up a photo from a shelf of photos at the other end of the room, came back and showed it to me.]***

This is what she was like when she was finished.

RG: Yes, beautiful.

ITS: She was a beautiful yacht. We painted her all white and everything, and we lived on her for seven, nearly eight years.

RG: Seven or eight years!

ITS: We went 2,000 miles up the Amazon on her, and we listed 10,000 little boats in the Caribbean, and we visited probably 10,000 keys and islands. We checked on all the maps and things.

RG: Quite a journey.

ITS: Oh, but how lovely to live on! No telephone, no people, fresh seafood you could dig up yourself right offshore.

RG: You also went to British Honduras.

ITS: Well, that was our headquarters all the way through the war.

Ivan's counter-espionage involved tracking down and reporting on the positions of Nazi sea craft and the approximate locations of their shore parties. As he wrote in *Uninvited Visitors* (New York: Crowles Education

Corporation. 1967, p. 19): "During World War II, I was engaged in counter-espionage duties in the Caribbean and thereabouts, employing my own schooner. The Nazis had become outrageously bold, surfacing submarines in daylight to do their laundry, and signaling each other and their chums ashore by searchlights at night. The Nazi shore parties set up ingenious devices with battery-powered lights of various colors. Finding and reporting them was a tough job, even though a sailing vessel is quieter than a powered one."

If he was to keep up with all of the evil-doings in the Caribbean using only a sailboat, Ivan would then need some kind of assistance in the way of navigation. To this end, he enlisted the aid of a rather unusual captain: "The captain held a Master's certificate but did all our navigation with a school atlas, a 16-foot bamboo pole for taking soundings around reefs, and an ancient binnacle that was later found to be some 16 points off. Otherwise he used the stars for direction and his sense of smell to detect land. And he never failed!"
[*Uninvited Visitors*, p. 19]

This captain was born in Nicaragua and was "wanted" in seven countries! He knew all of the Caribbean waterways, and was later murdered by his "friends" during the war for aiding the U.S. Government by giving it secrets of smuggling operations being conducted by some Caribs for the enemy.

Around this time he is said to have become friends with a fellow intelligence officer named Ian Fleming, who would go on to write the James Bond novels. Some of today's forteans claim that, long after the war, in August of 1964, Fleming was allegedly planning to meet with Ivan Sanderson, but died of a heart attack on 12 August 1964, "at his Jamaican home". In reality. Fleming died at the age of 56 after a heart attack on the morning of 12 August 1964, in Canterbury, Kent, England (not Jamaica), and was later buried in the churchyard of Sevenhampton village, near Swindon. Some conspiracy-minded people have written that Fleming, in his last days, was communicating with Sanderson about the so-called Philadelphia Experiment and was going to visit him to "reveal" something, but died—ironically, on the 20th anniversary of the "experiment." This appears to be nonsense. Even Al Bielek, a man known for his fabulist tales of the Philadelphia Experiment, told Rich Grybos in 2010 that Ian was planning on visiting Ivan but it had "nothing to do with the Philadelphia Experiment." Yours Truly is still researching any direct links between Ivan and Ian Fleming. There are some interesting coincidences, such as Fleming arriving in New York on October 26, 1946 on Pan American Airlines, stating on his entry form that he would be visiting the New York offices of Britain's Kemsley Newspapers at 235 West 45th Street—just a short walk from Ivan Sanderson's New York apartment at 325 West 45th Street.

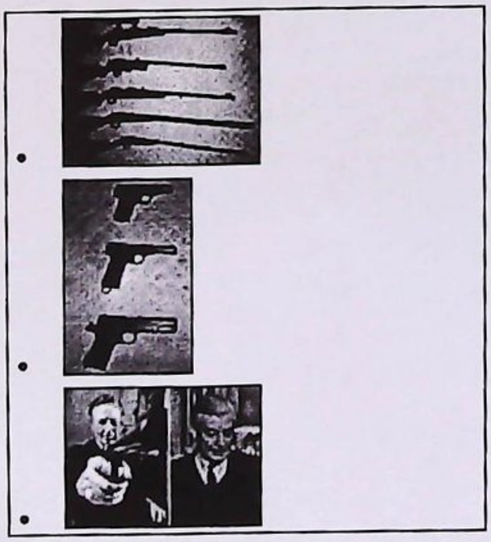
As for indirect links to Fleming, Ivan was definitely good friends with Ian Fleming's older brother, the travel writer Peter Fleming.

Moreover, in later years, Ivan would also periodically meet up with a friend of Ian Fleming and former agent of the OSS (Office for Strategic Services, the predecessor to the CIA) by the name of Ivar Felix C. Bryce (also known as *Ivor* Felix Bryce and John F. C. Bryce). Fleming used him as the basis for the character of "Felix

Leiter" in the James Bond novels. (The "Leiter" surname was taken from another of Fleming's friends, Tommy Leiter.) After Ian Fleming visited Bryce's Jamaican house in 1944 and decided he wanted to live on the island, Bryce personally roamed the island in search of a suitable residence and discovered land on the north shore at Oracabessa. This became the site of Fleming's "Goldeneye" estate. Bryce was married to Josephine Hartford, sister to the A&P Supermarket heir Huntington Hartford who was the original owner and developer of Paradise Island in the Bahamas. Fleming, Bryce and another OSS official named Ernest Cuneo were all involved in early development work on the movie Thunderball.

Ernest Cuneo was liaison between William Stephenson (BSC and British Intelligence) and Franklin Roosevelt during World War II. Cuneo and Ian Fleming became close friends. Fleming later credited Cuneo with having throught up over half the plot for *Goldfinger* and all of the basic plot for *Thunderball*; the dedication of the former novel reads, "To Ernest Cuneo, Muse." Cuneo also had ties to Ivan Sanderson, both before and after World War II:

Sanderson's transition to an American writing career may have been aided by Ernest Cuneo... Cuneo's primary responsibility during the war was liaison with British intelligence, in which position he likely came to know Sanderson. Following the war Cuneo became president, then owner (in partnership with Ian Fleming, the creator of James Bond) of the North American Newspaper Alliance. Cuneo was also an executive for the *Saturday Evening Post.* According to Sanderson's partner, Ed Schoenenberger, Sanderson was the best of friends with the editor of the *Post.* [McLeod, Michael. Anatomy of a Beast: Obsession and Myth on the Trail of Bigfoot. Berkeley and Los Angeles, California: University of California Press, 2009. p. 189.]



When Alma died decades later, Ivan revealed the following interesting fact about Alma's role in World War II counter-espionage...

Another little accomplishment that she did not talk about was that she took over my command on behalf of all the allies for counter espionage (and anti-submarine warfare) for the whole western Caribbean when I was rushed to the Orient: and she carried it for almost a year. We were both in British Naval Intelligence from 1934, but came under the U.S. command a year after Pearl Harbor. When I finally got awake one morning and staggered downstairs at our headquarters—and we had been up all night decoding, I found her entertaining four admirals, one general, a Latin-American Ambassador, and one of our local agents, a Black Carib who had been a rum-runner and pirate all his life. I tell you that was some mix in 1943, as the admirals were all American southern gentlemen, but she carried it off like the aristocrat she was and proud of this fact, too. [Tribute to Alma V. Sanderson. Published in the *Blairstown Express* (New Jersey) and sent as a letter to Ivan Sanderson's neighbors in Columbia, NJ. 18 January 1972.]

One particular incident stood out in Ivan's mind over the years, according to his friend and neighbor, Allen V. Noe. During the war, Allied tankers were being torpedoed by U-boats off the coast of Florida, and it was Ivan's job to locate the precise positions in latitude and longitude of the concealed bases where these enemy subs were being resupplied. Ivan found and mapped these supply points with the aid of his schooner. Since the Caribbean lacked a concentration of British forces, Ivan felt that something had to be done about those secret enemy supply points immediately. Brushing aside all protocol, he took the entirety of his top secret maps directly to the Commandant of Panama and explained the situation to him. Within a short time, a huge American air effort totally destroyed all of the Nazi bases.

Problem was, the Americans had destroyed a number of hideouts that happened to reside on British property.

A certain British officer did not like Sanderson's not presenting his findings "through channels." Americans dropping bombs on British property? Incredible! Something must be done about Sanderson. This perturbed officer then came to a decision: Sanderson must "go." His plan was to send Ivan on an "impossible" one-way mission against the Nazis. Somehow Ivan managed to survive every kind of mission that was thrown at him; and later, when he assumed a position of authority at the British Information Service in New York, he again discovered that the officer who had tried to eliminate him had been transferred out of his former niche of leadership.

He was now working at the Bureau under Ivan!

Another version of this story (or perhaps an entirely different incident) was told by Ivan to one of this assistants, Rich Grybos. According to Grybos,

..after the war someone (I don't know if Ivan ever gave a name) in American intelligence didn't like the fact that a foreigner was going to be here in the U.S. who had information about the U.S. operations during the war and so, according to Ivan, this individual wanted Ivan eliminated. Ivan was in New York at the time. Ivan had to go into hiding until this fellow was removed from his position of authority. [Grybos, Richard T. Personal Communication. 13 February 2010.]

Ivan's fears of being assassinated as a result of his past spy "adventures" never left him. Toward the end of his life, as both he and his wife Alma were nearly simultaneously dying of cancer, he told various people that he and Alma were being targeted by someone or something, as we shall see.

RG: Then, in 1945 you became attached to the British Ministry of Information in New York.

ITS: That's right.

Ivan's bio in the *National Cyclopedia of American Biography* reads, "Employed in the British Government Services as assistant comptroller during 1945-47, he was engaged in information and overseas press analysis for that organization in New York City." Located in New York's Rockefeller Center, this organization was apparently a sort of "spiritual descendant" of the British Security Coordination (BSC), also headquartered in Rockefeller Center (on three floors), a huge cover organization set up in New York City by the British Secret Intelligence Services in May 1940 upon the authorization of Winston Churchill. According to the Wikipedia, "The office, which was established for intelligence and propaganda services, was headed by Canadian industrialist William Stephenson. Its first tasks were to promote British interests in the United States, counter Nazi propaganda, and protect the Atlantic convoys from enemy sabotage." Ivan Sanderson is listed as a notable member, along with Roald Dahl, Noel Coward and Ivan's friend Ian Fleming. The organization was particularly active in 1941 prior to Pearl Harbor, attempting to convince otherwise isolationist Americans that entering the war against Germany was a good idea. Estimates of how many agents the BSC had operating in the U.S. range from "many hundreds" up to 3000 British and American agents and sub-agents.

William Boyd wrote about the BSC in Britain's *The Guardian*, in 2006:

...BSC became a huge secret agency of nationwide news manipulation and black propaganda. Pro-British and anti-German stories were planted in American newspapers and broadcast on American radio stations, and simultaneously a campaign of harassment and denigration was set in motion against those organisations perceived to be pro-Nazi or virulently isolationist (such as the notoriously anti-British America First Committee—it had more than a million paid-up members). [William Boyd. "The Secret Persuaders." *The Guardian.* (Weekend comment & features section) Saturday, 19 August 2006. p. 26.]

The BSC's "friends" included the American columnists as Walter Winchell and Drew Pearson, and it could influence coverage in major U.S. newspapers such as the *Herald Tribune*, the *New York Post* and the *Baltimore Sun.* BSC pretty much operated its own radio station, WRUL, and a press agency, the Overseas News Agency (ONA), feeding stories to the media as bona fide news reporting, with foreign datelines to disguise their true origin at the BSC offices in Rockefeller Center. The immense ruse was never uncovered by U.S. civilian news agencies.

RG: You then resigned from the service in 1947?

ITS: Sort of. I was with a branch of the British Information Service which was called the British Overseas Press Analysis. What we were doing—see, the British Information Service was trying to keep American newspapers and so on informed of the British war effort—what we were trying to do on the other side. The British Overseas Press Service was trying to keep the English informed of what the Americans were doing. It was outgoing rather than incoming. Well, all this happened in 1945, when the breakthrough came in Europe, which, in a couple of months ended the war in Europe. This news all came out of the British Foreign Office. We all then became official diplomats. They wanted me to go in the diplomatic corps, and send me to Iran—Persia, it was called then—as a diplomat.

Well, I didn't see that because I always wanted to be an American citizen, and I lost everything in the war, Richard. A 500-pound aerial torpedo went into my mother's house, and everything went. She was saved, she wasn't there.

I was one of 33 cousins before the war, and I was one of two left at the end of the war. It just cleaned out everything, you know, stuff I couldn't replace.

RG: You were rather lucky.

ITS: I was lucky personally, but that finished me with my home country, and I always wanted to be an American anyhow. So I was here, and I said to the government that I wanted to stay. I applied to the Americans for my first papers and I obtained them. I had been here long enough for that.

In my 1970 interview with him, Ivan Sanderson was tip-toeing around his real reasons for becoming an American citizen. In a 1951 interview he was more blunt:

In 1943, Sanderson was transferred to London to the British Foreign Office doing propaganda work. He was sent to New York and was in sole charge of all propaganda for the British and U.S. governments for all countries with the exception of the British Empire, U.S territory and enemy occupied territory.

In April 1947, he came to America and took out citizenship papers.

"I did not approve of the British Socialist government and refused to do propaganda work for them," Sanderson said, "We parted with expressions of mutual disgust." ["Noted Author-Lecturer Here with Speleologists." *The Charleston Gazette.* (Charleston, West Virginia) Friday, 27 April 1951. 4.]

ITS: Then I said to the British Government: 'Now I think I'd rather stay here and go back to private life than become a British diplomat.' So I stayed and then I went into radio and television, and writing books and things again...

...which was a modest understatement, as we shall soon see...

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 6 — To America

ITS: Well, you've got to make up your mind, Richard, in life. There have come times when I've made three great big switches, when I had to start my whole life all over again. The first time I had nothing was when I wandered off alone as a boy in my car. When I came to the United States from the Caribbean, I had lost everything. My wife was very, very sick, and in a hospital. I was allowed one suitcase weighing 160 pounds.

RG: A 160-pound suitcase?

ITS: That's all. That was the only thing I was allowed to bring out of the country and bring into here. I had, I remember, 134 dollars in cash and no bank account, and nothing, no job. I had to start all over again. That was the second time. Then, at the end of the war, when I decided to leave the American and British Governments—become an American—I was right back where I started again, because I again had no job. My wife was now well, though.

That was the third time I had nothing. I mean I left and both governments said: "Well, what are you going to do?" and I said: "Look, don't you worry, chums, it's not your business, that's *my* business." So I said to my wife: 'We start again with nothing.' *We had nothing at all.* We had a rented apartment, and I'd been working like a drain, so we started all over again. I got a contract for a book, and I went into radio and television, I had my own show on NBC and WNBT when television started, and so on.

RG: Very interesting.

ITS: Well, I think its good for people of your generation to realize that just because you lose your job, don't give up. If you've got any guts at all, start all over again.

RG: Well, I think that's a little premature for, say, high-schoolers. Remember now, I might play this tape to a bunch of them.

ITS: Well, anybody under 20 is all right by me. I can't talk to 20 to 40-year olds, they won't listen. They're stuffed shirts. Now, the people of my age—I'm the third generation, I'm 60, but I'm the only 60-year-old teenager left. When you talk to people of my age and your father's age, for instance, we understand the problems of you people under 20. It's that 'middle-block' I'm afraid for. It may be not their fault, but they're lost, they're shot.

RG: There are getting to be more and more and more of them all the time.

ITS: Well, of course, the youngsters are becoming middle-aged now, but I'm talking to you as a representative of your age group. I'll call you the Teenagers. But don't give-up the ship, just because of all this political mess that we have now. Don't lose faith in yourself—even if you can't do anything. You'll go on, you know, unless you just give up and start crying for your mother. Then you're shot. Every time I found myself absolutely 'bonk' you know, when somebody 'got me,' well, I started again.

Like this afternoon when you came here, I had a couple of crashes just before you arrived. Everything was supposed to have come to a dead end. Oh no, get right back in there and pitch. ***[It seems that someone had made a crank call to WOR-Radio in New York and had informed the management there that Ivan had decided to quit as guest host of the Barry Farber radio show during Farber's absence.]***

RG: So would you say that you have had a most interesting life? How would—

ITS: Richard, just a minute. You know that's very funny you should say that. When I first really came to the United States in 1948, '49, I thought that I had the dreariest life, you know, just so dull it wasn't worth talking about. Then I suddenly realized that the way we were brought up in Europe and the opportunities that young people had in those days—you know, before there were too many people, and passports and all that stuff. I didn't realize how lucky I'd been. Then I began to look back and saw how much I'd done compared to what a young American of my age had been able to do. I mean, even at my age, let's go back to the late twenties' and thirties'—it was very difficult for a young American to get away from his family and just wander around the world. Yes, very difficult, even then. Now, it's almost *impossible*. I had a great mother; she kicked me out and said: "Get out of here, learn the value of money, and if you drop dead or get killed, that's your business!"

RG: A very interesting philosophy!

ITS: But it's practical. It was very reasonable and practical.

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First radio show on the BBC in 1930. First television on same in 1938.

Beginning in 1948 both radio and television series were initiated in New York on NBC in the field of the natural sciences, the latter with live wild animals. These were as follows:

1948–49 15-minute, 5-day a week over radio WNBC, New York.

1949 One 1-hour a week Radio roundtable on science, NBC, two 1/2-hour per week TV programs over WNBT.

1950 5, 15-minute Radio per week over WBAL, Baltimore, one 15-minute TV over WEAL-TV, Baltimore. (Science & Research Director, Station WBAL.)
First Commercial Color-Television program in history for CBS ("The World is Yours"), 5-days a week, 1/2 hour, for 6 months.
Once a week, 1/2 hour-long, color-telecast for CBS. ("New Horizons")

1951–52 five 15-minute weekly Radio over WSTC, Stamford, Connecticut, on behalf of the Stamford Museum and Zoo.

1951–58 Once a week regular Feature spot on the Garry Moore morning show, with live animals.

1960–1973 Numerous guest and spot appearances on both radio and TV on all networks and many local stations. (Average four per month)

ITS: When I finally settled down here [in the U.S.], I had been, of course, in radio and television. I had bought imported live animals to show on early television. I had the first **[color]** television program after the war here.

Earlier it was mentioned that Ivan's mother was an investor who helped finance the work of John Logie Baird. He was the first person produce a live, moving, grayscale television image from reflected light, in 1926, based on a mechanical scanner (Nipkow disk). He also patented a system which later became known as radar. He assisted the BBC in starting the first public television service that began on August 22, 1932. From 1932 to 1935, the BBC produced programs in their own studio at 16 Portland Place. Baird also established the world's first major TV Studio and Broadscasting Complex at the Crystal Palace in South London. In 1935 the BBC moved their BBC Television Service to a leased section of the Alexandra Palace, North London's counterpart to the Crystal Palace. Public broadcasts of "high-definition" television were made from this site starting in November 1936. Two broadcast studios were set up to test two competing systems, the Marconi-EMI's 405-line electronic scanning system and Baird's 240-line mechanical scanning system. The systems transmitted on alternate weeks until the 405-line system was chosen in 1937.

One broadcast in 1938 would include the young naturalist Ivan Sanderson appearing with a live elephant. How they transported an elephant through Alexandra Park onto the first floor of the Alexandra Palace is probably an interesting story in itself. Ivan did about six other TV shows before the start of World War II in Europe. It was not until he came to America, however, that he really became involved with regular programming on both radio and TV.

RG: I think your first TV show was called *The World is Yours.*

ITS: No, the first thing I did in this country was a 15-minute radio show five days a week over station WNBT, which was the local outlet for NBC in New York. That was in 1948.

During 1949 I had two half-hour TV programs per week over WNBT. Every Tuesday I did a show on natural history and every Friday I did one on the natural history of industry, because all industry is founded on mining, or water, or the air, or plants or something. It dealt with the background of it. I also had a weekly hour-long radio show that same year over the NBC network. I did it with scientists on the "technicalities" of science—a roundtable discussion.

RG: But you also had a show called *The World is Yours.*

ITS: Well, that was the first *color* television program. That was on CBS. It was the first one ever regularly broadcast in color, *the first one ever.*

Then I had a show; Bulova Watch were my sponsors and I took over from Arthur Godfrey. It was an hour—every day, five days a week, with hot lights in the middle of the summer, for one hour. Whew! And the girl they gave me to work with turned out to be a biology teacher and her name was Patty Painter. She weighed about 90 pounds. At the end of every show for a year she fainted, that poor thing, because the heat became so terrific.

RG: Five days a week?

ITS: Five days a week, one hour. Sir, I tell you, it was something. It was done in a big studio up at 98th Street in New York ***[Note: Actually, Ivan is referring to the CBS Color Studio 57 in the Peace Theater at 1280 Fifth Avenue, on the Northeast corner of 109th Street, nicknamed, "Father Divine's Studio."]*** And they had all hot lights in those days—the strip lights. No air conditioning. You couldn't have the fans on because it upset the audio. It was right at the corner of Central Park, and it was a real hot New York summer. Whew! I'll tell you, and we were hauling elephants in and giraffes out. And this poor little girl, she was game as anything, but every day she just fainted. She was a real old showgirl, you know? A real trouper. She stuck it out and as the lights turned off, Patty 'rooop—bang!' and somebody would catch her. Oh, that was a nutty one.

Ivan's Co-Host, "Miss Color Television"

From left: Director Frances Buss, Ed Sullivan and Patty Painter going over the script for "PREMIERE," the first CBS field-sequential color broadcast, 1951. (Buss directed the commercials, Fred Rickey directed the actual show.)

It's not surprising that Patty Painter would faint, since even black-and-white television in those days required far more intense lighting than today's color systems. Moreover, the CBS color television system used for Ivan's shows in 1951 demanded *four times* the studio illumination of then-existing black-and-white television systems.

Patty Painter's real name was Patricia Marguerite Stinnette (August 30, 1929 – August 10, 2003). She was a petite (5-foot, 1.5-inch, 95-pound), vivacious, highly talkative, auburn blonde with dark hazel eyes, a perfect cream complexion and ruby lips. Born in Morgantown, West Virginia, to Mr. and Mrs. Gaynes Pierre Stinnette, Patty moved when she was five to Beckley, West Virginia, where her parents became the managers of the Beckley Credit Bureau and ran it for many years.

Patty Stinnette was a descendant of Britain's William de Shackelford of the 1500s, himself a descendant of Henry de Shackelford, a Gentleman-in-Waiting for Henry V *circa* 1390, who was himself the descendant of Baron Jacques-le-Forte, a Norman nobleman and an officer in the army of William the Conqueror during the latter's conquest of England in 1066. William the Conqueror granted him the land that became the ancestral seat of the Shackelford family in Godalming Parish, Surry County, England, about 40 miles southwest of London.

Patty graduated from Beckley's Woodrow Wilson High School at the close of World War II. (The school's present-day librarian, Debra Walker, was able to find her in the "Echo" yearbook as a senior in 1945. She was voted "Why Teachers Go Mad" and "Wittiest" that year in the senior superlatives. Her senior picture quote read, "Full of mischief, but still necessary to the senior class.")

Patty left Beckley, traveling to New York in 1946 with both her mother (the former Gertrude E. Smith) and grandmother (Mrs. Sarah Etta Smith, the former Sarah Etta Shackleford), taking up residence in a Manhattan apartment (in 1951 they all moved to Elmhurst, Queens, on Long Island). Accompanying them was their double-yellow-head parrot, who cried out,"Trouble! Trouble!" whenever the TV set was switched on—something of an omen, as we shall see. Patty soon sound found employment with the John Robert Powers modeling agency and quickly became a successful magazine and advertisement fashion model. (There is no evidence that she was ever a biology teacher, as Ivan mistakenly claimed.)

Painter/Stinnette was nicknamed "Miss Color Television" around CBS long before her frequent appearances on early color TV broadcasts, because she was actually involved in helping CBS develop its own pioneering form of color television, the CBS Field Sequential Color System. It was all an accident. As a Powers fashion model in 1946, CBS called the company, asking for some models with television experience. Powers sent over some tall, elegant fashion models, who sat with blank expressions in front of the color cameras, and whose pale blue eyes didn't photograph well. CBS called back, asking Powers to send over somebody else, quick. They sent Patty, who was a "commercial" model, "the wholesome kind who turn up in beer ads or who model mostly hands and feet," as Patty would later recount in 1951.

Patty rushed over to the CBS studios, then still situated at 15 Vanderbuilt Avenue above Grand Central Station, wearing what should have been a too-casual $13 Jay-Thorpe rayon jersey beach dress with blue, green, pink, and yellow vertical stripes, size nine. (She later said that she had heard the job involved color television and so she wore her most colorful outfit.) Upon reaching the CBS studio, Patty was positioned on an old, tall backless wooden stool. Feeling perfectly relaxed, she uttered a few words—she never suffered from stage fright, nor was she ever at a loss for words. The director soon emerged from the control room and said, "Well, honey, I guess you're it. Start tomorrow morning." Later accounts placed technicians and CBS Color inventor Peter Goldmark in the control room too, who allegedly told the director in person that he wanted Patty for the job, thanks in part to her "beautiful, perfect skin... a delicate complexion," as director Frances Buss later described her in an *Archive of American Television* interview.

When Patty asked what she should wear, the director replied, "What you're wearing is all right, dear." Patty ended up wearing that dress for four years. "It became an obsession with me," she later said. Wearing it eight hours a day for four years gave it the appearance and consistency of a flour sack. Patty would take her talisman to a dry cleaner on 44th Street in Manhattan, but she felt it was too "risky" to have the dress actually dry cleaned. Instead, the staff was instructed to forego the use of any equipment or harsh chemicals, and to gently rub out the spots and brush out any dirt by hand. During this period, the style of dresses changed, with hemlines dropping three inches. A stagehand chided her, suggesting that she "drop her hem" and "get back in style". The superstition of the talisman dress ultimately spread to the rest of CBS. Patty would recall how during some "important demonstrations" her superiors, "would have me wear it as a slip under something else, for luck." (This would most likely be for members of the FCC or perhaps "God Himself," as CBS head William S. Paley was known to his staff.) One such important demonstration occurred in January 1947, when CBS transmitted a color television picture from the Chrysler Building 40 miles to a receiver set up in the Tappan Zee Inn in Nyack, New York, a luxury hotel on a hill overlooking the widest section of the Hudson River. From a room there, FCC Chairman Charles Denny spoke to Stinnette by phone and watched the teenager play with different brightly colored scarves on a CBS color television receiver equipped with a 12-inch screen.

After four years of wearing it, she retired the dress and its supernatural powers to a closet in her apartment.

Patty could sing and dance, but never did so in all of her years in front of the test cameras:

"Most of the time I just sit in a folding leather chair in the color laboratories while they photograph me," she said, when asked how she managed to sit out four years of experiments.

"Sometimes I knit, and sometimes I talk about the brightly-colored props that they put in front of me. I just say whatever comes into my head." [Toomey, Elizabeth. "Color TV's Leading Star since 1946 Has High Hope of Having Audience Soon." United Press International (30 October 1950). *Long Beach (Calif.) Press-Telegram.* Friday, October 31, 1950. p. A9.]

Scarves were another running joke of sorts. When testing began in 1946, the experimenters became fascinated with how their color reproduced on a TV monitor. "In the beginning, I just held up scarves," she would say. "I held up so many scarves we began to call CBS color 'the scarf sequential system'."

A CBS vice president visited the set one day, carrying an apple from his brother's farm. Patty took a bite on camera, everybody thought it was a great visual and audio test for the equipment, and so she would sometimes chomp on up to eight apples a day. Fortunately, she was fond of apples. She usually ended each day on camera eating an apple, and she almost always finished each apple down to the core.

Additionally, the CBS technical staff were always changing her hair color for the cameras, sometimes three times a week, which once caused a large hunk of it to fall out when her hairdresser Betty was combing it at Guillaume Roberts.

"The most people who ever saw one of my shows was 600 who attended a special demonstration one time in Washington," Patty recalled. "I was so pleased that I nearly got the giggles." [Toomey, Elizabeth. "Color TV's Leading Star since 1946 Has High Hope of Having Audience Soon." United Press International (30 October 1950). *Long Beach (Calif.) Press-Telegram*. Friday, October 31, 1950. p. A9.]

Perhaps no other performer in the history of television has made so many appearances before the cameras and been seen by so few people. [Philip Hamburger. The Talk of the Town. "Miss Color." *The New Yorker*. August 11, 1951, p. 20.]

Myra Sue Roush, of Woodlawn Avenue [Beckley, West Virginia], corresponds regularly with 22-year-old Miss Stinnette and reports that "aside from the glamorous life that she lives, Patty still keeps up with her church work." ["Ex-Beckleyan Appears as New York 'Cover Girl'." *Beckley Post-Herald*. (West Virginia) Thursday morning. 25 January 1951. p. 3.]

Things became even more bizarre when, in 1948, the pharmaceutical house of Smith, Kline & French approached CBS and Peter Goldmark with a proposal to use color television as a teaching tool for surgery. Black-and-white television was not sufficiently realistic and even confusing to those observing the operations. To Goldmark, color telecasts of operations was a terrific idea and so on May 31, 1949, the first live operation in front of color television cameras took place at the University of Pennsylvania. In December 1949, the Goldmark team demonstrated this system to the American Medical Association's annual meeting in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Then, somebody thought of Patty...

Now Patty's employers are going to televise operations in color for the benefit of student surgeons and Patty has been picked to undergo the operations.

According to the former Beckley student her bosses meet her every morning and ask her how she is feeling—hoping of course that she will need an appendectomy or some other operation. So far though Patty has been a disappointment to them in that regard since she always answers that she never felt better. ["Beckley Model Makes Good in Television." *Beckley Post-Herald*. (Beckley, West Virginia) Monday morning. 10 October 1949.]

This story was perfect for some amusing tongue-in-cheek coverage:

Dr. Goldmark would prefer that all the operations be performed on Miss Painter. After all, she knows the television technique. Her blood, furthermore, probably is a brighter shade of red than anybody else's.

"Every morning he asks me how I feel," she said. "He wonders how I'd like to underego a small operation. Of course, he'd rather have a big operation, like removing a foot, but he'd settle for an appendix. And I always tell him that I never felt better. He always seems so disappointed, it's frightening."

That's one way to earn a living. I only hope the pay is commensurate with the risks. [Othman, Frederick C. "Problems of Patty; Video Knife Haunts Rainbow Girl." United Feature Syndicate. *The Berkshire Evening Eagle*. Saturday 8 October 1948. p. 3.]

Finally, after serving as a sort of live test pattern for five years, Patty hosted *PREMIERE*—the very first Commercial CBS Color System telecast on June 25, 1951, from 4:35 p.m. – 5:34 p.m., accompanied by a star-studded cast. She show was produced by Fred Rickey, who also directed. Frances Buss, the associate producer, also directed the commercials for the show. Unfortunately, although five CBS stations were broadcasting the show (New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, D.C.), there were only about 25 or 30 operating CBS color TV sets in existence on that day.

Her ambitions: "To have a regular color television show of my own and to get married. But I would want to continue in television—my children probably will grow up in Studio B." [Oliver, Wayne. "Patty is the Not-So-Secret Weapon of CBS' Color TV." *The Cedar Rapids Gazette*. Sunday. 13 May 1951. p. 26.]

One of her wishes was granted on the day following *PREMIERE*, when she found herself playing straight lady to Ivan Sanderson and his collection of animals on the world's first regularly scheduled color show, a children's Nature program entitled *The World is Yours*.

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The World is Yours and *New Horizons*

ITS: Then we had a show, the next one was called *The World is Yours*. This is the one you mentioned before. This was one hour long on Saturday mornings, for young people. ***[NOTE: Actually, "The World is Yours" was a 30-minute children's nature show broadcast Monday through Friday at 4:30 p.m. It premiered Tuesday, June 26, 1951—making it the first regularly scheduled color show in history (the second was "Modern Homemakers" with Edaline Stohr that premiered a day later, on Wednesday, June 27, 1951). The show was sponsored by General Mills and was directed by Frances Martha Buss (June 3, 1917 – January 19, 2010), the first and apparently sole female TV director of that era . The final broadcast of "The World is Yours" was on September 14, 1951. The Saturday morning show Ivan is referring to here was called "New Horizons." It was a 30-minute (not hour-long) natural history program Ivan hosted starting October 6, 1951. It was also shown October 13, 1951, and it ended October 20, 1951. It too was directed by Frances Buss.]*** Beautiful show. I took a different country, a "natural" country every week. We had the music and dancing, and folklore of the country, then the animals, the plants, and the minerals. We did Brazil, for instance. We had diamonds and gold, and we had kinkajous and Brazilian flowers, and then a girl playing the piano, and then we had a whole Brazilian orchestra playing "Brazil." Then we had some African dances, Brazilian-African dances for the fiestas. Beautiful show, and in color. And CBS color, you see, is what they call the "optical system" not the "compatible" which you have now.

The optical system was direct. The colors were better than in Nature. It's like putting on a pair of rose-tinted glasses—beautiful, absolutely. We did a show on orchids once. Well, the Orchid Growers Association were telephoning up and saying: 'But our orchids are not that pretty!' It was better.

RG: Was this on tape?

ITS: Oh no, it was all live in those days.

Then the FCC—there was a kind of political wrangle, and RCA had CBS's license 'canned' to introduce their so-called compatible system, which is electronic. I had been doing a lot of experimental shows for them with the same Patty Painter for NBC **[He is referring to someone else—Patty never appeared on NBC]**, and also with Ben Grauer—you may have heard his name, he's a political commentator—he's still on the air, regular. When CBS lost their license, I moved over to NBC and started the first color show for them. But frankly, color television today, you see, is no good at all. It just isn't accurate. I mean, suddenly it all goes red, or all goes blue, whereas the optical system was absolutely *precise*. But, politics is politics, and what can you do?

The CBS color system (more correctly called the CBS field-sequential color system), developed by Peter C. Goldmark (1906-1977), was actually a black-and-white TV set-up utilizing two color filter disks, one spinning in front of the camera at the studio and the other spinning in front of the cathode-ray picture tube at home. When these two disks became synchronized, red, blue, and green images would flash on the screen in such rapid succession that to the eye there would appear to be a naturally-hued image on the screen. (To be precise, in a September 1951 *Popular Science* article, Ted Lawrence, the color-quality supervisor for CBS, was quoted as follows: "The camera is basically a standard model. We've made some electronic changes and added a color disk and a small electric motor to turn it. The camera disk has 12 filter segments, instead of the six segments used in the receivers, so that we can use a slower motor.")

Because the filters used in the studio were of the exact composition as the filters incorporated into the disks of the home receivers, the colors reproduced were absolutely perfect every time—no fine tuning needed. Thus, a CBS field-sequential color system had no 'tint,' 'hue' or 'color' control, since the color filter material in both the camera and receiver were fixed according to the CBS specifications (Wratten filters #26 for red, #47 for blue and #58 for green). At the time of my interview with Ivan Sanderson (1970), all National Television System Committee (NTSC) color cameras used dichroic mirrors reflecting red, green and blue images, respectively, into three orthicon pickup tubes, and color TV receivers employed a cathode-ray tube having red, blue, and green phosphor dots on its surface. Thus, the full color image was "taken apart" in a different way than it was "put back together" in the TV set, which could cause problems. Indeed, a good phoshor for producing the color red didn't appear until 1967, though it apparently didn't go into widespread use. Most phosphors for TV picture tubes were chosen for the brightness rather than their color accuracy. Moreover, the colors of the TV images varied from brand-to-brand, and occasionally from set-to-set of the same manufacturer. Many "color" TV studios used a single monitor in the control room because no two monitors would display an image with similar colors, which made the art of color correction confusing. Moreover, viewers who lived during the era of NTSC color television may be shocked to learn that only one such TV model in history could accurately reproduce the complete gamut of colors of the 1953 NTSC specifications: RCA's very first production model, the CT-100.

Strangely enough, Goldmark's field-sequential color system used for Ivan's CBS color television broadcasts was influenced by the work of TV pioneer John Logie Baird, which, coincidentally, had been funded in part by Ivan Sanderson's mother, Stella.

Baird demonstrated the world's first color TV transmission in Glasgow, Scotland, on July 3, 1928, using Nipkow scanning discs at the transmitting and receiving ends with three spirals of apertures, each spiral having a filter of a primary color (red, green, blue), and three alternating, colored gas-filled light sources at the receiving end (neon for red, helium for blue, and mercury for green), the illumination of each being controlled by a commutator. Baird demonstrated a color system with 120 scanning lines in December 1937, then embraced electronic television, demonstrating a color TV system with 600 scanning lines in December 1940. In 1941, Baird had managed to come up with a mechanical system to transmit color stereoscopic TV images using revolving shutters and disks with red, green and blue filter sectors. His all-electronic "Telechrome" system was first demonstrated to the press on August 16, 1944. He achieved a very high definition color TV image of 1800 lines after World War II.

CBS-Columbia 12CC2 Field Sequential Color Receiver of 1951. Only 100 were used. ***Courtesy www.tvhistory.tv***

Baird's rapid sequential-frame color system later influenced the future President of CBS Labs, Peter Goldmark, a man who, as a student in Vienna, had tinkered with Baird's do-it-yourself 30-line television kit of 1926. Goldmark, after seeing and being impressed by the MGM Technicolor movie *The Wizard of Oz,* began working on the first color TV broadcasting system for CBS in 1940, using a field-sequential system roughly similar to Baird's. Goldmark cobbled together a primitive version of the field sequential system at the CBS Laboratory and showed it to CBS executives in June 1940 on a 3-inch screen placed behind a magnifiying lens. CBS officially began doing non-broadcast "film pickup" color experiments, then apparently did a broadcast over W2XAB on August 28, 1940. Goldmark demonstrated the CBS field-sequential color TV system to both the technical press and a delegation from the FCC on September 4, 1940 (a travelogue broadcast over W2XAB from New York's Chrysler Building) . Tests using live cameras (as opposed to film scanned and transmitted through a coaxial cable) didn't occur until December 2, 1940. CBS began daily color field tests on June 1, 1941 over WCBW. (To see an amazingly detailed chronology of the CBS Color Television System, go to this site by Ed Reitan.)

CBS field-sequential color was first shown to the general public on January 12, 1950. The Federal Communications Commission (FCC) adopted it on October 11, 1950 as the official standard for color television in the United States, but it was used in broadcasting solely by CBS for a very short time. RCA had its own system of color television, but it had yet to be perfected for commercial deployment. On October 17. 1950, RCA brought suit against the FCC in the Federal District Court in Chicago to halt the start of CBS colorcasts. A Supreme Court decision in favor of CBS only galvanized RCA and other enemies of CBS to greater action. Various other legal delaying tactics and political maneuvering by RCA ultimately paid off. Although CBS began regularly scheduled broadcasts on June 25, 1951, CBS colorcasts ended on October 20, 1951 when the Defense Production Administration asked CBS to suspend mass production of color receivers in an effort "to conserve materials" for the ongoing Korean War—an act viewed by many historians as a way CBS, which had only about 100 of its color receivers in operation, could gracefully exit the color television war with RCA.

On December 17, 1953, the FCC did an about-face and adopted the more expensive RCA-developed National Television System Committee (NTSC) color system as the U.S. standard. Writing in the February 2003 issue of *Ideas on Liberty*, Michael Heberling notes that, "It took 23 years (from 1954–1977) until 75 percent of the homes in America had at least one color television." Admittedly, the RCA color system was backward-compatible with black-and-white television sets, unlike the CBS system. Two CBS color sets, a monitor and a slave ("companion") receiver are known to still exist, along with, I believe, a working camera.

Act II: Patty Painter's "Colorless" Life

"There are no second acts in American lives," said F. Scott Fitzgerald. That could be said of many talented women prior to the 1960s who somehow managed to establish a career and become famous as a result, only to eventually marry, leave their jobs and become housewives, vanishing from the world scene. Pioneering TV Director Frances Buss married and departed CBS in 1954. My own mother left her job in 1956 just prior to the birth of Yours Truly. And then there's the tale of "Patty Painter" (Patricia Stinnette), the "Miss Color Television" of CBS, Ivan Sanderson's co-host on *The World Is Yours.* When CBS finally abandoned its field-sequential color television broadcasts, the following wry note ("Patti to Lead Colorless Life") appeared on page 5 of the October 27, 1951 issue of *The Billboard*: "Minor repercussion of Washington's band on color telecasting is that Columbia Broadcasting Company's 'girl rainbow,' Patti *[sic]* Painter is out of a job. Fem has been CBS's top tint tester for several years now, chiefly in a demonstration capacity. Tradesters wonder if gal will land a berth in CBS black and white. One thing's sure, tho, no matter which web takes custody, the telegeneic blonde is bound to lead a colorless existence from now on."

Patty had signed a five-year contract with CBS back in March 1950 to appear on future CBS Color television shows, but by the end of October 1951 CBS Color programs were no longer broadcast. According to Patty's cousin, Patricia Viellenave (who is named after Patty), Patty planned to star in her own TV series following *The World is Yours*, but the project fell through and she soon left the TV business. However, she did end up marrying the proposed show's writer, Anthony Dominic Guggenheimer, on February 14, 1953 in St. James Church in Elmhurst, Long Island, New York. Anthony was the son of Harry Guggenheimer and the former Gwendolyn Wormser. (In a 2009 conversation with Ivan Sanderson's animal assistant and right-hand man, Edgar O. Schoenenberger, he said, "I can recall doing Patty a favor. She needed me to drive her to Rego Park, New York, to go see Mrs. Guggenheimer, who I now realize was the woman who eventually became her mother-in-law." Patty, her mother and grandmother lived in Elmhurst, which is coincidentally bounded by Rego Park to the southeast.)

In 1957, the editor of Patty's hometown newspaper wrote the following poignant passage:

Though the Toy Fund had only a mediocre day yesterday, leaving it running a little more than a day behind last year's pace of contributions, we did receive some very encouraging messages from old regulars in the Toy Fund effort.

A total of $24 arrived in letters and from the fine folks who stopped us on the streets yesterday to hand us a dollar here and $5 there.

One of the letters was from a young woman who has been a loyal supporter of the Toy Fund since she was a little girl, something like 25 years ago. Mrs. Patricia Stinnette Guggenheimer of 72 S. Bedford Rd., Chappaqua, N.Y., wrote, "Here is the annual 'Patty Stinnette dollar' with all good wishes for the biggest Toy Fund ever. Good luck and Merry Christmas."

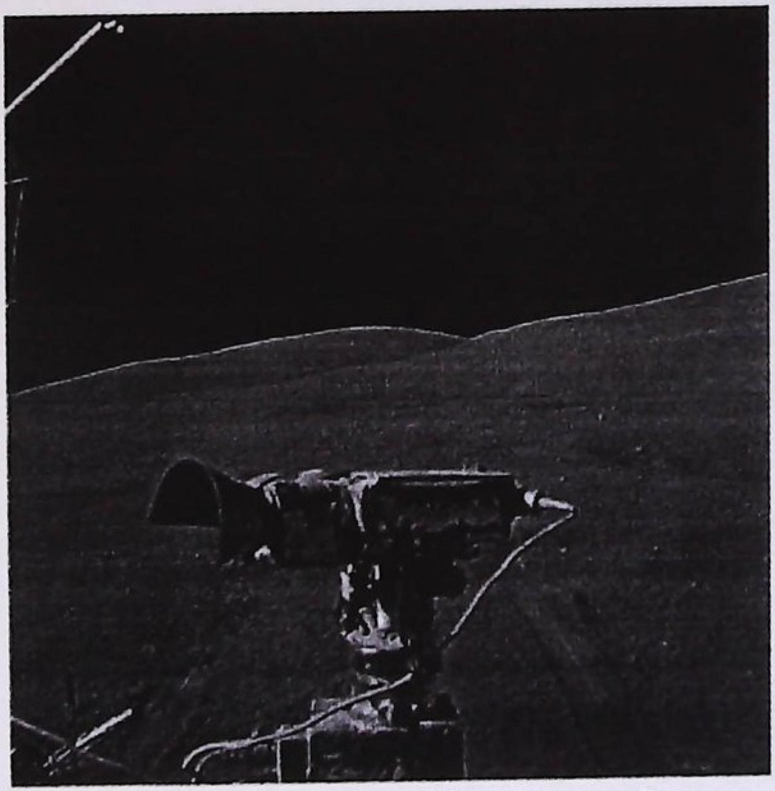
No doubt hundreds of folks will remember "Patty Stinnette" whose family was long in charge of the Beckley Credit Bureau. Patty went on to become a famous artists and photographers model in New York and was Miss CBS Color Television for a long while. Now she is married and has her home and all those responsibilities. But she has never failed to send in her gift for the Toy Fund.

We would bet that Patty, who was sometimes our playmate when we were a wee lad, has contributed to the Toy Fund every year for at least 25 years. And the fact that she now makes her home in New York State has never made any difference. [Hodel, Emile J. "Top O' the Morning; Distant Supporters Boost Lagging Fund." *Beckley Post-Herald*. (West Virginia) Thursday morning. 28 November 1957. p. 4.]

The Guggenheimers apparently moved to the vicinity of Livingston, New Jersey, in the 1960s, where one of their daughters, Alexis, was born in 1968. The family later moved to southern California.

Patricia Stinnette Guggenheimer died on August 10, 2003 in La Mesa, San Diego County, leaving her husband, two daughters (Alexis Katherine Ward and Melanie Magana), and six grandchildren. She is buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, San Diego, California.

Patty's husband, Anthony, born November 24, 1925, moved to



Field-sequential color video camera in use by NASA's Apollo 16 mission to the Moon.

Lovettsville, Virginia about two years after her death where he was a volunteer Investigator of the Loudoun County Sheriff's Department. He died June 25, 2009 at his residence in Lovettsville, surrounded by his family. **[Patricia Viellenave. Personal Communication. 29 September 2009.]**

The Path Not Taken

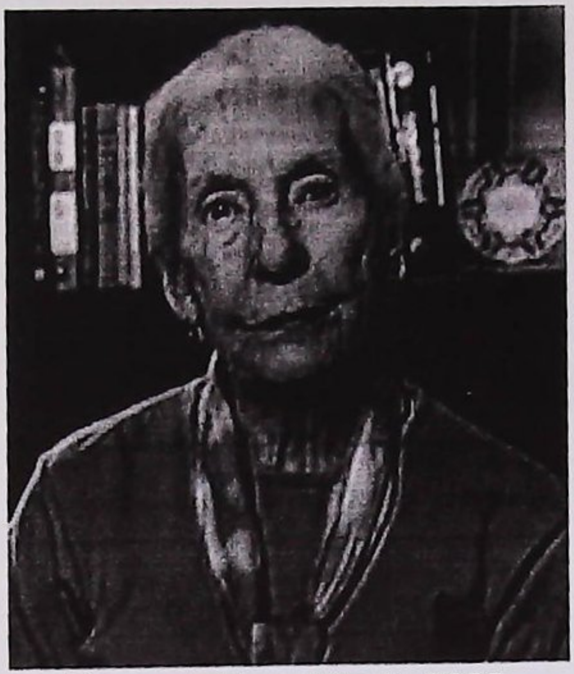
In case the reader is wondering why I've devoted so much space to examining the life of a commercial model who was Ivan Sanderson's co-host on *The World is Yours*, consider that, upon her death in 2003, no newspaper or other media carried her obituary. Had the CBS field sequential color system won the day over the RCA compatible system, "Patty Painter," armed with her five-year CBS contract, might today be a household name instead of the "poster child" for a case of failed innovation, an odd footnote in the history of television. Like Ivan T. Sanderson himself, Patty has been forgotten by all except her family, a few historians and TV history buffs, and Yours Truly, who has apparently become sentimental in his middle age when it comes to plugging up holes in the historical record.

As it happens, Patty's years of work posing with various objects and gabbing away in front of the experimental cameras helped to supply valuable test data that was later utilized in the 1950s when the CBS system continued to run "underground" so to speak, for the Kline & French (now GlaxoSmithKline) closed-circuit medical color-TV units that Patty used to make fun of back in 1949.

From 1949 until 1958, hundreds of clinical and surgical procedures from some 25 medical schools were transmitted live via cables and microwaved across Philadelphia to large-screen CBS Color TV projectors configured at local medical conventions. These closed-circuit color telecasts often attracted convention audiences of 500 to 700 attendees. It was during such a closed-circuit CBS Color telecast that Dr. Michael DeBakey performed perhaps the world's first televised endarterectomy.

And in a final supreme irony, one of the latter-day specialized applications that employed the field sequential color concept involved the Apollo lunar landing cameras which transmitted color TV images from the Moon during NASA's missions from 1969 to 1972. The head of RCA and NBC, General David Sarnoff, who in the 1940s and early 50s vehemently derided field sequential color television as being too primitive for commercial use, lived to see it become part of America's most sophisticated technological efforts in lunar exploration.

Frances Buss Buch's Recollections



Frances Buss Buch, 2005.

Yours Truly had the great luck of tracking down Frances Buss (later Frances Buss Buch) the former CBS Director of both *The World is Yours* and *New Horizons*, who lived in Henderson, North Carolina. (I managed to locate and correspond with her just prior to her death on January 19, 2010.) In a letter dated September 15, 2009, the 92-year old Mrs. Buch offered the following recollections of her days directing history's first color broadcasts with Ivan Sanderson and Patty Painter...

> **...I am very interested in your info on Patty Painter. When I met her she was Peter Goldmark's TV girl and was used to demonstrate the beauty of CBS Color... Incidentally, I did not direct "PREMIER" on 6-25-51. Fred Rickey did. I directed the commercials which were interposed during the program, from a theatre studio in the Broadway area. I have a Lucite cube, given to me by CBS, thanking me for my contribution to "PREMIERE."**
>
> **But back to your interest: Ivan Sanderson. I was a staff director at CBS who reported for work at 15 Vanderbuilt Avenue and was handed a work schedule for the day, which might or might not include Ivan Sanderson. I don't recall much about him as an individual. He appeared on time for his scheduled programs complete with wildlife or, I suppose mostly domesticated animals (the largest rat I ever saw was a capybara). He was always in control of his props and production; I merely took the pictures.**
>
> **I am most interested in your version of how RCA used its influence in Washington to terminate the chances of CBS color being successful. We at the CBS-TV studio, always believed that is how it happened. Of course, incompatibility was the deciding factor, I guess, but then CBS-TV was never in the business of selling TV receivers. The Defense Prod. Administration was heavily influenced by RCA—booo!**
>
> **Sorry I can't help any further about Ivan Sanderson.... [Frances Buss Buch. Personal Communication. September 15, 2009.]**

Following the CBS color broadcasts, Ivan Sanderson transplanted his animal showmanship to *The Garry Moore Show*, from 1951 to 1958. He appeared once a week with rare or interesting animals from the collections he had imported and maintained at his zoo and home in New Jersey.

Ivan also made many appearances on other celebrities' radio shows, such as those of Arlene Francis and Mary Margaret McBride, who was a sort of cross between today's Barbara Walters and Martha Stewart. As talk show host Barry Farber later told me, he made sure that one of the first guests of his career was Ivan Sanderson, because he had read in one of McBride's books her declaration that the most fascinating radio guest to appear on her show in 20 years of broadcasting was Ivan Sanderson. It was McBride who introduced Ivan to Eleanor Roosevelt—who, according to Ivan's close associate, Edgar O. "Eddie" Schoenenberger, "became completely entraced with the charismatic, debonair Ivan, and met him several times." Roosevelt even invited him onto her radio show—she had a radio series produced by the Pan-American Coffee Bureau (28 September 1941 through 4 April 1942) wherein she commented on affairs of the week and interviewed guests, and a 1950-1951 radio series, which followed the same format for 233 numbered programs and an additional 93 interviews. In these series, Mrs. Roosevelt was the hostess and interviewer. Program #223 of this latter series, "the Eleanor Roosevelt Program" was broadcast on 17 August 1951. A tape recording exists: tape 72-30(223), stored at the Franklin D. Roosevelt Presidental Library and Museum in Hyde Park, New York. On this particular program, her son Elliot, a regular fixture on the show, described Ivan as an author, naturalist, artist and explorer in the realm of natural science. Eleanor then introduced Ivan and the two of them proceeded to discuss his new book at the time, *How to Know the North American Mammals.* This was followed by Ivan recounting some of his adventures.

Animal Temperaments

Mike Douglas (real name: Michael Dowd), the late talk show host, always complained that animals brought onto his show would answer the call of Nature—on his nice, shiny studio floor. Ivan never seemed to have this kind of trouble, nor did he ever suffer any personal trauma while bringing his animals onto television, even though he was doing so regularly:

I spent ten years hauling wild animals onto television two or three times a week, and I never got bitten, scratched, or even trodden on. This was not just good luck. There was some kind of communication there. I have no idea what it was. Maybe I smelled right to them, or had the right pitch of voice, or I just didn't care! ***[Book of Great Jungles, p. 233.]***

Some of the plants turned out to be more exciting performers on the air than were the animals:

I myself once had a pitcher plant from the jungles of Southeast Asia which caught a live cockroach on a television show on which I and it were appearing. Unseen by me, the plant snared the cockroach all by its little self, and an alert cameraman who spotted it put the exhibition on the air for the edification of millions. ***[Book of Great Jungles, p. 160.]***

As one of the first "animal experts" to appear on television, Sanderson's abilities to deal with animals of all sorts was known to his colleagues. Jack Hannah Director, Emeritus of the Columbus, Ohio Zoo and Aquarium and host of such nationally sundicated TV series as *Jack Hanna's Animal Adventures* and ***Jack Hanna's Into the Wild***, paid Ivan perhaps the highest complement when, on a "blooper reel" of outakes, an animal roughed him up a bit and he exclaimed to the TV crew: "I tell you, *I'm no Ivan Sanderson!*"

But however famously Ivan Sanderson may have gotten along with animals on live TV, the experiences of his hosts and guests could be far less enjoyable.

Africanized Bees?

During the short time Ivan Sanderson was doing those early CBS color broadcasts, his displays of colorful flora and fauna would sometimes get a bit out of control... Here is a reminiscence by a CBS retiree, found on http://www.cbsretirees.com/may1a.htm:

From Cal Marotta

I noticed that my name is not on any crew list so it must be prior to August of 1951. That's when Sather hired me and my first assignment was on Kashouris`s crew. The color studio at that time was on 109th St. and 5th. Ave., I was there until color was cancelled. When I reported to the black & white studios, everybody thought it was my first day on the job. We did two shows a day in color. One was The Ivan Sanderson Show *[Note: Marotta is referring to "The World is Yours"]*. He was an explorer and every day he would come in with a different animal. One day he had some African bees and they got away. We all ran out of the studio and watched them fly down 5th Ave.

What's so interesting about this is that an urban myth has existed for some years among beekeepers concerning "aggressive New York city bees" and bees there capable of a higher production of honey than elsewhere. As David Graves of Berkshire Berries told Drawger's interviewer Zina Saunders:

"For Berkshire bees, quitting time is about 5 pm. New York City bees, they work harder and longer. And as you can see, we're here before 7 am, and these bees are already starting to work, whereas the country bees won't be opening the doors till about 9 am. And these city bees will still be hard at work at 7 tonight! Maybe it's because it's warmer here or maybe it's the city lights. Whatever it is, they definitely work longer hours."

When Ivan Sanderson's African bees flew down Fifth Avenue from the CBS 109th Street studio in the summer of 1951, they would have encountered Central Park at 98th Street. The coming winter season would have killed African bees, but had they somehow managed to successfully mate with any local bees before the temperatures dropped, the offspring would have survived and we would be faced with the prospect of Ivan Sanderson having inadvertently bred the first Africanized bees in the Americas! Sounds like a bit of a "stretch," but stranger things have happened, especially when it comes to events in the life of Ivan T. Sanderson, as we shall see.

Jack Lemmon, Arboreal Actor

[More from Cal Marotta:] The other show was called The Mike & Buff Show. Mike was Mike Wallace and Buff was Buff Cobb his then wife. Her father was a very famous jurist. *[Note: Cobb, who, according to Frances Buss, pretty much ran the show, was the grandaughter of humorist and columnist Irvin S. Cobb.]* One day while Mike Wallace was interviewing a new actor named Jack Lemmon, one of Ivan Sanderson's monkeys got away and climbed up into the grid. Jack Lemmon climbed up a stairwell to the grid and while balancing himself on the pipes (there was no walkway) tried to catch the monkey. It wasn't until his agent screamed at him to get down that he realized what a foolish thing he had done.....ahhhh memories!!!

Assertive Animals

Al Morton, who used to write the "TV Roundup" column which appeared in the *Chester Times* (of Pennsylvania), enjoyed recounting Ivan Sanderson's animal antics. When Garry Moore (January 31, 1915 – November 28, 1993) launched the fourth year of his hour-long CBS-TV daytime *Garry Moore Show* in 1953 (Monday through Friday, 1:30 p.m.-2:30 p.m.), Al Morton wrote,

And even though Sanderson often leaves the stage scratched, bitten and bruised, both he and Garry manage to elicit highly entertaining performances from their four-footed friends...

"One thing I've found out about animals," the crew-cut comedian adds, "is that they're almost unpredictable. Like the time Ivan brought a stork to the show. He was explaining that the bird needed a long runway before it could take off. So what does the stork do? Flap its wings and soar out over the audience! It sailed around near the balcony ceiling and then headed straight back for the pit and for Shirley Reeser, my assistant, who sits there during the show timing me. Shirley let out a yell and made a dive under one of the seats."

At another show, a big alligator was the animal guest. It looked sleepy and had to be dragged out on the stage by three men. But the minute it laid eyes on glamorous Denise Lor, the show's vocalist, there was no holding back.

It kept edging closer and closer to her, pulling the three men along with it. When Denise realized that the animal had designs on her—maybe a bite out of her shapely leg—she made a mad dash for the safety of her dressing room. [Al Morton. "TV Roundup. Garry Moore Manages to Keep Cast Intact." *Chester (PA) Times*. Thursday, October 22, 1953.]

Denise Lor (b. May 3, 1929) was Garry Moore's pretty, vivacious and unsually brave vocalist and comedienne who seemed a living lightning rod for attracting the mischief of Ivan Sanderson's animal friends.

Perhaps her worst moments have been provided by Moore's perennial guest, naturalist Ivan Sanderson. On one show, Sanderson attempted to disprove the superstition that bats infest women's hair. Plucky Denise was picked as the guinea pig, and handled a plaintive ballad with a live bat perched in her coiffeur.

For another show, Sanderson brought a swarm of bees with him, and turned them loose. They flew to the ceiling, were stunned by the hot lights, and landed on stage. By the time Denise was center-stage to deliver "Tenderly," the bees were awake and buzzing around her.

Denise Lor keeps a watchful eye on Asiatic lemur, held by Ivan T. Sanderson, while on *The Garry Moore Show*, CBS, mid-1950s.

"Oh it was real laughs," she explained, "Like facing a firing squad." [Steven H. Scheuer. "Denise Lor; One Singer Who Must Be Courageous." *The Hartford Courant*. October 6, 1957. p. 11.]

Lor had a #8 hit recording in 1954 called *If I Give My Heart To You* (Doris Day did a hit recording of this song the same year). She would go on to appear in many musicals including *Gypsy*, *Annie* and *Sweeney Todd*.

Moore himself had no reservations welcoming Ivan Sanderson and his animals onto his show once a week.

"Next to babies," Moore opines, "everyone loves animals. Even if it's not one of the three favorites (dogs, cats and monkeys)—it may be a goat, a pig, a leopard, or even a skunk. All he's got to do is put his mug in front of a TV camera, and the television audience loves it."

...the whole cast has more fun than a barrel of monkeys and Mr. Sanderson sometimes supplies the monkeys who are funnier than a barrel of people. What more can you ask? [Al Morton. "TV Roundup. Garry Moore Manages to Keep Cast Intact." Chester (PA) Times. Thursday, October 22, 1953.]

Garry Moore, 1950s

And so each week Sanderson had to present some interesting denizen of the animal world on Moore's CBS show: "...bats, anacondas, storks, boa constrictors, porcupines, zebras, crocodiles, baby elephants, skunks, monkeys, chimps, and a young lioness named Blondie. Llucky the Llama became a regular on the show (and even 'married' Llinda Llama onstage), as did a capybara, whose Moore-ish hairdo guaranteed him repeat visits as the star's lookalike." [Marsha Francis Cassidy. *What Women Watched: Daytime Television in the 1950s.* Austin, Texas: University of Texas Press. 2005. p. 79.]

Moore's unquestioning enthusiasm for Ivan Sanderson and his animals may have been tested one day, according to a story told to Yours Truly by a Sanderson acquaintance and neighbor, Allen V. Noe, in the mid 1970s. An animal brought out into the bright lights of a television studio often behaves in strange ways. In one such case, Ivan was removing a large boa constrictor from a burlap bag on the Garry Moore Show, when suddenly it wiggled free and headed for Gary, who was now petrified. The snake began to crawl up his pants leg. Gary then jumped a ways up into the air and let out a high-pitched scream, much to the amusement of the audience and crew.

Another moderately hair-raising incident occurred on the morning of Friday, February 22, 1957 (as reported by the United Press), when Ivan brought a sea lion onto the third segment of Moore's show. Everything initially was going well, the creature chomping contentedly on a fish. But then "it apparently took fright at a mike noise."

It scooted to the edge of the stage and plopped into the right side of the orchestra while a capacity holiday crowd of some 650 persons howled. Moore advised the audience to move back. About 100 people left their seats and ran up the aisles. Cameras followed the creature as it waddled under the seats, soon squirming its way to the orchestra's fifth row. Stage hands armed with broomsticks, Garry Moore and Ivan Sanderson "worked frantically for six minutes before they succeeded in boxing it in."

"Said Moore to his panting audience: 'Aren't you glad you came?'"

"The show went on to an uneventful conclusion."

In June 1958 Garry Moore ended his daytime show and moved to a faster-paced nighttime variety show from that ran on CBS from 1958 through 1964, Tuesdays 10 to 11 p.m., and Ivan apparently didn't fit in. Moore was also host of the long-running game shows *I've Got a Secret* and *To Tell the Truth*. His final attempt at a variety show, *The Garry Moore Show,* was produced by Sylvester "Pat" Weaver (Sigourney's father) in 1966, and was scheduled Sunday night following *The Ed Sullivan Show*. However, it ran opposite Sunday's #1 show in its time slot, *Bonanza*, was cancelled in mid-season, and so Moore left prime-time for good in January 1967, to be replaced by *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour.*

As the Crow Flies...

Ivan Sanderson then tried moving his animal act over to the King of daytime shows, initially with disastrous results. On August 1, 1958 Dave Garroway, host of NBC's *Today* show (another Pat Weaver creation), had Ivan Sanderson on as a guest. Ivan brought along some birds. First in line was a large, calm, photogenic crow, which practically posed for the cameras and viewers at home. Next, however, came a hawk. The crow took one look at the predator and panicked, flying off into the upper reaches of Studio 3K and landing on an overhead light.

"Please, boy. Come down, boy," Ivan pleaded.

"Here fella, nice fella," Dave cajoled.

The crow stayed put.

Today had just replaced its grueling five-hour format (with two-hour slices for each time-zone) with a new two-hour format tape-delayed for the different time zones (Ampex video recorders were just coming into use). The show had to run like clockwork, and Dave Garroway found himself with a bird perched overhead and a show that had ground to a halt. Panicking, he picked up a studio phone and asked for help. The NBC phone operator, herself panicked that a call for assistance was coming right from host of the *Today* show live from the studio, apparently misunderstood Garroway's message and placed a dire call for help to the nearest police station.

Within minutes a squad car pulled up to Manhattan's 30 Rockefeller Plaza and several officers dashed into the RCA Building. Storming into Studio 3K they swarmed around Garroway and Sanderson, at the ready to tackle hecklers, gunmen, outlaws, political extremists or what-not.

Instead, they were greeted by the loud cawing (or "scolding" as Ivan would say) of the winged guest perched above them. As Dave Garroway explained that he was in no danger—he simply needed somebody to remove the crow—the show's cameramen were confused as to where they should point their lenses, and the director was cutting between the bird and the confusion below. And then...

The patient officers did an about face and marched out, probably wondering why more television people did not move to Hollywood.

When the show ended Brother Crow was still up on the lights. And, he was still heckling the non-flyers below while they continued their feeble efforts to get him down.

At last report they were magnificently unsuccessful. [Sokolsky, Robert L. "Looking and Listening." ***Syracuse Herald-American.*** **Sunday, 3 August 1958. p. 26.]**

Monkeying Around

Ivan Sanderson on TV: Chicago's WGN. 16 Dec. 1969.
(Photo courtesy Rich Grybos.)

Ivan Sanderson's next appearance on the *Today* show, on Wednesday August 13, 1958, was more successful. Ivan decided to celebrate the centennial of the announcement of the Theory of Evolution by bringing on some monkeys. (The confused reader may think that the centennial should have been 1959, because Charles Darwin published his book, the *Origin of Species* in 1859. But he was still writing up his theory in 1858 when Ivan's historical hero, Alfred Russel Wallace, sent Darwin an essay describing the same idea.) **[Vernon, Terry. "Looking and Listening."** ***Press-Telegram.*** **Long Beach, California. Tuesday, 12 August 1958. p. C10.]**

Occasional Sightings

There was a hiatus in Ivan Sanderson's radio and TV appearances from 1958 until 1960, as he took time out to wander through North America in his big station wagon in order to gather material for his coffee table book, *The Continent We Live On.* Afterwards he went back to do some series on radio, sprinkled with visits to radio and TV shows such as *The Long John Nebel Show*, *The Tonight Show* with Johnny Carson, the *Alan Burke Show*, *A.M. New York* and *The Dick Cavett Show*, averaging one appearance per week through 1973. For example, at right Ivan is seen doing a talk show on Chicago's WGN on 16 December 1969. (The photo is overexposed; Ivan is seated on the left.)

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 8 — UFOs, Caves, Zoos, Fires, Floods

While conducting series on radio and television during those early years of the 1950s, Ivan also became a reporter for the North American Newspaper Alliance, a position which he held for more than twenty years. If something great or spectacular popped up around Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or New York, Ivan would race over and get a story. Such is the life of a reporter/free-lance writer.

On the evening of September 18th, 1952, Ivan left for Braxton County, West Virginia, on one of these assignments, perhaps the strangest of his career. He had gone to look into a report that a group of people had seen a "monster" by an alleged crashed spaceship in the woods out on a hill there. After a lengthy investigation Ivan concluded, on the basis of other sightings made on the same night, that *several* mysterious things came down out of the sky on the night of the Flatwoods incident, the objects in question having been seen flying over several populated areas and all going in the same direction before each "crashed" (all of them coming down within five to ten miles of each other) in West Virginia. Upon the arrival of reporters, the objects and the spaceman monster vanished, leaving a metallic stench and some crushed grass behind, along with a few bits of large reptile shells! This whole thing fascinated Ivan—he examines the incident and its subsequent, detailed investigation in a chapter of his book, *Uninvited Visitors*.

It was happenings such as these that influenced him into setting up the Ivan T. Sanderson Foundation, and later the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained, a group which handled the study of such unexplained matters until the 1990s.

In addition to his work with the North American Newspaper Alliance, Ivan had become the vice-president in charge of public relations for the National Speleological Society (Society of cave explorers) from 1951 to 1954, during Charles E. Mohr's presidency of that organization.

The Caves Beyond

Up until 1954, cave exploring in the United States had been only a weekend sport for small groups. In 1953, a number of "spelunkers" planned a huge assault on the Floyd Collins Crystal Cave in Kentucky, where the cave's discoverer and tourist promoter, Floyd Collins, had been trapped by a boulder and died in 1925. Over 70 people would be involved in this subterranean expedition—64 directly in the cave—and the whole mess would undoubtedly attract throngs of people and reporters. Ivan drew up a plan whereby one reporter representing all of the wire services, one photographer from a national magazine, and one radio reporter representing a national network would be allowed into the cave to follow the expedition.

In February, 1954, wires were laid, spelunkers assembled, curiosity seekers gathered, and the whole operation performed successfully underground for a week. William B. Miller, NBC executive and reporter, got all the conversations he wanted for the NBC radio network; Robert Halmi, photographer for *True* magazine, took about 1500 black-and-white photographs and 500 color shots; and reporters from all manner of newspapers and wire services unrelentingly talked with expedition members via phone from above.

Joe Lawrence Jr. and Roger W. Brucker, the two expedition leaders, later wrote a book about the adventures they encountered underground with their group, entitled *The Caves Beyond; The Story of the Floyd Collins Crystal Cave Expedition.* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 1955).

The Animal Business

Ivan Sanderson's most daring pursuit during the 1950s was what generally could be called his "animal business." Initially Ivan had "borrowed" animals from zoos in the New York metropolitan area for his TV appearances. In 1951 at a meeting of the National Speleological Society, he met 21-year-old Edgar O. ("Eddie") Schoenenberger, who by 1952 was his assistant in his animal business (and ultimately becoming essentially a partner, taking care of the business aspects by becoming president of a company they called Animodels).

During 1950, Ivan was the Science and Research Director of Station WBAL-TV in Baltimore, on which he did a weekly show with his animals. Starting in 1952, however, he also began doing a weekly regular feature spot on the Garry Moore Show in New York, again with his animals, which continued until 1958. Then, in 1952, he also had a daily 15-minute show over WSTC, Stamford, Connecticut, on behalf of the Stamford Museum and Zoo. Clearly, Ivan had to find some better ways of distributing his animals around the country so as not to create difficulties with transporting them from station to station. For his shows in New York, Ivan had no alternative but to keep animals in his Manhattan apartment between visits with Garry Moore.

Once he was hauling around a baby hippopotamus. He obviously couldn't get the poor creature in the elevator or up the five flights of stairs to the apartment, so he made arrangements with the landlord to keep it in the basement of the building for nearly a week. The baby hippo appeared on *The Garry Moore Show* on Wednesday, December 30, 1953.

Years later, a friend of mine—Doug Kirby, a member of the amusing bigfoot hunt mentioned elsewhere on this site—initially didn't believe the story but had the amazingly good fortune while attending a convention to strike up a conversation with a woman whom Ivan had persuaded during this time to drive each day from New Jersey across the George Washington Bridge, down the length of Manhattan to Ivan's apartment building in Hell's Kitchen, descend into the basement, and hose down the hippo!

When Ivan had first moved into the apartment, the rent was a mere 135 dollars a month. Several years later, the landlord circulated a small notice informing the tenants of the increased costs of upkeep and overhead in the building. He was only taking a poll to see how many tenants would object to a rent increase. Every tenant in the building stood dead set against the projected rent increase except Ivan. He had caused the landlord enough trouble, he thought, by keeping wild animals in his fifth floor apartment and in the building's basement; therefore, a raise in the rent was more than justified.

The amazed landlord escorted Ivan into his office and said: “Mr. Sanderson, as long as you own that apartment... your rent shall always remain at 135 dollars a month.” He may have had second thoughts, later, though, considering that by the mid-1970s maintenance costs rose to the point where rent for other apartments in that same building ran well over 500 dollars a month. Today the rent in a comparable building would be at least 2,500 dollars a month.

The landlord must have been a very tolerant, patient fellow. Aside from the hippo-in-the-basement incidnet, he surely he must have heard tales of what Ivan's animals were up to in the building. TV pundit Al Morton describes the following:

FOUR SKUNKS, a female and her three young, escaped the vigilant eye of naturalist Ivan Sanderson, who was planning to exhibit the animals on CBS' "The World Is Yours." They wandered through the corridors of his large midtown apartment hotel. Searching for the roving skunks, Sanderson found that the night watchman, an old farm boy turned blase New Yorker had seen them all right, but hadn't thought it worth mentioning. He assumed they knew what they were doing. [Al Morton. "TV Roundup." *Chester Times.* (Pennsylvania) Thursday, 9 August 1951. p. 32.]

In October 1952 Ivan needed a photo of his Nicaraguan owl to promote a TV appearance, so he and Eddie Schoenenberger put it in a cage and brought it to the apartment of his long-time friend and associate, the photographer and herpetologist Roy Pinney, at 19 East 57th Street in Manhattan. As later reported by *The New Yorker* in its "The Talk of the Town" column:

The bird was in a cage and its owner opened the cage so that it could be posed, saying that the bird was quite tame. As he opened the cage the bird flew out toward Fifth Ave. where he lit on a flagpole outside of Stoufer's restaurant. The two men rushed out, dashed up to the 3rd floor of the restaurant

and grabbed the bird. [Hellman, Geoffrey T. The Talk of the Town. "Diurnal Spree." *The New Yorker.* 25 October 1952. p. 26.]

Ivan Sanderson's Jungle Zoo along the Delaware

Johnny & Margie's
De Jong
RT. 46 • PARSIPPANY, N.J.

Beverage coaster from Johnny & Margie's bar on New Jersey's Route 46, a place frequented by Ivan Sanderson during travels to-and-from New York City. (Courtesy Richard T. Grybos.)

It was Ivan's assistant Eddie Schoenenberger who suggested that, instead of "renting" animals, they should purchase and house them, and gain some additional income by displaying them in a zoo. To accomplish this, Sanderson, in 1953 purchased a 250-year-old farmhouse and 25 acres of land a short ways from the ultimate location of the zoo between the communities of Columbia and Hainesburg. He immediately commenced refurbishing and expanding this, while also moving 200 of his rarest animals to a barn nearby so he could keep close watch on them. Then, in 1954, he established the zoo itself, a permanent, summer, roadside facility along the Delaware River on King Cole Curve on Route 46, essentially in the town limits of Manunka Chunk, White Township, Warren County, New Jersey. It was on land leased from King Cole's, a BBQ restaurant (now defunct). Called "Ivan Sanderson's Jungle Zoo" (and Laboratory), you couldn't miss it, since the name of the place was painted in large letters on a sign atop a 100-foot long wooden fence. Ivan also developed and deployed winter traveling exhibits of rare and unusual animals for sports shows and department stores.

Ivan had a sort of private zoo back in Paramaribo, Surinam, on this third expedition, but that "zoo" was more of a temporary storage compound for collected animals that he was sending back to the museums and zoos. His zoo along the Delaware was stocked with a much wider range of animals than could be found in Surinam, ranging from the lowly "polecat" (skunk) to more exotic types of bats and other creatures. He despised the confinements of conventional zoos, and he wanted to create something that would eventually set an example for the rest of the world. Note too that this zoo was established nearly 20 years before Warner Brothers Pictures had the idea to build their ill-fated, 800-acre *Jungle Habitat* "safari theme park" facility in 1972 in West Milford, also in the same area of northern New Jersey .

Shortly after the zoo was constructed, Ivan found that it was difficult for him to commute between his home, his zoo and his apartment in New York City (#516 in the Whitby building on 325 West 45th Street, which he maintained until his death). His rarest species housed in a barn next to his home required special close supervision, and fighting his way through traffic every day to instruct his assistants on care and feeding did not suit him at all. Most residents of the area were simple-hearted folk of Holland Dutch (German) extraction, and so when the imposing figure of Ivan T. Sanderson descended upon their complacent countryside, bringing his 200 rare, squeaking, snorting, and growling animals with him, one wonders what the local naivete thought of their famous new neighbor and his barn emanating a Tarzan movie soundtrack.

Transporting these animals several times a week to the various stations was not without its misadventures either. Ivan moved his animals with the aid of a large multi-seat station wagon of the kind used for transferring VIP passengers to and from planes at airports. One day Ivan confronted his neighbor, Allen V. Noe, with a problem: Monkey urine had accumulated in the well holding the spare tire. Noe got out his electric drill—and began to bore a hole through the bottom of the well, so that the 'problem' could drain out.

Suddenly Noe stopped drilling.

"Ivan," he asked, "where is the gas tank on this car?" An examination revealed that the gas tank was located directly beneath the spare tire well. He was close to emptying the contents into the gasoline and essentially wrecking the car. Noe then got hold of a screwdriver, fished around and discovered a small screw at one end of the well. Upon unloosening it, the problem soon drained away.

"Thanks for not drilling a hole in my gas tank," said Ivan. "Things will certainly smell a little fresher in there from now on!"

A Traveler's Oasis: Johnny & Margie's

When traveling back-and-forth between his New Jersey residence and his apartment and/or TV shows in New York in the 1950s and 1960s, Ivan and his cohorts would get a hankering for some alcoholic libations around each trip's halfway mark. They would inevitably stop for liquid refreshment at Johnny & Margie's bar, owned by

Johnny DeJong and his wife, on Route 46 in Parsippany, New Jersey. Former SITU resident staff member Richard T. Grybos was kind enough to rummage through his belongings and found a cocktail coaster he had pocketed during one visit to the bar—I couldn't resist scanning it and posting it on this page.

Saved by the Mob

One day in November 1957, while driving south of the Catskill Mountains in search for some specimens, Ivan Sanderson came across a large black limosine, apparently both lost and broken down by the side of the road. Realizing that there was little-to-no traffic, Ivan stopped his car and offered to help. He ended up towing the car with great difficulty for many miles out of his way, finally arriving at a location at Apalachin, New York, where the V.I.P. in the limo was to meet up with many of his like-minded colleagues for a very important meeting.

The mysterious V.I.P. got out of the limo, shook Ivan's hand and intimated that he had done him a great service.

He handed Ivan a card with a phone number and a name on it.

"If you ever need help—anything at all—call this number, mention this name, and just ask," he said.

Some time later, Ivan had transferred a number of animals from his zoo to a warehouse in New York City that he used as a temporary holding area for them before they were shown on television. New York City laws prevent one from having such exotic animals housed anywhere outside of a zoo, so Ivan found himself continually bribing the local police.

In this particular instance, when an officer of the law confronted him at the warehouse, Ivan didn't have much cash on him. Ivan asked if the officer would accept a check. The cop looked askance at him and growled that he had until 5 p.m. to get his animals out of there, or else they would all be seized. The cop stormed out.

Ivan, shaken by the encounter, at first didn't know what to do. But then he remembered the card in his wallet, given to him by that charming Italian fellow in the limosine.

Finding a phone, Ivan took out the card, dialed the number, mentioned the name, recounted the story of how he helped out the gentleman in the past, and explained that he was at a warehouse on so-and-so street and such-and-such avenue, and he needed to get his animals out of there by 5 p.m.

There was a moment of silence. A voice at the other end of the line uttered a single word: "Done!" then hung up.

Ivan waited, not knowing what would happen next.

After less than an hour, he heard a rumbling noise outside. There was a knock at the door. A man was standing there. He spoke: "You Ivan Sanderson? We're here for the animals. Where do you want us to take them in Jersey?"

Ivan looked out to see a couple of huge trucks pulling up to the loading docks. Ivan and a team of workmen hurriedly got all of the animals, feed, and equipment on board the vehicles and they drove off.

At 5 p.m. the police raided the warehouse, only to find that it was now empty—in fact, practically stripped to the floor. No animals, no Ivan Sanderson.

The Rowing Octopus Yarn

Ivan Sanderson was pretty good at training animals, but probably the strangest rumor about what he did in this respect involved teaching an octopus how to row a boat. Yes, you read that correctly. I first heard of this in the 1970s from his former literary agent, Oliver Swan. (Swan, who began his career working with the agent Paul Revere Reynolds, was a bit of an odd fellow. In the short time I knew him before his death, Swan repeatedly voiced his dislike of authors using the word "even," as in the sentence, "He didn't like desserts—he didn't ***even*** like ice cream.")

According to Ivan's former assistant, Edgar O. Schoenenberger, the wild tale of the octopus that could row a boat came from Roger Price, who published the syndicated column "Droodles" in the 1950s and 60s. Droodles are nonsense cartoons that first appeared in Price's 1953 book, *Droodles.* The trademarked name "Droodle" is a nonsense word combining both "doodle" and "riddle." Frank Zappa used one of Price's original Droodles to illustrate the cover art for his 1982 album, *Ship Arriving Too Late to Save a Drowning Witch.*

In any case, Price's "Droodles" column that appeared in U.S. newspapers on August 31 and September 1, 1955 showed a drawing sent in by Mrs. Claude L. Watson of Winston Salem, North Carolina, entitled, "Octopus Scratching Its Back." This was the starting point for Price's fanciful imagination. To the drawing and initial description he added the following hilarious text:

...Ivan Sanderson, the animal expert, once had a pet octopus he kept in a tank in his apartment that was really smart. Ivan taught the octopus to row a boat, eat with knives and forks (*four* each), wear a sailor hat and play the piano, a clarinet and ping poing (all at the same time). And sometimes the octopus would hold a stick in its mouth and let Ivan use it for a mop. It could also count up to 8. In fact, the octopus was so intelligent Ivan used to call it his "Quiz Squid." [Roger Price. "Droodles. " *El Paso Herald-Post* (Texas). 1 September 1955. p. 3]

Today, of course, we know that the octopus is quite an intelligent animal and can even engage in "play" behavior. If Price had just stuck to the "rowing the boat" claim, more people would have believed it.

Disasters and More Disasters

Advance planning for the care of his animals was of no help to Ivan Sanderson, for certain unforeseen disasters took place. His unique animal collection was destroyed in a fire in 1953, while all that Ivan could do was watch, thanks in part to his residence being isolated in the woods, and in part due to the local volunteer fire department that up until that time had probably never seen a major fire in the area. All of the little creatures perished but one, a male Ring-tailed lemur from southern Madagascar named "Katta," who was Ivan's pet and loyal assistant, trained in insect collecting. He kept Katta for over 12 years thereafter—and then it belonged to Edgar Schoenenberger for 26 years after that.

Ivan and "Katta," his Ring-tailed lemur.

Another big disaster struck when Ivan's Sanderson's Jungle Zoo itself, containing all of the larger animals, was flooded by the Delaware River on August 19, 1955. The area had been hit by two hurricanes in succession: Hurricane Connie, starting August 11, and the infamous Hurricane Diane, starting August 18, which resulted in the Delaware's greatest flood of the 20th century, drowning at least 72 people.

Most of the zoo's living exhibits were moved out in time and transported elsewhere before the flood peaked, thanks to the frantic efforts of Ivan and two of his assistants, Edgar Schoenenberger of Huntington, New York (who was also president of Animodels, Inc. which exhibited Ivan's animals at special events), and Patricia Vanatta (Eddie and Patricia would eventually marry and today live in Ivan's former home). Jocko, a 37-year-old, 7-foot long, 122-pound Cuban crocodile—or "Jock the Croc" as newspapers would refer to him—was not going to be so easy to handle. Jocko originally belonged to a woman whose father had purchased him in Florida and brought him back to their home in Brooklyn, New York. Jocko basically lived in the family's bathtub, periodically transferred to the backyard lawn during times when family members needed to take a bath. After Jocko grew to be an unmanageable size, the family contacted Ivan and the Cuban crocodile was moved from Brooklyn to his zoo.

Now, as the Delaware River's waters continued to rise, peaking 43 feet above normal, Schoenberger, then age 25, swam to Jocko's cage with a pair of wire cutters and snipped a hole in the fencing, allowing the creature to escape.

When the waters receded, Jocko's body was nowhere to be found. After a fruitless search for several weeks, it was assumed that the crocodile had drowned.

Cuban Crocodiles, however, are strong swimmers and the favor freshwater habitats such as swamps, marshes, and rivers (even the Delaware). Reports of the "potential man-eater" cropped up in all sorts of places, but none of these sightings could be confirmed. Moreover, the temperature of the Delaware River in the fall and winter was not exactly conducive to the survival of crocodiles, Cuban or otherwise. Still, Ivan warned everyone that if they saw Jocko, they should not try shooting at him, since, if wounded, the crocodile would be extremely dangerous.

Then, in early October 1955, Betty Conrad of DePue's Ferry found strange impressions and tracks in the sand at the river's edge five miles below the flood-destroyed zoo. She soon sighted Jocko, who had been lured across the river by the warm water discharged by a electrical plant belonging to the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company. **[Frank Dale. *Delaware Diary: Episodes in the Life of a River.* New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1996.]**

Paul Conrad, 45, of Depue's Ferry Road and Eddie Schoenenberger rushed to the scene, spotting the creature on the Pennsylvania bank of the river on the afternoon of October 4. Schoenenberger used a rope to lasso Jocko's neck. Jocko's 45-day vacation had ended. **["Lasso Ends Crocodile's N.J. Jaunt." *Associated Press.* 5 October 1955.]**

"Jackco (sic) was trussed up quickly and returned to the zoo." **["Crocodile Hunt Ends." *The New York Times.* 5 October 1955.]**

The great Delaware Flood of August 19, 1955, helped to usher Ivan out of the zoo business. He continued to import animals, though, until June 1958 when Garry Moore's daytime show went off the air.

Ivan Sanderson continued to make personal appearances, such as his attendance as a guest for the formal opening ceremonies of the 500-acre Birch Hill Game Park near Brewster, New York, on September 1, 1956. **[*The Billboard*, 1 September 1956.]**

The Billboard [May 13, 1957. p. 77] states that Eddie Schoenenberger was president of Animodels, Inc., and that, "for the second successive season, May 19–September 15, Ivan Sanderson's Animodels exhibit will be a

Boardwalk feature at Asbury Park, New Jersey." The show was part of the Americana exhibits in the Casino Building. Like most of Sanderson's traveling exhibits, the show specialized in small, rare animals from various parts of the world.

Ivan's Post-Animal World

With the demise of the daytime Garry Moore show in 1958, Ivan began to rid himself of his animal friends (except for his beloved Ring-tailed lemur, Katta) and went back to writing books and articles, also taking time out for a long excursion through North America to write *The Continent We Live On*. He even appeared personally on a few TV game shows where he would compete with scientists and teachers for cash.

Around this time (1960-1962) Ivan's mother died and rumor has it that he suffered a bout with alcoholism. He himself said that his health "broke down for a while."

All was then well with Ivan for the next several years, until he established the Ivan T. Sanderson Foundation and began to devote the greater part of his energies to unexplained phenomena. It was only then that most of the world (and some of his fellow scientists) turned against him and his views, as we shall see later.

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 9 — Sidetrip: Colonel Percy Harrison Fawcett

During his childhood and early career collecting and studying animals, Ivan Sanderson became aware that a number of explorers and scientific researchers had come across things for which there were no conventional factual explanation. Let us take the colorful story of Colonel Fawcett as an example, as told by Ivan himself:

RG: Well, I think we had better go on and talk about a famous character who you've mentioned in your books—Colonel Percy Harrison Fawcett ***[born 1867 – disappeared in or after 1925]*** was a British archaeologist and an explorer, who did some explorations in South America. He was a surveyor, wasn't he?

ITS: A most astonishing character. I knew his son, Brian Fawcett who published his diaries. He' s an old man—my age by now. Fawcett had another son, who had a most extraordinary history too.

Colonel Fawcett apparently was a sort of typical British aristocratic-type fellow. He went in the Army and he didn't like it at all. They sent him to India. He was obviously one of us, because he was against all this marching about, and *heiling* Hitler and all that. He was an officer who got along very well with the Indians, I mean the Indian Indians.

RG: From India, not the American brand.

ITS: Who should be called Amerinds or Amerindians, incidentally—it's much better.

Anyhow, Fawcett specialized, when he was at school, in surveying, He was particularly interested in Geography. He took courses in that and related fields. As a British officer in India, he got in with the British-Indian survey of India. You know, they were beginning to map it. It was mostly under the charge of the Army because between military campaigns they had nothing to do. They'd put them to work setting up bits of string and measuring it, you know, all that.

Somehow he got in with the Royal Geographical Society in London. They backed him to do a trip somewhere, which he did, I believe as a civilian, the first time. Well, you can read it in Brian's book if you want to get the details. Anyhow, he did this and he was very successful. He came back and he got a thing called the Murchison Medal, which is a gold medal given to the most outstanding explorer. It's still given annually. ***[He's referring to the Murchison Award given by the Royal Geographical Society and named after Sir Roderick Impey Murchison (1792-1871). Under his last will and testament there was also established another award, a "Murchison Medal," and a geological fund (The Murchison Fund) to be awarded annually by the council of the Geological Society of London.]***

He now had military rank. Such a good job had he done, that certain South American Governments—you know, they were just getting their independence in those days; didn't know where their borders were—asked him to survey their boundaries for them. I'm particularly fond of Latin Americans, but the *Spanish* Latin Americans can argue more than anybody else. They were in an uproar, and they were all starting little wars against each other. So three or four of them got together and each of the governments—I think Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil all separately invited him to do a survey of their boundaries. The Bolivians and the Peruvians couldn't decide where it was going to be, or who was going to do it. So they said: "All right, we'll bring the crazy Englishman in, and if he'll tell us, we'll both abide by it." They did, and he spent three years in South America wandering around, and he found boundaries—well that is, he *made* them. Then he went to both governments and one said: "Fine. If you say so it's all right by us; how about you, Bolivia?" And Bolivia said: "Well, we don't agree, but we'll agree."

Then the President of Bolivia asked him to survey the entire Peruvian boundary, which would take about four years. He couldn't get a four-year leave from the army, so he went into retirement so that he could do this survey for them.

Later, he got deeply into the jungle and met a lot of people in Brazil who told him of these fabulous cities which they, or their fathers, or their grandfathers, or somebody else had found. He spent most of his life looking for signs of ancient civilizations in South America. South America today, we still believe, is a lot of people from Europe and a lot of Indians who are very primitive, and particularly in Brazil where there are people running around with arrows and all that. But there are now, Richard, there are coming out every year, more and more evidence of very high cultures that once existed there: Stone buildings, and all the rest. Colonel Fawcett spent his entire life on these grueling expeditions, on one of which he died—well, he never came back, he disappeared. It happened on his 14th expedition, in 1941. He had one of his sons with him, and he had another Englishman, too. They all disappeared.

He did find a lot of monuments, but never the great cities that he was hoping for. He did find certain tribes, and he had a genius for language. South American-Indian languages are real complicated. They're like Chinese, with whistles and clicks and all that kind of stuff. He managed to learn these languages, and he met some exceedingly primitive people. When I say primitive, I mean they were living in a primitive way to us, in villages with thatched roofs, and so on. But those people, he found, had names for and knew the movements of six planets. How you can't see Uranus with the naked eye, but they had their calculations and everything absolutely down pat for that planet. They made for him, in the clean dust and sand of the village square, a drawing. They knew that we went around the sun. You know, in the olden days we thought that the sun went around the earth. Well, they knew otherwise. They knew Mercury, so help me, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, *and* Saturn and Uranus, and showed exactly how they went around the sun. They also knew of the asteroids, which should be called planetoids, but they thought that was one continuous thing. They also knew that its ecliptic was completely different to that of the planets, that its more elliptical, you know, and that it goes across the solar system at an angle to the ecliptic plane. Here a lot of what we call "primitive" Amerinds were running around wearing skins and shooting bows and arrows, and yet they knew more astronomy than we knew until 100 years ago when we developed, *really* developed big telescopes.

That began to make Colonel Fawcett think that perhaps there used to be advanced cultures east of the Andes and that maybe a lot of other things which we ignored, which the Indians said happened, were real.

Of course, the thing that got me most interested in him was, well, he was going up a valley, the Parahyva Valley in southern Peru, on the Amazonian side. He came to a granite cliff in a gorge. This cliff was absolutely upright, like a wall, and then there were these perfect little round holes all over it. As he came down the trail he saw little birds that went in and out of these holes. So he said to the people, "What's that?" and they said, "Well, they nest in those holes." He said, "How very convenient that there should be all these little holes all ready for the little birds to nest in!" The Amerindians then said to him, "Oh no. They *make* the holes."

Fawcett answered with, "But that's granite! How can a little tiny bird, about the size of a warbler, make a hole in solid granite?" They said, "Well, sit down sir, and watch!" And sure enough, the birds began coming with little pieces of a red leaf in their bill. We have now found out what the plant is, what the leaf is, and it's quite well known. It's a very common plant. As a matter of fact, we use it for ornamental purposes. You can buy it in the stores, in a florist's in New York. The Latin name escapes me, but its got ordinary sort of rather spongy-looking red leaves–it's red and purple instead of being green. It has a substance in it that is a very strong alkali and not an acid.

The birds would go and take pieces of these leaves and then they would hang on the cliff with their little claws, like a bat, and they'd rub this leaf onto the rock. Then they would fly away and get another one. They would work on this all day. Then in the evening when the sun went down; with their little soft bills they'd peck, peck, peck, and all the rock would be dissolved by the juice out of this plant in combination with their saliva. As they picked at it, it would all turn to something like sand and crumble away. Working three or four days, they could make a perfect spherical hole big enough to get into and lay their eggs.

Well, Colonel Fawcett got very interested in this, and he said, "There must be something in this juice which softens stone." And the Amerindians said, "Oh, of course, sir, how do you think we made all our great big carvings? You don't think that we *carved* all those huge stone monuments? Oh no, we *softened* them with this juice until it was like plastic, plasticine, then we molded our gods and figures, and then we poured cold water on it and set it again, and it turned back to stone."

Fawcett went on with this, and he actually got a pot of this stuff out of an old grave, and it was a long story, but it fell over and broke, and it dissolved the stone under it. It was just like putty, and you could make anything you wanted out of it. Now we're working back historically and we found that the ancient Hebrews had it in the Near East, and the North American Indians had it, this same process of softening stone rather than chipping it. They could dissolve limestone with it and set it again, making all those fantastic "carvings," you know? We found out that the process is quite well known, it's called chelation. It's well known to all botanists, and it is nothing else but the simple natural process by which the roots of plants dissolve rock. Look out of this window here, I mean we have a picture window here, and all of these trees growing around the house. The way these trees can put their tap roots right down through the soil, into the subsoil, right through that, and maybe into solid rock, is called chelation. The little tiny ends of the soft roots, the very tips, dissolve the stone and soften it. Then they move in, drag all the moisture out and pump it up to make the leaves and everything else. It's an enormous industry now in this country.

RG: It is?

ITS: Oh sure, it's all over. There are a couple of corporations experimenting with it, and there are 58 people south of Chicago who are developing chelated products for agriculture and for medicinal purposes, and so on.

You see, people don't realize it's been lying under our nose all the time, but it was Colonel Fawcett who first found it.

RG: Think of the commercial possibilities. Just spray this stuff on rock, and you could tunnel through mountains, and things like that.

ITS: Fantastic. They're beginning to come around to that. It's been used up till now for agricultural purposes, being an agricultural product. Now they know that they can use it directly on stone. A member of our organization got to Dr. Barney Nashoe, who's a biochemist, and he went to Central America to study this on our behalf—our Society that is, SITU.

He's back in Chicago now, and his wife just had a baby, so I haven't heard from him for a couple of weeks. Very exciting. It's their first. But he tells me the big corporations are now moving on, and they're running tests. It will take about ten years to find out what it will do, and how they can do it, and how they can make it commercial, and so on. One great outlet will be for art schools, of course.

RG: Sculpturing?

ITS: For molding, "sculpting" as opposed to sculpturing. Rather than going around "chomp, chomp, chomp" and getting bits of stone in your eye, you can soften it up, at least the surface, and then mold it into whatever you want.

RG: I suppose you could wander around the country making Mount Rushmore Monuments all over the place.

ITS: That's right. Exactly! Ends Fawcett, I think, for now.

RG: Its interesting though, hearing that they have found evidence of higher civilizations *east* of the Andes.

ITS: Yes, east, in the Amazon Basin. Well, that's where Fawcett was operating, and that's the part I'm most interested in. I mean all those people who used to be in the Andes and on the west side, well, we know all about them. You've got Machu Picchu, and you've got Cuzco, and Tiahuanaco, and everybody knows about them, because they were there when the Spanish came. Everybody said: "Oh, Brazil and the Amazon River Basin—just a bunch of jungle, there's nothing there." But ah ha! Ever heard of Professor Ramos? The Brazilian, who found those Phoenician sculptures all the way up the Amazon? I mean, oh my gosh, this has been going on for years. And everybody's been saying: "Oh, impossible, impossible, impossible...."

Ivan was refering to Bernardo A. Silva Ramos, a retired industrialist, scholar and archaeologist, who in 1963 translated a very ancient cuneiform inscription (the "Havea Inscription") that had been found in 1836 high atop a summit near Brazil's Rio de Janeiro. Ramos claimed it was carved in the Phoenician alphabet between 887 B.C. and 850 B.C., thus serving as proof of Phoenician expeditions into South America.

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 10 — Charles Hoy Fort and the Founding of SITU

Charles Fort

As we have seen in the last chapter, Colonel Fawcett had stumbled across many strange and sometimes unexplained things while trekking through South America in his search for "Lost Cities." This resonated with Ivan, for he had come across many unexplained things himself that fellow scientists refused to explain, usually on the grounds that the subject was "kooky" or just plain nonsense.

RG: For the last 30 years you've dealt with the "unusual." You've been hunting monsters, for instance.

ITS: Well, I've always been hunting monsters, you see. Anything.

Look here, we know there are more than a million animals now that we have got Latin names on. But the bug hunters, the entomologists, say they think we've only found *one-tenth* of those which exist. So there's probably *ten million* different species of insects—nine more million to be discovered. Well, a monster, you see, has two meanings: "Monstrously big," or monstrously odd to look at. So you can have a little monster, like the spirochet that causes syphilis is called a monster, because it has monstrous habits compared to what we think we'd like it to have. So, I was hunting monsters all my life. When I did wander around, I found all kinds of things when I was a kid, to which everybody said: "Oh, no, no. Absolute nonsense. You can't have river monsters in Africa and you can't have giant bats in the Orient," Well, the local people said, "Sure, we'll show them to you."

Occasionally, Ivan would find mysterious things on his own that were not even mentioned in the wildest native stories, such as the discovery of large toads in water holes a hundred feet up in trees in South America, species that were incapable of climbing to any height at all. And yet at other times, Ivan would not have to search for such strange things at all, they would quite literally fall right into his lap, as in the case when, during a gentle rain in the mountains of West Africa, he witnessed a mysterious fall of frogs from the sky of a rare lowland species that his expedition had not encountered in nearly a year of collecting frogs. Even more puzzling, Sanderson's group was north of the lowlands and the winds at that time of year blew in the opposite direction, from north to south.

Charles Fort (at right) with friend, novelist Theodore Dreiser, at the latter's home in Mt. Kisco, New York, 4 October 1931.

Ivan began to wonder how to tackle the study of such anomalous phenomena. Ordinary scientists were not interested in any such findings, for they only contradicted the prevailing scientific paradigms maintained by orthodox textbooks. Ivan might have dismissed the whole matter if it were not for a humorous incident that occurred while he was in the last leg of his first expedition:

RG: How did you first come to hear about Charles Fort?

ITS: Well, I heard about him when I first came to the United States of America. When I finally crossed the continent and got to New York, I went to stay with a very old friend of my mother's. An American, but he had lived for a long time in England. He was a pretty wealthy man, a businessman, and retired.

About the second night I arrived in New York, he said: "Young man, I'm going to take you out to a lecture this evening at the Plaza Hotel, in the big ballroom downstairs." So, after all, I was his guest and I was a youngster, so I went over there.

"Oh my God," I thought, "a lecture! What now?" And this fellow who was going to speak was Charles Fort.

There were about a thousand people in the room, all "fey fey, fee fee" you know, and Dukes and Dutchesses, and all the "four hundred" from New York. I mean top-notch chaps, and all the literary people and *everybody*.

Then old Charles Fort, with his walrus moustache, waddled out onto the stage, and harangued us for about an hour and a half on the subject proving, absolutely, that the world was *flat*!

Of course, everybody was looking nervous. They didn't understand a word he was saying. What a sense of humor! He kept a straight face. And right at the end he spent about ten minutes proving that everything that he'd said before was wrong, and *of course* it was wrong! Well, I was so impressed, when I got back I said to the gentleman I was staying with: "Who is this guy? What's it all about?" He said: "Here, read this young man," and he handed me a book which was called *Lo!*, one of Fort's four books.

Well, he'd only written two of them then, and I went to a couple of other lectures by him in New York. I was so impressed that when I got back to England, I started collecting "forteana," the same things Charles Fort was collecting.

Then I went to Latin America and I collected them there, and I was partly educated in France. English and French are the same to me, I'm bilingual. Then I learned Spanish, sort of, and I can read Portuguese. So you see, being in South America and also in Europe, I was able to take out of the newspapers all these "crazy" things that Fort used to collect, which in those days everybody thought was strictly crazy. Now we're beginning to realize, of course, that he was one of the greatest collectors of "data" as he called it—ever.

1965: The Ivan T. Sanderson Foundation

Wanting to preserve this unique volume of material for later investigators in the field, Ivan created an organization to handle the influx of new material and to catalogue them with his older literature.

The first combined meeting of "The Ivan.T. Sanderson Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Biosciences and Geosciences" took place on August 1, 1965. This non-profit corporation was then registered in the County Clerk's office of Warren County, New Jersey, on August 25th of that same year, in order to make the whole thing legitimate and legal.

The actual first organizational meeting of the Ivan T. Foundation apparently took place in September 1965, at a restaurant called "The Judge's Place" in Blairstown, New Jersey, in the main dining room. (See photos below.)

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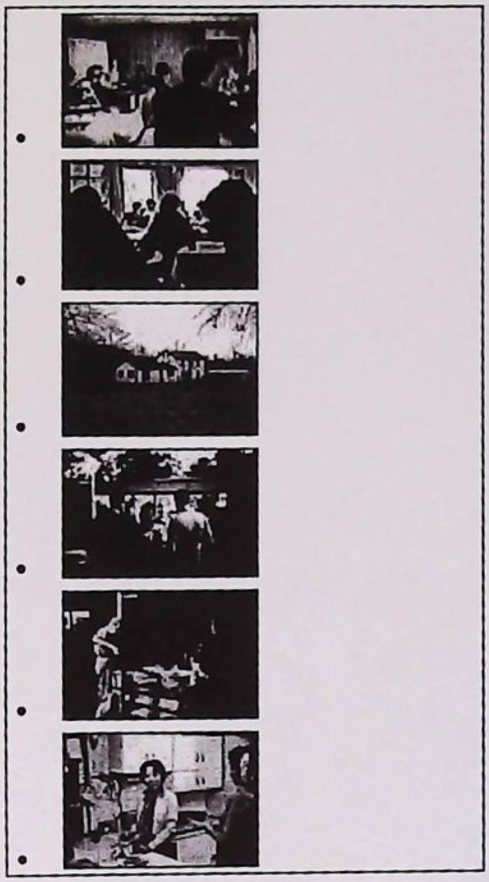


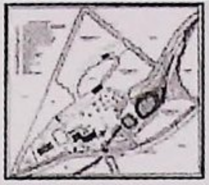
1967: ITS Foundation becomes the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained (SITU)

It quickly became evident that the Foundation arrangement was not satisfactory—people, seeing the word "Foundation," thought Ivan Sanderson was a wealthy philanthropist who would dole out money for any crackpot project—so he and his associates created the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained, or SITU, in 1967. Equipped with the files and materials from the Ivan T. Sanderson Foundation, SITU was designed to be a little more dynamic than a "foundation."

As Governing Board Member Jack A. Ullrich wrote in the Society's second newsletter:

"Promoting" a Foundation sounds rather repellent, but promoting a Society and its legitimate aims is something quite else. [Newsletter No. 2. March 1968. p. 9]

Now at least, there would be a group of people around to continue to collect material on unexplaineds and investigate them long after Ivan and Alma had passed away, or so everyone thought.

- 
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The Society was located on eight acres of property belonging to the Sanderson Estate. The property was rented from the Sanderson Estate on a 99-year lease for the legal minimum of one dollar per year. Included in the Headquarters were several buildings, among them being Ivan's 11-room home (built in 1682, making it something of a colossal museum piece in itself) where my conversation with him was taped; a two-room concrete structure with garage (additions changed this into a much larger four-room structure); two laboratories constructed in sprung-steel bus bodies; and tool sheds. There was also a half-acre pond for their ecological delvings; a swimming pond, three acres of lawn and orchard; and four small fields for agricultural and other botanical "search" in addition to their library of maps, Sanderson correspondence and memorabilia, plus photographic and other files from the Ivan T. Sanderson Foundation. There was also a machine shop for maintenance and a small number of full-time staff members who ran the place on an annual salary of one dollar per year, plus "pocket change," room and board.

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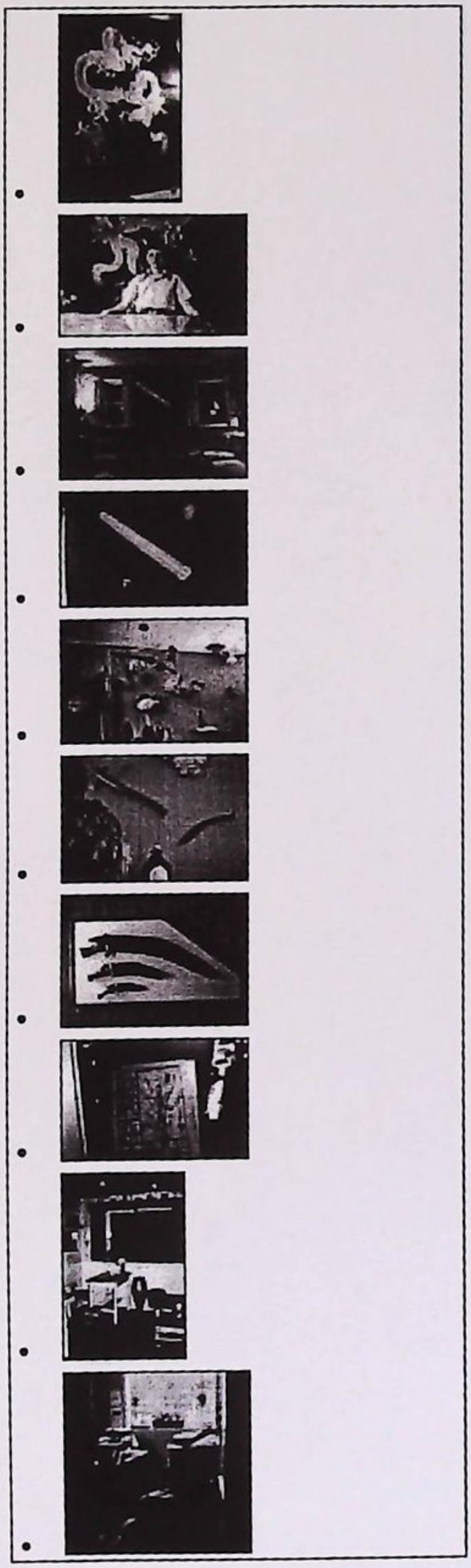
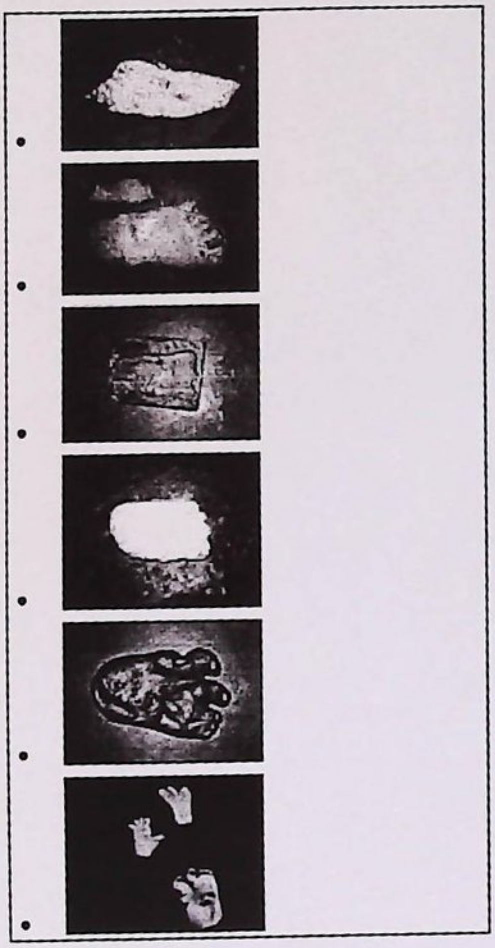
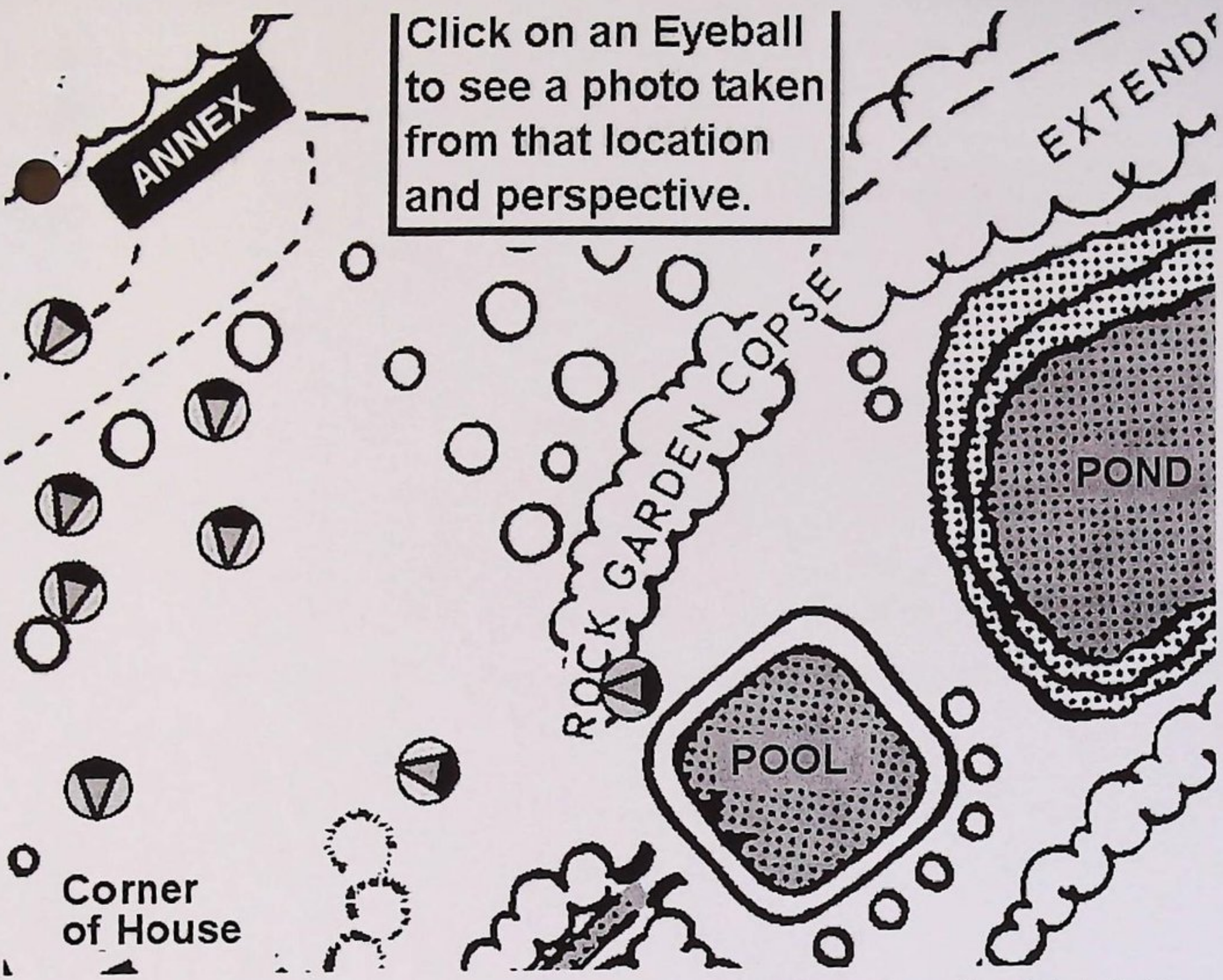


Those live-in staff members needed that particular blend of irrational optimism, diligence and fortitude that only the young among us possess. As former Resident Staff member Richard T. Grybos told me, "There was no plumbing at the time I was living at the Annex. The sink in the building drianed into a 5-gallon pail which we would dump out back. We brought water from the farmhouse for drinking, washing, and so forth. I'll leave it to your imagination for the rest... Actually, we had a portable, sit down toilet with bags we could dispose of."



SITU's eight acres of property and buildings formed the southern triangular tip of the 25-acre Sanderson Estate. The other 17 acres consisted of a large field and a few acres of woodland. In the past this had been leased out: The field was farmed, the woodland was used as a horse range, with the remainder reserved for ecological studies.


Click on an Eyeball to see a photo taken from that location and perspective.
ANNEX
EXTEND
ROCK GARDEN COPSE
POND
POOL
Corner of House

The main objective of the Society was, as its name implies, the investigation of everything of a factual nature that is as yet unexplained in all fields of the natural sciences. According to their explanatory literature published at the end of the 1960s: "This means *search* as opposed to *research*; and, to this end, the greater part of its energies are devoted to fieldwork and the encouragement of on the spot investigations by its members. For this, the Society provides expert advice in planning and organizing reportorial enquiries, field trips, and full-fledged expeditions; offers assistance in raising funds for such; arranges contracts for exhibits; and undertakes to obtain permits through diplomatic and other official channels."

"At the same time, the Society devotes its energies to augmenting its informational files which act as an essential reference source for all of its investigations. There is no other such source in existence since the material in the Society's possession is either unique or otherwise scattered through rare technical literature or newspaper morgues in several dozen languages, or is miscatalogued in those larger libraries that do possess any of it."

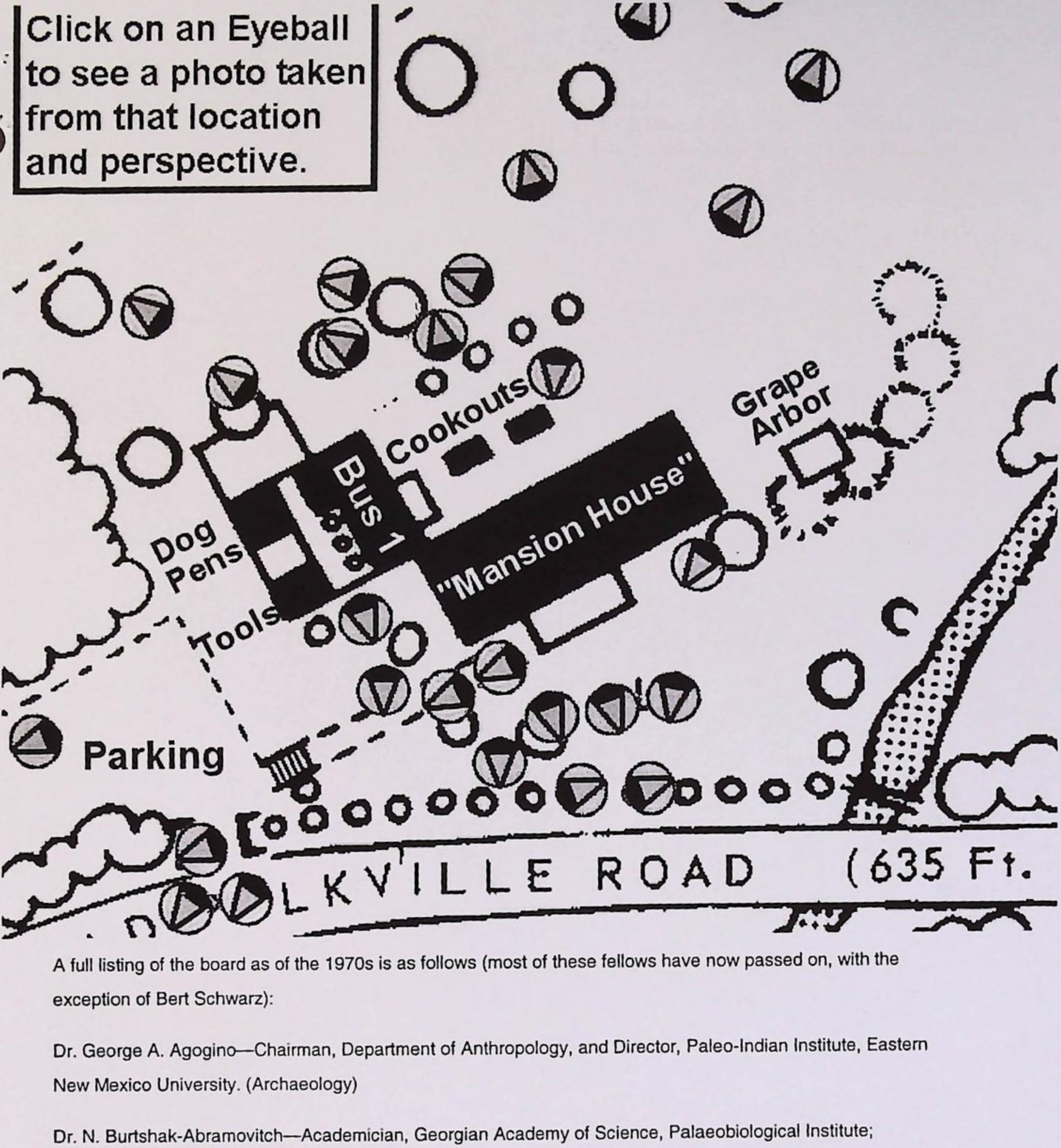
The main objective here was not just to preserve what they had but to augment this by the receipt of original reports, tearsheets and clippings, and by correspondence; by audio tapes; by films, still photographs, and drawings; and most particularly with maps of all kinds.

Two types of research were conducted by SITU: 1) "Bibliographic" entailing a constant search for published references and for books devoted either wholly or in part to their "fortean" interests, and 2) both field and laboratory experimentation at their Headquarters.

Their final objective of SITU was to disseminate information on their findings. To this end the Society issued its journal *Pursuit* and "Occasional Papers" and reports. It also aided members in writing up and placing their technical reports, and in selling their "stories" to the mass-media. The latter included assistance in publicity, promotion, and public relations.

Members (numbering about 2000 at its peak) could examine and use the materials at SITU Headquarters—provided that you can find your way up there. After all, that was the whole purpose of the Society from its inception.

Interestingly, 17 top-notch scientists had the courage to lend their names to the Scientific Advisory Board of SITU, such as Dr. J. Allen Hynek, formerly the Air Force's beloved "Dr. Swamp Gas," of UFO fame. It was the Scientific Advisory Board's job to examine new reports and to try to make suggestions as to why certain unexplained events might have occurred. Of course there were countless scientists who were just members, read the Society's quarterly journal *Pursuit*, and sent in their comments about such things to SITU Headquarters.


Click on an Eyeball to see a photo taken from that location and perspective.
Cookouts
Grape Arbor
Bus 1
"Mansion House"
Dog Pens
Tools
Parking
LKVILLE ROAD (635 Ft.

A full listing of the board as of the 1970s is as follows (most of these fellows have now passed on, with the exception of Bert Schwarz):

Dr. George A. Agogino—Chairman, Department of Anthropology, and Director, Paleo-Indian Institute, Eastern New Mexico University. (Archaeology)

Dr. N. Burtshak-Abramovitch—Academician, Georgian Academy of Science, Palaeobiological Institute; University of Tblisi. (Palaeontology)

Dr. Carl H. Delacato—Associate Director, Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential, Philadelphia, (Mentalogy)

Dr. W. C. Osman Hill—Dublin and London. (Comparative Anatomy)

Dr. J. Allen Hynek—-Director, Lindheimer Astronomical Research Center, Northwestern University. (Astronomy)

Dr. George C. Kennedy—Professor of Geology, Institute of Geophysics, U.C.L.A. (Geomorphology and Geophysics)

Dr. Martin Kruskal—Program in Applied Mathematics, Princeton University. (Mathematics)

Dr. Samuel B. McDowell—Professor of Biology, Rutgers University, Newark, N.J. (General Biology)

Dr. Vladimir Markotic—Professor of Anthropology, Department of Archaeology, University of Alberta, Canada. (Ethnosociology and Ethnology)

Dr. Kirtley F. Mather—Professor of Geology, Emeritus, Harvard University. (Geology)

Dr. John R. Napier—Unit of Primate Biology, Queen Elizabeth College, University of London. (Physical Anthropology)

Dr. W. Ted Roth—Assistant Director, Baltimore Zoo, Baltimore, Maryland. (Ecologist & Zoogeographer)

Dr. Frank B. Salisbury—Head, Plant Science Department, College of Agriculture, Utah State University. (Phytochemistry)

Dr. Berthold Eric Schwarz—Consultant (Brain-Wave Laboratory), Essex County Medical Center, Cedar Grove, New Jersey. (Mental Sciences)

Dr. Roger W. Wescott—Professor and Chairman, Department of Anthropology, Drew University, Madison, New Jersey. (Cultural Anthropology and Linguistics)

Dr. A. Joseph Wraight—Chief Geographer, U.S. Coast & Geodetic Survey. (Geography and Oceanography)

Dr. Robert K. Zuck—Professor and Chairman, Department of Botany, Drew University, Madison, New Jersey. (Botany)

RG: Of course, there are a few of what you might call "very" disbelievers.

ITS: Oh dear boy, 99 percent of everybody are disbelievers, and about 105 percent of scientists are disbelievers, but now wait a minute—it's breaking through slowly, because you see, Fort does not deal in mystical things: The Occult, ghosts, all this kooky stuff. Rather, he deals with things like this ashtray ***[he slams it onto the table]*** *bang*, which you can get your hands on.

RG: Material things, you mean.

ITS: Material, physical, or we use the word *tangible* things.

Now, if you said to me, "I had a wonderful talk for an hour last night with my grandmother, but she's been dead for 40 years…" No, I won't laugh at you. I will say, "Yes young man, very interesting what you say." But it doesn't make any impression on me because you haven't got a tape recording of it, you haven't got a photograph. That's what we call an "intangible," because it may be absolutely true—

RG: Or it may not be.

ITS: 50-50 as far as I'm concerned. It may be your imagination, it may be a lie, it may be a hoax. On the other hand, you may be perfectly sincere. How it occurs is another matter. Maybe your grandmother did actually materialize, or maybe the whole thing was in your mind, or maybe it was in someone else's mind and transferred to you. Or perhaps it's the stuff that dreams are made of. I don't have anything to do with that. I'm polite and say: "Forget it."

It was some of those skeptics who once prompted Ivan to fume: "It has always seemed strange to me that almost everybody not only believes in, but almost casually accepts, the existence of a Universal Power, God, the Almighty, or however they choose to designate a Supreme Being, without a single iota of the sort of concrete evidence for His existence that they so clamorously demand before they will even 'believe in' anything as concrete as a lake or sea monster." **[*Invisible Residents*, 1970.]**

ITS: Fort dealt with *objects* and material matters that you could measure or weigh, but which have not been explained. Then he tried to explain them, or he went to the expert who was "most expert" in that field. There are very few experts when it comes to unexplaineds, because how can you be an expert on something which no one knows anything about? Anyhow, he'd go to a physicist on flying saucers, or he would go to a geologist on some strange thing found in the ground. He then found out that these people didn't want these things to be explained, because they would have to re-write their textbooks, and so on and so forth. They tried to get out of it by saying: "Charles Fort is a crackpot."

Then he turned around and said: "Well, I didn't make this up, you wrote it yourself." All these incidents had been reported by scientific journals, you see. Well, then they got very annoyed, because if specialists and experts can turn around and say: "This man is obviously a nut, a screwball, a wack, a kook—" that is, once they've said that he doesn't know what he's talking about, everybody usually forgets it.

But if somebody turns up like Charles Fort—and now myself, and says, "But chum, I'm not kooky or anything, I am simply saying that *you* said this in the *Journal of Anthropology*, on the eighth of March, 1970. What do *you* mean?" The guy's got to say something, hasn't he? He can't just turn around and say that he didn't say it, because it's in print. Then if he says that it's all nonsense, then you say: "Well, why did *you* print it in the first place?" Then you say: "If it's not nonsense, what's your explanation?"

He can only say one of two things: He can either give you an explanation or he can say, "I don't know." Now, no scientist or government official is ever going to say "I don't know," because the one thing that an authority or an official can *never* say is that he doesn't know. After all, they're supposed to know everything, otherwise they'd lose their jobs. You follow me? Have I made that logical? Have I made it in understandable terms?

RG: Yes, but let's think of whomever I am going to play this for later.

ITS: Well, I am, I'm saying to young people of your age: "Does it make sense, or does it not?"

RG: Oh yes, it makes sense.

ITS: All right. Well, I'll tell you what you ought to do. You ought to play that bit of tape and run it again. Say, "Now look here, this fellow is talking with a slightly British accent, and if you don't understand, *this is the pith of the whole business.* I'm going to play it back for you, because it goes one, two, three, four, five, six—little one, little two, little three." The skeptics can't have it both ways. This is what Fort started, this is the "glory" of Fort. He was the first one who came out and said: "I'm not making this up, *you* said so. Now *you* tell me what it's all about."

RG: Would you say that you are following in his footsteps?

ITS: Yes. I am because I am a great admirer of Fort, and I'm an admirer of Fort mostly as a pioneer. His knowledge of zoology was lousy. He made an awful lot of mistakes because he—well, let me put it this way: When Fort was a collector—collecting facts—he was superb. His humor was absolutely out of this world. The way he wrote, the whole of his approach to life—sort of snide, I must admit. He loved to deflate "stuffed shirts," to put a pin in them and hear them go pop. But when he started to theorize himself, he was absolutely no good at all. As a philosopher, yes, but that was more on the humorous side. When he started to try to explain things he was shot.

Now, I look upon myself as this: I'm a great admirer of Fort, and on my own I've dug out a lot of the same things Fort dug out. I do have scientific training—rather a lot of it, and I've also spent 40 years of sort of what I think you would call in this country, "research." I call it "search" because research is reading what other people have already searched.

So I think I know, more or less, what I'm talking about. I take the same kind of things that Fort came up with, and a lot that he never heard of, because they are coming in all the time. I try to go to work and find out possible explanations. If I can't find a possible one, I say so. There is another whole category of explanations which are probable, as opposed to improbable. I don't make any flat statements. The one thing that I spent all my life trying to avoid, Richard, is to fall into the trap that Charles Fort fell into, by trying to set yourself up as a know-it-all. I only make suggestions. I never state that: "That funny thing happened because..." I say: "Now that thing did happen—we've got all the evidence. Now, why it happened I don't know, but Professor so-and-so made this suggestion, another Professor so-and-so made that suggestion. I have a suggestion to make." *A suggestion.* But I'll never say: "That's the cause," until it's proved. Now if one of our suggestions is tried again and it works, then I can say: "We tried my suggestion and it worked. Therefore, this possibly could be the reason for all the other cases of the same nature."

RG: Unfortunately, many "good" forteans believe Fort to be a mystic, or they have turned into mystics themselves.

ITS: That, oh Richard you're so right! *That's* the terrifying thing because nobody has really understood Fort. Oh, yes, there are a few. The Willis brothers who revived the Fortean Society—they put out a publication called *Info*; do you get it?

RG: No.

ITS: I'll see that you do—as one of our members.

The whole western world has got this crazy idea that anything that isn't in the textbook as being pragmatic or mechanical science must be either spiritual—which is religious—or "kooky." Just because Fort has been picking up things which they don't understand, more and more of them go crazy or mystical. This has happened with the UFO people, the "flying saucer boys." They started off with a perfectly straightforward thing. There are things seen in the sky which seem to be objects. I'm talking about the solid ones, not the lights. They didn't get anywhere. Then they found that Charles Fort had had these things called OSFSs—Objects See Floating in the Sky. They put the two together and said: "Well, we can't catch one. They seem to disappear, or suddenly appear. Some of them go hazy and they do all kinds of crazy things that we can't do, so they must be mass hallucination or something." The next stage was that they kept on coming and more and more people saw them so they said: "The whole thing is kooky." By *inversion* they said that, therefore, everything else that Fort said was kooky.

Human beings are awfully apt to do that. If you get football teams and one makes a lousy showing, and then somebody says, "Well, that's because their quarterback is lousy." Then all of the sudden they turn around and say that all the other ones who lost their games this year must have a bad quarterback too.

RG: You're saying then, that most scientists are too orthodox?

ITS: Yeah. Not the top ones, the real top boys, like we have as our advisors. People who really have arrived at the top. They've got open minds and they're big enough. But from Number Two or Three down to the bottom of the ladder—you know this famous thing which you hear all the time: "Publish or perish?"

Once a scientist gets paid to be a scientist, he's got to publish, or perish. He's fighting for his 12,000 dollars a year, or his 20,000 dollars a year, and his lace curtains, you know, just like all the other social stuff. If you don't keep up with the Joneses down the street—they get a new set of drapes, or a bigger car than you do—you're out. It's the same with scientists—they're just a bunch of phonies. A lot of them are serious-minded people, they start off as nice young people, really enthusiastic about doing a job of research or search, and they soon get mixed up in this establishment system and then they start lying, and cheating. Oh yes, my dear sir, they don't want to have anything come up which they don't want!

When they get to the top—real scientists, philosophical scientists or technological scientists, they're entirely different, you know. When you get to the top, you can afford to have an open mind, and to keep in mind all kinds of things which we don't know about.

Now, I'm not against science, I'm against "middle-class scientists."

RG: Charles Fort had a name for that process whereby scientists can get rid of an unexplained, didn't he: "The Wipe?"

ITS: Yes. Here were these same people whom he called experts—in quotes. He said: "How can you be an expert on bodies burning spontaneously when the same people such as you say they don't burn like that?"

Then he had "The Wipe." The Wipe was, to put is very simply: A story comes up, a report. I'm a newspaperman as well, so when I get a report, I write it down in all sincerety. My colleagues generally subscribe to this dictum also. Sometimes, however, if it's too difficult to explain, then instead of explaining it, they "explain it away." Fort invented this term: The Wipe. Pick up a rag in the corner, get a broom and wipe it underneath, put the rug down, and *nail* it down. Get it away. It's called The Wipe, and we use that term all the time.

RG: Would you say that a great many members of your organization are forteans?

ITS: I'd say they all are. I mean, why would they join us otherwise? I yack about this all the time and I write about it, and I'm trying to explain to them that we're not against Science on the one hand, and we're not against the mystics on the other. We're right in the middle, we're a different group of people. We're entirely pragmatic. I keep on pounding this on my radio shows and everything. Simply saying, if you would like to join us, you don't have to be a scientist. Our first member was your age. Yes, the first dollar that came when we founded the Society legally is pinned on the wall in there. Yes, he's now 20 years old, and he's done his stint in the Army. We'll take any age group, and you don't have to even be educated. Yes, I think basically that they're all forteans. All of us have been looking for someplace where we can get together and not get laughed at. That make sense?

RG: Sure it does. Otherwise—

ITS: If it doesn't, and they start coming here and starting this kooky stuff—well, I'm always polite, I hope—and I ask them to leave. I refuse to accept membership from anybody who thinks that we chase ghosts, and all that kind of stuff. We don't—*period, finis*. I get a little tough sometimes, don't I?

RG: Yes, ha. You've come across many reports that have been explained away, such as the one from Tasmania involving a "marine turtleback" on a beach.

ITS: What makes you think that was a marine turtleback? Where did you get that idea from? Well, I call it a globster. Oh no, no, the marine turtleback is a different thing altogether.

RG: I think "devil jelly" is another name for it.

ITS: No, that's another thing again! Devil jelly are great hunks of jelly which are so cold, they burn you. They're a sort of mauveish color and they dissolve or vaporize in air. They seem to just fall out of the sky, sometimes in connection with UFOs, and other times just "*bonk!*" there it is, this horrible-looking mess. The marine turtlebacks were discussed in Dr. Bernard Heuvelman's book, *In the Wake of the Sea Serpents*. He broke down reports of sea monsters—several hundred of them—into seven categories. One of them he called, "The Giant Turtle."

No, these funny things that have been washed up on the beaches of southern Australia and Tasmania—there have been about seven of them—I call globsters because they're made of great hunks of flesh of some kind, but you can't cut it with an axe. After lying for two years on a beach, a newspaper reporter took out his cigarette lighter, lit it, put it towards this stuff, and it all *retreated*. The moment he took the flame away it all came out again. A big sergeant of police with a double-headed, professional axe couldn't cut it. They had to go and get a power saw to cut a piece off. That's only one that was lying there for two years. It was still alive, apparently.

The funny thing was that naturally everybody said that it must have been a sea-animal of some kind washed up by a great storm from the bottom of the sea. And then a strange old gentleman in Hobarten, Tasmania popped up. This is what started all the excitement: He published a tract and said, "Look here. I know of three more of these that have popped up over the last ten or twenty years. They didn't come out of the sea after storms," he said, "*they fell out of the sky*." Well, this puts the whole thing in an entirely different light! The local government then stepped in, and that was the last anyone ever again heard about them. The local officials even brushed off a reporter from the National Geographic Society.

This was certainly the strangest part of my conversation with Ivan. My misinterpetation of the humorous-sounding terminology he used to differentiate marine turtlebacks, globsters, and devil jellies annoyed me to the extreme, since I had carefully prepared for my interview with him. But I suppose few of us can be as well informed of such bizarre matters as was Ivan T. Sanderson.

It's a Strange, Strange World—Ivan Sanderson's Film Loop, John Lennon's Bed-In

Historians tell us that the most successful world's fair of the 20th century was probably the *1967 International and Universal Exposition*, known worldwide as simply *Expo 67*, held in Montreal, Quebec, Canada from 27 April 1967 until 29 October 1967. It set the all-time single-day attendance record for a world's fair with 569,000 visitors on its third day of operation. Over 50 million visitors ultimately came.

When Expo 67 closed, the property and pavilions were recast into an annual event called *Man and His World*, open during the summer months from 1968 to 1981. One of the most popular pavilions at *Man and His World* was "Le Monde Insolite," which translates to "Strange, Strange World." This was one of three similarly-designed, interconnected buildings built around a plaza. During Expo 67, there were four exhibit areas in these buildings: "Man and Life" in the building on the south side of the plaza, "Man, his Planet and Space" in the pavilion on the northeast side, "Man and the Oceans" on the upper level of the northwest building, and "Man the Polar Regions" on the lower level of the northwest building. It was this northwest building that would later become "Strange, Strange World." It dealt with everything from Bigfoot, psychic phenomena, UFOs and the Loch Ness Monster, to the Piri Reis Map and the Antikythera mechanism, an ancient mechanical astronomical calculator found in an old Greek shipwreck, designed to calculate astronomical positions.

It was inevitable that Ivan T. Sanderson and SITU would be called upon to consult on "Strange, Strange World." This occurred in 1969. On this particular project he would have help in the guise of 24-year-old Joseph Mark Glazner (aka Joseph Louis), who is today an internationally-acclaimed American-Canadian author of seven novels, and co-writer of the feature film, *The Shape of Things to Come*, a cult science fiction classic starring Jack Palance and Carol Lynley. Yours Truly had a conversation with him about Ivan Sanderson in December 2009.

"I grew up in Warrenville, New Jersey, in Somerset County," begins Glazner, " which is just north of Plainfield. It was 'hunt' country. We knew the Forbes and Congresswoman Millicent Fenwick and people like that because my mother was very active in local Republican politics, but of course we didn't have quite the kind of social 'status' they did."

"I attended the University of Southern California from 1963 to 1967. At the end of that time, I was now in graduate school at UCLA," says Glazner. "This was at the point of major escalation of the Vietnam War and at the time I was classified 2-S which was a deferment for being a student. [Note: The U.S. government discontinued 2-S deferments in December 1971.] For a whole bunch of reasons that I won't go into here, I decided I just didn't want to deal with the Vietnam draft, which would eventually get me once I finished grad school. So in November 1967, to get a jump on what I viewed as my inevitable future, I left the U.S. to become one of the first Vietnam War draft resisters in Canada."

Glazner continues: "By this time I already had met Derek Taylor **[7 May 1932 – 8 September 1997]** the British journalist who became famous for his work as the first publicist and press officer for *The Beatles.* He went to California in the mid-1960s. One of my college classmates was very deeply involved with him in terms of putting on the Monterey International Pop Festival in June 1967 **[Taylor served as the Festival's publicist and spokesman and is recognized today as the co-founder of the festival by many]** and he was involved in the Beach Boys' ill-fated *Smile* album. **[In May 1967, this album project—which had the longest recording sessions of any Beach Boys album—was cancelled, and the group pulled out of their headlining spot at the Monterey International Pop Festival. Released in its place was the not-so-successful *Smilely Smile* album.]** My classmate introduced me to Derek Taylor in October 1967. But not long afterward I found myself in Canada, making a living at the time doing various things and stringing for publications. For example, I had been working as associate editor for the supermarket tabloid, *Midnight*, which later became *The Globe*."

Midnight was founded in 1954 by Joe Azaria, who hired John Vader as the editor because he had $14 and a $1,000 line of credit from a Montreal printer. It was first published in Montreal, Canada, and it gave America's *National Enquirer* a run for its money in the 1960s, reaching a peak circulation of more than a million and a half copies a week at that time. It changed its name to the *Midnight Globe* in 1978 and later, simply the *Globe*. It is now owned by American Media Inc. of Boca Raton, Florida.

Glazner goes on: "The owner, Joe Azaria, sold the newspaper in 1969, and the owner's younger brother resigned and I was let go the day of the sale because the new owner was eventually going to 'clean house' and we were the most obvious people to get rid of first. So I was scrambling around to make a living. When Azaria started another newspaper, a New York *Daily News*-like tabloid, the *Sunday Express*, I began stringing for that as well as freelancing for a couple of small local film companies while trying to sell an original screenplay to yet another company. I was 24 years old."

"It was precisely at this moment when I was juggling all these piecemeal jobs in May 1969 that John Lennon and Yoko Ono came to Montreal to do their second 'Bed-In'," says Glazner.

The couple's first Bed-In followed their 20 March 1969 marriage, with John and Yoko promoting world peace by spending their honeymoon in the presidential suite (Room #702) at the Amsterdam Hilton Hotel between March 25 and 31 1969, allowing reporters into their hotel room daily between 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. Their second Bed-In started on May 26, 1969, when they flew to Montreal and stayed for seven days in Rooms 1738 and 1742 at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. During this time they invited Timothy Leary, Dick Gregory, Tommy Smothers, and a considerably hostile Al Capp to see them--everyone but Al Capp sang on the recording of the song "Give Peace a Chance," made right in the hotel room on 1 June 1969. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) also conducted interviews from the hotel room.

"I got a call from the *Sunday Express* managing editor and was told, 'Go see John Lennon. He's having a press conference at Noon. Go to the Queen Elizabeth Hotel and ask for Derek Taylor'," says Glazner.

Glazner muses, "The irony of the whole thing—and it's one of those weird coincidences—was that when I got the call that morning I was already heading out the door to go to the Queen Elizabeth Hotel anyway. That's because I was going to see Ivan T. Sanderson, who just happened to be staying at the hotel during the same week that John Lennon was there holding his Bed-In. Ivan was there because he had been hired by one of the small film companies I was working for to help put together a film loop about unexplained phenomena to be projected continuously at the 'Strange, Strange World' Pavilion at the *Man and His World* Expo in Montreal. The film loop would consist of footage of such things as UFOs, the Loch Ness monster, Sasquatch, and so forth. Sanderson was brought to Montreal as basically as a consultant, because he was one of the few scientists who was an expert about unexplained phenomena and he had worked in film and television. I was hired to help him."

"Once I got through hotel security and met Ivan for the first time, I told Ivan, 'Look, I've got to go upstairs to see John Lennon, because I had to cover the Bed-In for the newspaper. I told him about my having met Derek Taylor and all that, and I asked him if he thought I should go up there early. Ivan replied, 'Yes, definitely! Come back and tell me everything that's going on in there.' And that's essentially what I did."

"Over the next week I spent half my time at the Bed-in upstairs, and the other half with Ivan in his room on a lower floor of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel," says Glazner, "which became our base of operations in a search for weird film footage. I was calling all sorts of places like Brazil, Europe and Asia as we attempted to locate any legitimate film material available that showed unexplained phenomena. Once we found some good footage, we would then arrange for it to be brought back to the little film company, which would edit together the film loop to play on a constant basis at 'Strange, Strange World'. One of the people who worked on the film was a UCLA film school graduate, Nancy Dowd, who had come to Montreal to work for the film company that summer. In 1979, she would win an Academy Award for best original screenplay [shared with Waldo Salt and Robert C. Jones] for the 1978 anti-war film, *Coming Home*."

Glazner pauses for a moment and reflects: "What stood out most about Ivan was that he was a very warm person who had an incredible amount of personal magnetism. He was not only charismatic in the sense that he had an interesting personality and knew all kinds of things, but he was truly born curious. He was quite talkative and could talk a great deal about himself and his adventures if you asked him to, but most of the time he was intensely curious about everything and he was always very interested in everybody around him. He really listened to you and made you feel that he wanted to know everything about you and what you were up to. He wanted to know what was going on in Montreal and what life was like for me and who I actually was and all that stuff. "

"I also was impressed by Ivan's integrity. He was up-front about everything. Fortunately, he took a liking to me and the interaction we had while working on the film project. He even asked me several times to start up a Canadian branch of his Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained, but I just didn't have the administrative skill to do it. However, I would have been fascinated by the whole thing if I had been able to do it. We wrote back and forth to each other a few times, and he even sent me a copy of one of his books with the inscription, 'To My Soulmate,' which was very nice. He was just a wonderful, brilliant, fascinating guy."

There are some other fascinating things that happened regarding Glazner's dealings with John Lennon and Ivan Sanderson, but I've promised not to reveal these secrets, at least not yet—he's in the process of writing a huge, eye-opening memoir on the 1960s and many of the era's "household names" with which he was acquainted.

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 11 — Kookbooks and Finale

BOOKS:

1937 ANIMAL TREASURE (Viking), a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection.
1938 ANIMALS NOBODY KNOWS (Viking), a juvenile.
1939 CARIBBEAN TREASURE (Viking)
1940 LIVING TREASURE (Viking)
1941 MYSTERY SCHOONER (Viking), Jun. Lit. Guild, (nom-de-pl), fiction.
1948 ANIMAL TALES (Knopf), an anthology.
1950 HOW TO KNOW THE NORTH AMERICAN MAMMALS

(Little, Brown; New American Library)
1952 THE SILVER MINK (Little, Brown), fiction.
1953 JOHN AND JUAN IN THE JUNGLE (Dodd, Mead), fiction.
1955 LIVING MAMMALS OF THE WORLD (Hanover House)
1956 THE STATUS QUO (Merlin Press) (nom-de-pl), fiction.
1956 FOLLOW THE WHALE (Little, Brown)
1957 THE MONKEY KINGDOM (Hanover House.)
1961 ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN (Chilton Books)
1961 THE CONTINENT WE LIVE ON (Random House)
1962 THE DYNASTY OF ABU (Knopf)
1965 BOOK OF GREAT JUNGLES (Messner)
1966 THIS TREASURED LAND (Putnam, NY)
1967 UNINVITED VISITORS (Cowles Education Corp.)
1967 "THINGS" (Pyramid Publications, Inc.)
1968 ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN (abridged edition) (Pyramid Publications, Inc.)
1969 MORE "THINGS" (Pyramid)
1970 INVISIBLE RESIDENTS (World Publishing)
1972 INVESTIGATING THE UNEXPLAINED (Prentice-Hall)
1974 GREEN SILENCE (with Sabina Sanderson; David McKay Co.)

Here's a factor in Ivan Sanderson's prolific accomplishments: He owned a specially-modified manual typewriter (seen at right) that fed a continuous roll of paper into the machine and over the platen. Ivan typed at such a pace that he disliked wasting time whenever he had to feed another individual sheet of paper into a typewriter. Moreover, editing a manuscript in the form of a single long sheet of paper was quite easy—one could see the flow of the book in long stretches of paper, and moving sections around simply required some Scotch tape and a pair of scissors. The printer of SITU's journal *Pursuit*, Rog Hicks, could put the typed-on paper roll on a section of broomstick handle and unspool the paper as he did typesetting for the journal using what appeared to be a (perpetually misaligned) Justowriter. For book publishers, Ivan would still retype a final draft on conventional 8.5 x 11-inch pages, or cut the roll into individual pages.

Ivan and his special typewriter constructed to type on a paper roll.

As friend and SITU member Curtis Sutherly wrote of Ivan in this regard...

Ivan was one of two writers I have known who could produce a lengthy, printable story first draft, no revisions. (John R. Lindermuth, a former newspaper colleague, was the other.) Ivan wrote on an old manual typewriter with a continuous roll of paper fixed over the machine. When the story or book was completed, he would cut the roll into pages and submit them to his publisher. He wrote in the same way he spoke—an easy, often folksy speech that anyone could follow and enjoy. [Sutherly, Curtis. *Strange Encounters: UFO's, Aliens & Monsters Among Us.* St. Paul, Minnesota: Llewellyn Publications. 1996. p. xvii.]

RG: Well, let's leave Fort and go on now to what *you* are doing in the field of writing. You've written quite a few books, about 21 I think.

ITS: Tomorrow afternoon I'm going to finish my 26th.

RG: *Invisible Residents*?

ITS: That's done. That's all about the possibility of an underwater civilization, and about a lot of UFOs coming out of the water, and so on. I've also written a trilogy: *Things, More Things*, and this is *Still More Things* **[actually published under the title: *Investigating the Unexplained*]**. This is a hardback book, and they've given me about 200 illustrations, which makes life a lot easier. I'm looking forward very much to the day after tomorrow, because then I get on my drawing board, and I love to draw illustrations for my books. I can now do all these nice drawings for this new book; and then what we're going to do, Richard, is: I own the copyright to *Things* and *More Things* which came out in paperback without illustrations. When we get this finished we're going to do a huge coffeetable or "bedside book" of all three of them together. We're going to bring all of the sea monsters and things in one place. **[Ivan did not live long enough to do this compilation.]**

RG: You've written about your various travel experiences.

ITS: Yeah, the first three were personal experiences about collecting animals for the museums. That was *Animal Treasure*, *Caribbean Treasure*, and *Living Treasure*. Then came the War, which mucked up everything, and then I had written what they call a "childrens' book." It was called *Animals Nobody Knows*. I told them it wouldn't sell—the title was stupid. They wanted me to write for nine-year-olds and I said: "I won't, because they have far more intelligence than a twenty-year-old!" Then I wrote an anthology of my favorite animal tales, called *Animal Tales*. I love that book, it's still in print.

RG: One of your most famous was *The Continent We Live On*.

ITS: Yes. I started a whole series for Chanticleer Press. Actually it was done by Random House. You see, I wrote *The Continent We Live On*, then I was going to write *The Continent We Lived On*, which is Europe, and then *The Continent They Lived On*, which is Africa. My health broke down for a time and I couldn't do it, and I got involved with a lot of other things. It's become a series though, and they do have one book on each of the continents now: Australia, South America, Africa, and Europe. I wanted them to do Eurasia, because people are so stuck with the idea that Europe is a continent, and it's not. They've done two on Asia. They should have done one on Orientalia, and another one on Eurasia, which is Europe and Russia and Siberia.

RG: Of course, another one of your famous books has to do with the Abominable Snowmen, or "ABSMs" as you like to call them.

ITS: Yes, but wait a minute, you see, in between those two there is another whole series on animals. And I had a book called *Living Mammals of the World*. Then they went ahead and did *Living* Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, Amphibians, Insects and Living Animals *of the World*. That was another whole series, a big one with photographs.

Then I got bored with animals, frankly. I'd lived with them all my life and I wanted to do a book on strange animals, but people didn't quite see it. I instead started a *tremendous* work—about 20 volumes. It was a dictionary of animals by their English names—I put the Latin name afterwards. When the average person asks: "What's a Gophi?" or, "What's a Dori fish?" they could look it up. But what happened was that these same people would then say: "Well, in Florida this fish is called that, and it looks like this, but in San Francisco they call it by an *entirely* different name." That got too involved because then we got into—well, I found out that I had to do it in *four* languages. That got a little exaggerated, so we canned that. Then I turned over to the things that have always interested me, the Abominable Snowmen, which you just brought up. It was strictly "nothing" when I started the book, and now its 500 pages. It's ten years old, and still in print.

RG: Altogether it's 525 pages, with the index.

ITS: Ah well, you know what the Spanish say: "#$%_&'()!" **[That's what it sounded like, anyway—RG]** Then I started *Things* and *More Things*, and then I got into the UFO book, and then another UFO book, and now, today, I finished *Still More Things*. Now I'm through with all that lot, and I'm going to write, well, I hope I'm going to write a book of my personal experiences. **[He almost did. Entitled, *Green Silence*, it was finished after his death by his second wife, Marion L. Fawcett—"Sabina Warren Sanderson".]**

Sanderson's first book, *Animal Treasure*, was a major success and a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. The reviews of it were positively glowing, and many snippets of these adorned the dust jacket:

"More exciting than any naturalist's exploration book I have read. ... An imagination disciplined by orthodox science gives to Animal Treasure its humor, its zest, and its constant intimations of a new way of living that is even more exciting than Africa."

—Henry Seidel Canby,
Saturday Review of Literature.

"His sympathy toward animals is as rich as his eye for observed detail is acute and his prose style is limpid."

—*Time Magazine.*

"His book is a wonder... Manages somehow to be fascinating on almost every page."

—Clifton Fadiman,
New Yorker.

"I know of no book that brings the African jungles nearer to the armchair."

—Robert Van Gelder,
New York Times

"I felt as though I had been shown Africa through some sort of human microscope... Animal Treasure is indeed a work of art from start to finish."

—Clifford H. Pope,
New York Herald Tribune Books.

Animal Treasure was such a success that it helped finance Ivan's later expeditions.

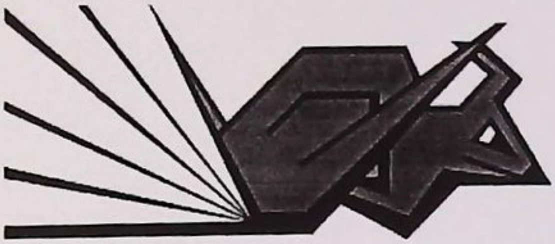
In 1961, the scientific community was shocked to discover that their distinguished comrade, Ivan T. Sanderson, the man who had brought them all of those witty, brilliant and engaging books about his expeditions around the world, had now written a huge (150,000-word) *magnum opus* on strange hominid creatures allegedly inhabiting the world's forests and jungles. It was entitled *Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life* (Philadelphia: Chilton) and it was up to the distinguished Carleton S. Coon, physical anthropologist, to review this book for *Natural History* magazine. His tense review ended with:

I view this book with mixed feelings. I wish that Sanderson had been less chatty, colloquial, repetitive, and angry. His excursions into physical anthropology and human paleontology are subprofessional. I can understand his impatience with armchair "experts," but grow tired of hearing about their delinquencies. Still, the author has made at least one substantial point. The Yeti tracks found in Nepal by several reliable explorers seem to be those of some kind or kinds of large primate. Fundamentally, it is up to the anti-ABSM partisans to prove that nowhere in the world does a zoologically unrecognized pongid or other bipedal primate exist, as well as to find the other animal that makes the cryptic footprints in Nepal.

Let us hope that the orientation of this book, transparently aimed at a wide sale to sensation-seekers, will not discourage serious professional zoologists and anthropologists from making an all out effort to clarify this all too tangled question. Let us also hope—pending the possible delivery of some such

animal, alive or dead— that the experts will not be moved to withdraw even farther behind the shelter of their microscopes." [Coon, Carleton S. (1962) Reviews: Exercises in unnatural history. *Natural History*, *71*(1), 5.]

It should be noted that Coon was known to put forth some controversial hypotheses of his own—particularly in his book, The Origin of Races.



When autographing books, Ivan would often draw this running "doggie." It's also on the covers of old issues of SITU's journal, *Pursuit*.

The tide was beginning to turn against Ivan. Despite this "courteous" review, many scientists look upon *Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life*, as something as anomalous as the legendary creatures it examines. At some point if must have dawned on him that his bizarre fortean masterwork had tainted his reputation. Scientists, thinking that the whole subject of Bigfoot and other unexplaineds were a lot of hooey, began to get the notion that some of Ivan's other accounts of his journeys were perhaps exaggerations or the work of a complete fabulist. Many scientists now felt that Ivan had finally gone too far in his more fantastic investigations, that he had finally "crossed the line."

A book which followed, *The Continent We Live On*, was probably the most beautifully illustrated nature book ever published about the North American continent, and certainly was the finest nature book Ivan had ever written. Color photographs by the dozen (which were still a rarity back in 1962) were incorporated into this huge work that was published by Random House, the material of which had been accumulated through Ivan's personal 60,000-mile tour of this continent in his station wagon. You might say that the trip (which lasted for about a year) was his final major "expedition."

Some critics thought thought *The Continent We Live On* was quite good, but others, having not forgiven Ivan for his previous work, wanted to cast this dangerous derelict out of their intellectual midst.

After all, the man writes all these acceptable books on his travels and on animals; then he writes a "crazy" book on Abominable Snowmen; and now he writes this "sane" book on North America. Goodness, they reasoned, somebody's liable to believe him. Ivan Sanderson had thus fallen into the same trap as Charles Fort: Write about something that most everyone considers "kooky," and you will be branded as being kooky yourself.

In his review of *The Continent We Live On* in the March 1962 issue of *Natural History* magazine, Jack McCormick, an ecologist at Ohio State University, wrote:

As an example of excellence in landscape and wildlife photography, combined with fine printing and craftsmanship, this volume is unsurpassed. Regrettably, the book is badly marred by its accompanying text—the work of Ivan T. Sanderson, who is rapidly rising to the office of high priest of nature fakers. His occasionally lucid but generally mediocre text is a case study in faulty interpretation, undocumented claims, fictitious awe, and totally unnatural history... It is at least a relief to find that the strange, humanoid creatures which, according to Mr. Sanderson's previous writings, are roaming undiscovered through our western wildernesses, find no mention here." [McCormick, Jack. (1962) Reviews: Two views of our land. *Natural History*, *71*(3), 4-5.]

Although Ivan claimed that he could substantiate the alleged "errors" of his book, Random House hired Anne Terry White to rewrite and shorten the original text of *The Continent We Live On* who, in the process of doing so, just happened to eliminate most of the "errors" of the original, much to the consternation of Ivan. This revised version was published as "A special edition for young readers," and was somewhat cheaper in price than its awesome parent.

Ivan's last non-fortean-oriented books were *This Treasured Land*, a picture book that canvassed the people and cities of North America, thus picking up were *The Continent We Live On* left off; *The Dynasty of Abu*, a book about elephants; and *Ivan Sanderson's Book of Great Jungles*, in which he looked at the history of jungle exploration and summarized some of his jungle experiences that had not appeared in his old, best-selling "travel trilogy,"*Animal Treasure*, *Caribbean Treasure*, and *Living Treasure*.

It appeared that the Scientific Establishment had given "The Wipe"—and a colossal one at that— to Ivan and his reputation. Although Ivan Sanderson published many articles in the newspapers and popular magazines, his scientific papers now found only one outlet, an Italian Journal called *Genus*.

RG: One more question: What is a man of your prominence doing out here in the New Jersey woods?

ITS: That's an interesting question. I'll tell you why. I think our cities *stink*. I think most of our civilization stinks. I've been, more or less, all over the world, and I find that all people are nice, on the whole. I mean *really* they are. But I think that Warren County, New Jersey is as beautiful as I've seen in North America. I had a heck of a lot of animals, they were all killed in a fire, but I had a nice place to put them. I love to carpenter and build and cut grass, and so on. You know, it's good for you. The water is perfect here, and the air is clean, the people are decent, there's no noise, I don't see anything in the way of civilization, and I can get some work done. I still have my place in New York, an apartment. I go down there once a week to do a radio show.

I looked around when I sort of retired from television, which was in 1958 when I went around the continent to write that book, *The Continent We Live On*, and I saw how beautiful this country really is. I would never live in a modern, congested city. After all, I had originally bought this place, saying: "When I 'come back' for the last time and settle down, I'm not going to sweat it out in New York." We call that "Stink City" now. It's *filthy*. When I first went there it was beautiful and lovely. Now it's a mess. I mean the people are as bad as the paper in the streets, and they don't mend the streets, and the prices, and the food is lousy, and "blahhhh." No, give me Warren County. Warren and Sussex are all right—as long as we keep the bums out.

That's why I came here, simply because I wanted a little peace and quiet in my old age.

RG: So we'll be looking for your new books coming out soon.

ITS: You'll get them, I'll send you a copy. I don't know if you realize this, but you're an honorary member of our Society now, and that you shall receive our journal free—I'll sneak it to you somehow.

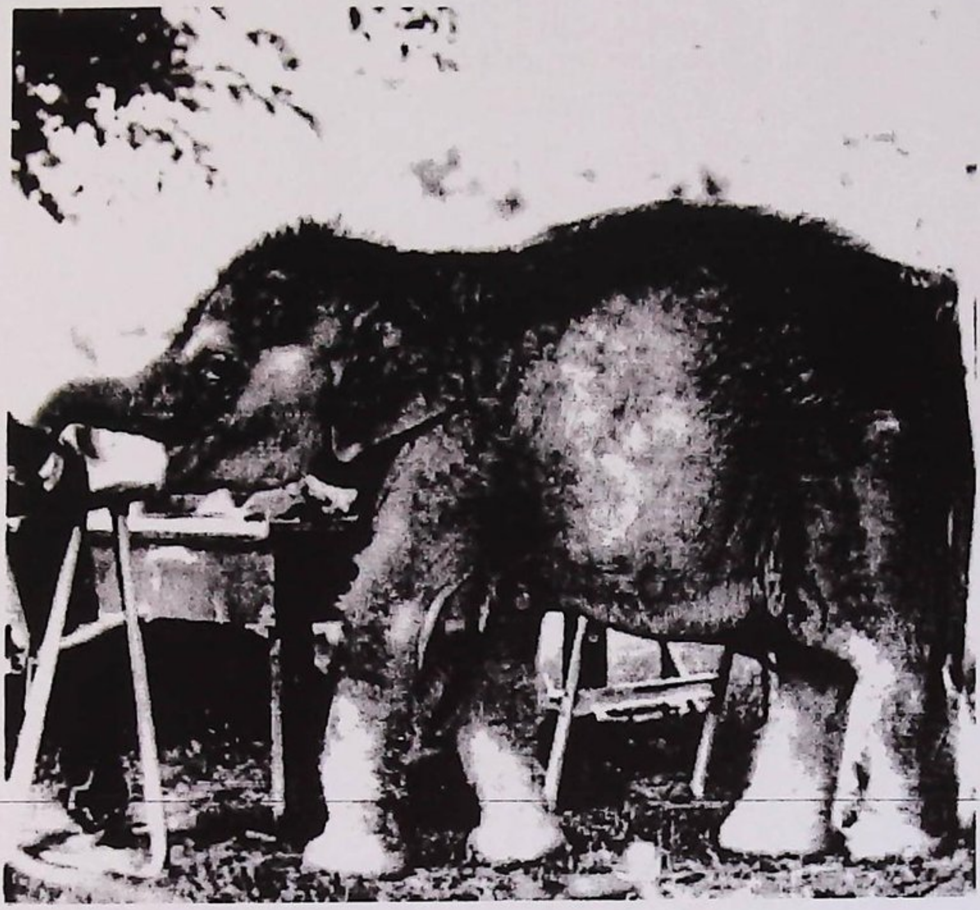
RG: I don't have to pay the 10 dollars in membership dues either! Membership in the National Geographic Society is only $7.50, you know.

ITS: You see, with the National Geographic Society you only get a magazine, but with us you have membership, visiting privileges, *and* you get our magazine which is five dollars to the four issues. All right?

RG: Sure. If one wishes to become a member of your organization, how should he go about it?

ITS: I would say, one—get in touch with you; two—simply write to me, Sanderson, Columbia, New Jersey. That's all you need, everybody knows me around here. If you're interested and want to know what its all about, then we'll send you what we call a brochure, which is one piece of paper folded once. It's got a little subscription blank attached to the back that you can tear off. It tells you who we are, what we do, and gives a list of all the scientists who back us. This is especially good for young people, who can show it to their parents and say: "Look here, this is not some kooky organization." They can then look up the names, and see who's who, and see that it's all right. I'd say to any of your listeners to get in touch with you, if they're really interested. And do impress upon them that you don't have to be a scientist. You don't even have to be particularly interested in science. Your age doesn't mean a darn thing, nor does your color, nor does your religion—we've even got some striped and polka-dotted members!

RG: Really!



SITU member #1200 (Mignon the elephant) visits SITU headquarters, 1972.

Ivan was telling the truth—his understated British humor was priceless: I later discovered that SITU's "Honorary Member No. 1200" was a baby elephant named Mignon who lived as a housepet in Gillete, New Jersey. Mignon slept each night in the owners' garage, on a pile of plywood sheets covered with layers of blankets. Mignon's owners brought her to visit SITU headquarters one day in 1972 (see photo at right), where she took a dip in one of the ponds. "...though she was somewhat annoyed when forbidden to wrech our trash burner, composed of unmortered cinder blocks, by leaning on it; and frustrated to the point of screaming when refused entry for the fourth time to Bus No. 1 which houses the potting shed and our small lab. Like all true forteans she possess unbounded curiosity," as Sabina wrote in the October 1972 issue of *Pursuit*. Ivan said that Mignon was the the most charming, best-behaved baby elephant he had ever encountered. (Unlike Mignon, young elephants tend to be rambunctious creatures.) Mignon eventually outgrew her garage accommodations and was forced to join a circus.

ITS: I'd like to ask you a question. You play this to your assembly things or groups?

RG: Well, perhaps. I'm making this tape more for reasons of posterity than anything else. I believe that the members of the Creative Writing Class at the High School in Newton have been trying to get you back for a talk.

ITS: Yes, I know. I did come up once and they very kindly invited me again, but I'm in the news business as well. You see, sea monsters will not send me telegrams telling me where they are going to land!

RG: You're also the Science Editor at *Argosy Magazine*.

ITS: Yeah. Well, I'm more than that, I'm with North American Newspaper Alliance as well, that's a news service. That's "spot news" as we call it, or "topical stuff." If something happens, they say: "Get in an airplane, Sanderson, and get out there!"

That's why I've given up lecturing and talking and the platform because my newswork takes precedence, and maybe the night before a lecture I have to ring up and say: "I'm sorry, I'm not going to be with you." What's the poor program chairman going to do? He's stuck with nobody. So I've said: "No, I'll cut it out." I think its better, its fairer to everybody. If, on the other hand, you want to get somebody else who doesn't mind standing in, just in case something happens, *then* I'll come over if I can—but I can't do it, Richard. [Ivan's honorarium for public speaking in the 1960s was $500 a lecture—a little over $3,000 in 2009 U.S. dollars.]

RG: There is one quote that seems to have been associated with you over the years. That is, "Science is the Pursuit of the Unknown," can you explain why?

ITS: That's our gimmick, which is on the front of our magazine.

RG: I was wondering what great literary figure they quoted that from.

ITS: You know where that's quoted from?

RG: Where?

ITS: *The Oxford Standard Dictionary*. If you look up the word "science" in the *Oxford Dictionary*—as a matter of fact, it's in *Webster's* too, but it starts off by saying: "Science is the pursuit of the unknown." *Not* the known. That's *technology*.

RG: Well, thank you, Mr. Sanderson—Ivan—for a very enlightening conversation, and I'm sure that anyone listening to this will be swayed to your side and lines of reasoning.

ITS: It's been great fun, Richard, really.

RG: Except, I'm sure, for the 20-to-40-year-olds.

ITS: Well, if you play this for a high school group with middle-aged chaps, have them stand in the back. When I give lectures at colleges I usually ask the faculty to come in, and I notice a thundering silence from *them* when I ask for questions.

RG: Thank you, Ivan Sanderson.

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 12 — "And now young man, you are going to be on my radio show."

After our talk, Ivan Sanderson escorted me out to the kitchen where he opened the refrigerator and brought out a pitcher of something dark. He poured this substance into a large square glass until it was full, then handed it to me and said: "This will give you something to suck on for a while."

I cautiously tasted the fluid. Fortunately, it was ordinary cider.

"Now young man," he said, "you are going to be on my radio show. I like your style of interviewing and your knowledge of forteana."

Still in a daze from the information overload of the proceeding four hours, I wan't quite prepared for this news, and thus, I took Ivan's announcement with the proverbial grain of salt. I just said (rather suspiciously, I'm afraid), "Really. That's all I need, a radio show."

Alma, who had just entered the room, approached me and said, "But he really means it!"

"He does?"

"Of course."

"Just a second folks," I replied, "let this sink in first... Give me a chance to recover!" I neglected to mention to them that, prior to this elated moment, I had always thought of radio as being a "worthless" entertainment medium!

Barry Farber

The radio show Ivan was referring to actually belonged to the well-known conservative talk show host (and friend of Ivan), Barry Farber, himself a fascinating fellow who is a student of about 25 languages. As it happens, in 1970 Farber was running for Congress in New York City's 19th district on the Republican ticket, but was defeated by Bella Abzug. During the campaign, Farber was absent from his show much of the time and employed guest hosts to fill in for him. Ivan Sanderson hosted the show every Thursday night for 20 weeks, from 11:30 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. The show originated from WOR-Radio in New York, but was broadcast to stations in 38 U.S. states.

I was then shown into a room which was partly an office for his then-assistant, Marion Fawcett (she was no relation to the Colonel Fawcett mentioned previously—she eventually became Ivan's second wife following the death of Alma) and partly a storage area for what was SITU's collection of thousands of reports on UFOs, sea monsters, yeti, and all sorts of as-yet unofficially recognized creatures, all neatly catalogued on shelves that took up an entire wall, and more. I just stood there, flabbergasted at all of this unexplained material, while Marion sat on a pillowed old chair, faced an older desk, and typed on a still older typewriter. After a few moments of coaxing the machine into doing her bidding, she handed me a little yellow card which read:

Card No. 497H
Expires —

THIS CERTIFIES THAT THE BEARER, Richard Grigonis, IS A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED, COLUMBIA, NEW JERSEY 07832

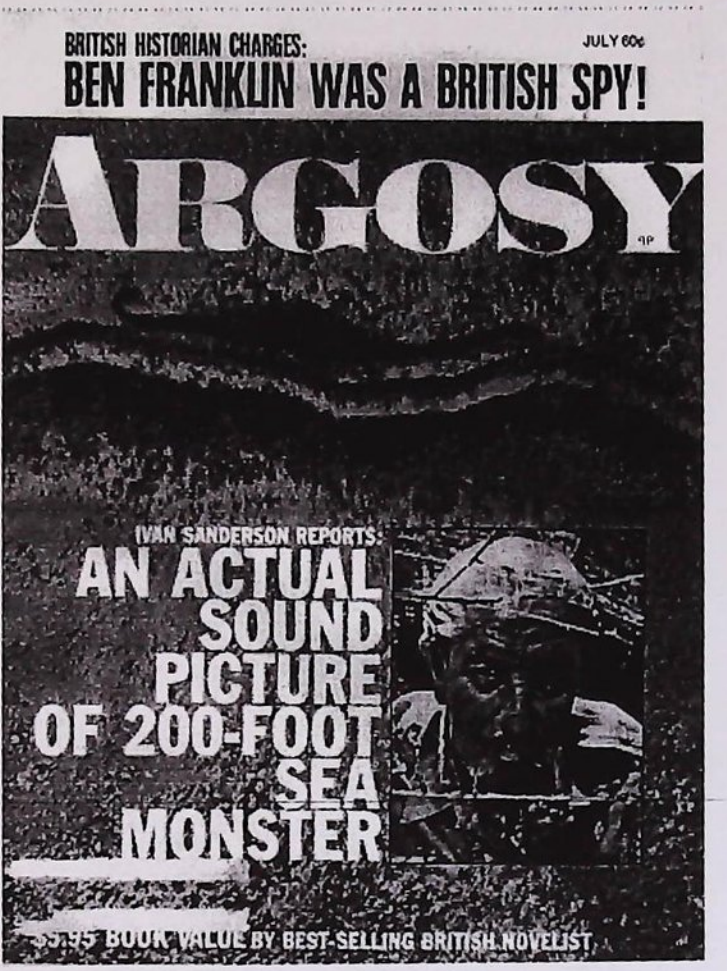
Beneath this was Ivan's personal signature. I now found myself a member of Ivan's motley group devoted to exploring the unknown; and I was an Honorary member at that, which relieved my wallet considerably.

My father and I shook hands with the staff, thanking them for all they had done. With cheerful good-byes we once again drove off, back to civilization.

The next week found me preparing feverishly for my debut on WOR-Radio. In my haste and excitement, I had neglected to find out what the program's topic of conversation was going to be! Ivan rang up to inform me that I would be appearing on his next show, which was on Thursday night. We were going to talk about *sea monsters*, he said.

"But Ivan," I said, "I'm not exactly what you would call the world's greatest living authority on *sea monsters*. The least I could do would be to brush up on some of the more recent reports."

"Don't worry Richard, I'll send you Bernard Heuvelman's book, In the Wake of the Sea-Serpents and an article of mine on a recent sighting on sonar off the coast of Alaska. You'll be fine," he assured me. "And why don't you bring your father along for the ride? See you." Since I was too young to drive, that was a sensible suggestion.


BRITISH HISTORIAN CHARGES:
JULY 60¢
BEN FRANKLIN WAS A BRITISH SPY!
ARGOSY
IVAN SANDERSON REPORTS:
AN ACTUAL SOUND PICTURE OF 200-FOOT SEA MONSTER
$3.95 BOOK VALUE BY BEST-SELLING BRITISH NOVELIST

Sure enough, a few days later a cardboard box came in the mail containing Heuvelman's book, plus the tearsheet of an article that Ivan had done for *Argosy* Magazine. On the magazine's cover there was a greenish-blue "echogram" of something that had the classic outline of every old sailor's vision of a sea monster, complete with flippers, tail, and a brontosaurian neck. There was also a photo of Ivan on the cover, appearing as if it had been taken through a broken glass window (no doubt to add a bit of melodrama or at least accentuate the seriousness of the subject to those readers who might think the whole thing to be a lot of tosh).

The article told of how a fishing trawler cruising off the coast of Alaska had been using a sonar device (called Simrad) to locate fish. This remarkable little machine can scan a cross-section of the ocean right down to the rocky bottom beneath the sediment, recording what it "sees" on a strip of paper, all while the ship sails along on the surface.

Schools of fish show up as a sort of granular cloud on the paper, and anything larger that is solid shows up in outline. On this occasion the machine scanned, in addition to the ocean bottom and some fish, an outline of what appears to be a giant plesiosaur or perhaps a giant sea-lion (pinniped) that by calculation assumes a length of over 200 feet! Ivan was rather proud of this little sheet of paper, since he thought it constituted concrete evidence of the existence of sea monsters. The image on the paper had begun to fade away, but Ivan had photographed it many times, even making large prints of it for a more detailed examination. This echogram and other sightings of strange sea creatures would be discussed and debated on the show.

The plan was to first rendevous with Ivan and Alma in their New York apartment, where I would be introduced to the other guests who were to appear on the show. We would then have dinner at a restaurant, afterwards proceeding to the WOR Building.

Ivan Sanderson's New York Apartment

Aside from some amusing stories about escaped skunks and keeping a hippo in the basement for a week prior to its appearance on a TV show, Ivan's New York apartment is probably an enigma to this fans. Just about everybody knew he had it, and many famous friends of his visited it (e.g. Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Mr. Everest), but few people today know what it looked like. That's why I'm now going to present what some readers may consider an unusually detailed account, based on my notes of the time and best recollections, of a visit to Ivan Sanderson's New York City apartment, in August of 1970.

It was now a hot Thursday in August, the day of the radio program. My father and I left home after lunch and traveled down the 60-mile ribbon of highway to New York City with little trouble and/or traffic. We drove our car onto one of the parking lots that existed in those days atop New York's Port Authority Bus Terminal, got out (carefully taking note of our car's position so as not to lose it later) and walked toward the elevators. Everything was going along smoothly, and I felt confident that going to see Ivan in "The City" would be easier than the pilgrimage necessary to meet him near the Delaware Water Gap.

Well, not quite.

First, the elevator refused to come up to the Port Authority's upper parking lot. When it did, the door opened and out fell a thoroughly intoxicated fellow who smelled like a gas station. My father and I stepped into the elevator, a shiny white cubicle devoid of any decoration. There were six little black buttons, though, and I pushed the bottom one. The machinery whirred, the lights flickered, and the elevator car whisked us to the ground floor.

For those who are either too young or too old to remember the grimy, decaying, art deco interior of the New York Port Authority Bus Terminal prior to its pre-1979 expansion and revitalization, it was an experience, let me tell you. When an elevator door opened on the ground floor, a person unfamiliar with the building got the impression of standing at the back of a narrow, squared-off version of the Big Room at the Carlsbad Caverns, tiled over to resemble some vast public toilet facility. Today we would compare it to a dank shopping mall.

Impressed by the bus terminal's block-long immensity, we began to head for the front door, which, from where we were standing (near the Ninth Avenue entrance) seemed to be only a mile or so away. We had to work our way through myriad little crowds of people clustered around the buying and selling areas, soda machines, and the mens' and ladies' rooms. After a hectic five-minute walk we finally made it to the expanse of glass doors that opened onto Eighth Avenue.

Now, as much as I adore New York after having worked there from 1979 to 2003, New York in 1970 was a different matter. It was a mess. At that time, long before the great renaissance that transformed the Port Authority area, Times Square, the theatre district, and Hell's Kitchen in general, nearby pornographic video stores and peep shows made that area Manhattan's answer to the Tenderloin district of San Francisco. I ventured into it only when I had to to see museums, orchestras, operas, zoos, Broadway shows (e.g., Ethel Merman's final role on Broadway in "Hello, Dolly!") and Ivan's irresistible radio offer. You passed by all sorts of bizarre characters walking on the streets, and the air seemed dirtier than it is today. Carbon and sulfur dioxides have never bothered me at all, but the particulate matter—the dirt—floating around over the sidewalks always got in my eyes. This particular trip to "Fun City" was no exception. (I love that preposterous name, coined by Mayor John Lindsay in 1966, and used derisively until it was dethroned by "the Big Apple" in the 1970s.) Hence, there I was, wiping my eyes every half block or so. Why didn't I bring sunglasses? It was about 4:00 p.m. and the commuter traffic was starting to thicken the streets, impeding our progress.

Ivan's apartment was in the Whitby Buiding at 325 West 45th Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. Architect Emory Roth, allegedly inspired by the Athenian Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, had designed this 11-story brick structure, constructed in 1923 by Bing and Bing. Situated in the very center of New York's theatre district, the building was favored by theatre professionals. Its former residents include Doris Day and Betty Grable. Still living at the Whitby in 1970 was Benny Goodman's saxophonist, Nuncio ("Toots") Mondello, who had moved there in 1934.

Although Ivan was never interested in investigating the "intangible" unexplained phenomenon of apparitions, Whitby residents claimed that ghosts of actresses who had died there would regularly summon an elevator to the building's sixth floor.

Our visit to the Whitby occurred 15 years after it had ceased to be a fashionable New York address, and 15 years before it again became fashionable as a revitalized cooperative in a regentrified neighborhood. Given the amazingly bad publicity New York was getting at the time, out-of-towners could easily be terrified. Summoning all of our courage, we strode into its front door, our nerves and muscles tensed, waiting for some imagined menace to leap at us from the shadows. We entered into a small dark room, a desk occupying the entire right wall. On the desk was a dialless black phone. Today I would recognize it as a Western Electric 300 desk phone of 1940s or 50s vintage. No one was around.

The lobby in which we were standing had certainly seen better times in some bygone era of New York. It had been painted a pale beige too many times over the years, from its ceiling to the rutted floor beneath us—including windows, doors, *et al.*

I did not know Ivan' s apartment number—he had not given it to me. I simply picked up the phone and said the name "Sanderson." Without comment of any sort from an operator, a few moments of waiting and silence yielded the ringing of a phone at the other end of the line.

Alma answered: "Come up to the fifth floor, apartment number 516."

I thanked her, hung up the phone, and we walked over to a door in the wall. This door wasn't like any of the others in that room, for it had a circular porthole-type window. I pulled on a handle and the door swung open. This was the elevator. We got in that ramshackle little thing, which was slightly more spacious than a phone booth, and I pushed a large black button with what must have once been the numeral five gold-leafed on its surface. The well-worn machine then shook, lurched into the air a few inches, stopped, and the lights went out. I frantically reached for where I had pushed the button and slapped the wall. The contrivance came back to life, chugging, squeaking and rattling as it lifted us to the fifth floor. We made our way down a hot, narrow corridor to Ivan's apartment.

The apartment had originally belonged to a gangster back in Prohibition days, which explained the presence of the massive steel door before us.

I rang the bell. The noise of locks opening could be heard on the other side. The door then creaked open, and there stood Alma.

"Hello there! Come in and meet everybody," she said, gleefully.

We left the sauna-like hallway and entered an apartment that could have passed for a blast furnace. The living room was small, but it had the same "museum" atmosphere as its counterpart back in the wilds of New Jersey. Vaguely resembling an old, ornamented vestibule to the Smithsonian Institution, it was finished in a plaster motif, with long sepia drapes ornately concealing the small, ripple-glass windows. There was some worn carpeting that still gave hint to the fine, exotic materials that had once glittered up at visitors, and every stick of furniture in sight was enveloped in faded slipcovers.

To my left was a piece of wood that was shaped like a camel.

"That piece over there was not *carved*," said Alma, resuming her role as tour guide. "Oh no, that is a root of a tree that has *grown* into that shape…Looks just like a camel. We found it on one of our expeditions."

I was amazed—I was also hot. I looked over to an ancient fan on top of a small bookcase. It was doing its level best to pump the sweltering air around the room, worsening the situation.

"Tell me, Alma, this entire apartment wouldn't happen to be a giant Japanese sweat box that Ivan picked up during the war, would it?"

"Oh no Richard, ha ha. Why don't you go in and meet the guests for the radio show. They're all in the bedroom."

"In the bedroom? Why is everyone in the bedroom?"

"Because that's where the *air conditioner* is, Richard," she said. Before Alma had finished her sentence, both my father and I dashed into an alcove-kitchen. I darted to the left—and ended up in the bathroom. My father on the other hand, went to the right and disappeared through a doorway. I passed back through the kitchen and did the same, running smack into air far colder than what a window air conditioner should be able to produce. If the living room was a furnace, this bedroom was a freezer. Four men were sitting on the bed, shivering. Alma came into the room and introduced them to us.

A man named Carlsen representing the company that imports Simrad was there, and so was a cheerful short fellow from the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the Department of the Interior. Dan Manning the photographer/newsman was there, and so was Michael R. Freedman, a member of the SITU Resident Staff and Governing Board who had finished up a four-year stint in the U.S. Naval Reserve as an electronics technician. Missing were Ivan and the former editor of *Science Digest*, Daniel Cohen.

After spending a few chilling minutes in the bedroom, it was suggested that we brave the fiery heat in the living room for a while, since Ivan would obviously be coming back shortly and we would be moving on to the restaurant. To this everyone complied, and I greedily made sure that I got a seat as close as possible to the fan. We all began to talk.

A short time later the front door burst open and in came Ivan, beaming and transfusing some life into whatever the topic of conversation was. I suppose you could have likened it to a subtle "grand entrance."

He was pleased to see that all of us had made it in time, mentioning in the same breath that Daniel Cohen would join us later at the studio.

"Have you brought me back the Heuvelmans book?" he asked.

"Right here Ivan," I replied, as I quickly thumbed through the few notes and other belongings that I had toted along with me on this venture. I found the book and handed it to him. "Thanks for letting me study the book. I could never even have thought about doing a talk show on sea monsters without 'brushing up.'"

"Anytime, Richard," said Ivan, in his best British accent.

Obviously, Ivan was doing some "brushing up" of his own, polishing his elocution in preparation for the long grind of having to maintain nearly two and a half hours of conversation with his guests on the air.

Have Indigestion, Will Travel

Looking at his watch, Ivan then advised that we should start down to the restaurant. With growing appetites, we all got up and began to evacuate the premises, spurred on by the promise of a free dinner, courtesy of Ivan.

"We're going to a *Greek* restaurant tonight!" bubbled Alma.

Famous last words, I thought. I normally like Greek cuisine, but I was having a premonition that this evening would be different. Indigestion lay ahead.

"I guess I should have brought along my alka-seltzer," I remarked, somewhat jokingly so as not to upset anyone's feelings. For some reason I expected the worst in the way of epicurean delights now, and I sure got them.

We all piled into the elevator. I am not at all certain whether anyone pushed a button or not, but the elevator car immediately began to fall back down to the ground floor. Once there, we passed through the still vacant lobby and strolled out into the street. It was night now, and this particular side-street to Hell's Kitchen was devoid of traffic. There were, however, two street gangs— each gang comprised of from ten to fifteen boys—on the street in back of us.

We did not linger to find out what was going to happen. Instead, we had a leisurely walk into the theatre district. I saw *Sardi's* in front of us, and I jumped to the conclusion that Ivan had changed his mind about his choice of dining establishments for the evening, which was a relief. He hadn't. We walked right past *Sardi's* and continued down a darkening street. Soon we came upon and entered a Greek restaurant that shall remain nameless. It was about as wide as a bus and twice as long, darkly lit—and full of people, smoke, and noise. On the far two walls were murals of supposedly impressionistic scenes depicting the buildings and people of ancient Greece. There were dark wooden tables covered with coarse white tablecloths and napkins, and walnut dividers could be seen randomly distributed throughout the single tunnel-like room that did not quite contain the cloudy mass of suppressed pandemonium within its four walls.

A waitress escorted our party to a long table at the rear of the restaurant. We all sat down and were given menus. No one could read them however, because the minute lights above us were pointed at the walls. Besides, the names of the foods were in Greek. Ivan, seated at one end of the table next to me, said, "Order *this*, it's *delicious*." He pointed to some name on the back of the menu.

"I guess I'll have the same," said my father.

"If they've got any steak in this place, I'll have some," said Mr. Rossoli, the man from the U.S. Government. My father and I, following Ivan's gourmet advice, allowed him to order for us the "delicious" dish.

I could hear music—Mikis Theodorakis' theme from *Zorba the Greek*. The tempo was beginning to build and I could see feet at neighboring tables start to hop. I gazed across the room to see a reel-to-reel tape recorder operating behind a large plastic bush. By the look of its large reels and slow tape speed, that machine could have played all day, non-stop, and probably did. In the meantime, Ivan was complaining that the first edition to his latest book would consist of a printing of *only* 50,000 copies! This was turning out to be quite an evening.

My merriment ended when the food was brought out. Mr. Rossoli dug right into his order, which was something that resembled a whole side of juicy beef. My father and I, on the other hand, each received a bowl of rice from our waitress. On top of this rice lay chicken livers. Covering that was some black gravy. That was it.

I could hear Rossoli praising the tenderness and flavor of his dinner, despite the fact that he was at the other end of the table. My father and I began to devour the allegedly delicious dish. Unspectacular flavor, but quite edible.

Ivan then began to order the drinks. He asked me what I wanted.

"But Ivan, you know I'm too young to drink."

"Oh, I see. When I was a boy in Scotland, *everybody* your age was drinking. Why, they were all practically alcoholics. How about a cigarette?"

"I don't smoke either."

"Oh?"

Just then my father jumped in with: "As a matter of fact, Mr. Sanderson, Richard has been trying to get me to quit smoking for some time now." Being a bit hard of hearing, he tended to speak loudly.

Ivan retreated at this remark: "All right, Mr. Grigonis, I believe you, you don't have to bark." Perhaps he was also overly sensitive on account of the upcoming show. After all, it was his third program of this new series. Perhaps in an effort to calm himself, the veteran of hundreds of past TV and radio broadcasts then proceeded to down seven glasses of seven different types of alcoholic beverages. (Actually, Ivan had eight drinks. As I learned later from one of his close associates, each member of the radio program who was having dinner with him every week found a glass of water set before him. Prior arrangements with the waiters ensured that Ivan's glass was continually filled with straight gin).

His fourth drink, Drambuie, was a little darker than the others, and so he began explaining to us its historical origins: "You see, back in the days of yore, somebody killed a goat that had eaten nothing but a certain kind of grass and took out its third stomach and put it in a log to ferment for six months and this was all done without sugar and..."

While Ivan rambled on with this rather lengthy history, I turned to Mike Freedman and Dan Manning, who were talking about a girl who could "feel" colors with her hands. I entered the conversation with: "I've heard that the girl you are talking about could perform the color tests with a blindfold, but not with an aluminum box over her head that made the test completely foolproof."

Freedman turned to me and said, "Perhaps the aluminum disrupted an electromagnetic influence that might have something to do with her power."

"Or," I quipped, "perhaps somebody's been peeking under the blindfold."

Ivan, finished with his near-Homeric story about the origins of his drink, now began to tell some stories about Greeks.

"Once Mike Freedman and I stayed at this hotel," began Ivan. "The place was full of these gentlemen who were in town for a convention of some sort. The whole building was full of tobacco smoke, and we couldn't get any of the windows to open. We finally got hold of the janator—a Greek—and he opened two of those damned things for us. A little later, the window in our room slid down and shut. We got it open again, and this time we propped it open with a Gideon Bible—there's one in every hotel room, you know. A few minutes passed, it now appearing that we had cleared all of the smoke from our room. Just then we heard the window slide shut. We ran over to it and looked out, seeing a very disgruntled policeman on the sidewalk below, along with his smashed officers' hat and the Bible, which was sitting there opened up to *Isaiah* or something. The policeman bent over the Bible and examined it carefully—I guess he thought that he was receiving a warning from Providence!"

It was now dessert time. "Order *this*, it's *delicious*," said Ivan, in a repeat performance of his now infamous line. I did—with similar consequences as before. My father wrangled out of ordering it by suddenly disappearing into the men's room.

I was soon brought a small plate on which lay a pile of old, soft graham crackers covered with some antediluvian honey. I took one bite and nearly spat it out—it tasted like moldy cardboard. I ordered a Coke. With it, I somehow managed to wash down a third of the stuff. I ordered another Coke—a large one. Another third of the dessert disappeared. I then prepared to order yet another Coke.

Alma, who had been eyeing me suspiciously during my torture session, said, "I wouldn't order another Coke if I were you, Richard. You can't fight sweetness with sweetness—it will make you sick."

I felt like telling her that if I didn't order another Coke, this cardboard-and-honey concoction would make me sick anyway. Still, not wanting to hurt anyone's feelings, I abstained from requesting the soft drink and instead drank an entire pitcher of icewater. Through the corner of my eye I could see Freedman staring incredulously at me. I put my glass down and said, "That certainly was the most delicious pitcher of water that I have ever tasted in my life. It's true what they say about New York tap water."

Freedman, sensing my distress, chuckled.

I looked at the remaining third of my dessert. I simply could not finish it. The waitress then came, gave Ivan the check, and started picking up the dishes. She spotted my dessert.

"You no like?" she asked.

"*Me no like*," I joked. My father had just reappeared.

It was 10:00 p.m. now, and Ivan wanted all of us to go back to the apartment for a while so that we could prepare for the show. We agreed, and our little party of seven once again ambled off into the darkness. Bounding the corner at Eighth Avenue, we saw the apartment building—and now three gangs of kids where there had been but two an hour before. Sensing danger, I wanted to get into Ivan's firetrap as soon as possible. When I neared the door, however, fate struck again.

"Just a second Rich," said Dan Manning. "I want to show you the bookstore across the street. They've got a lot of books on unexplained phenomena—there are even some of Ivan's books there."

"I don't think so," I said, keeping an eye on the gangs.

"Come on, it's just across the street over there," he urged, pointing to a building just in back off all three assemblages. Our party had just gone into the apartment and was waiting for the elevator.

Reluctantly, I agreed. We passed by one gang. Nothing happened. We passed by another gang. Still nothing happened. We approached the third gang. My knees were beginning to shake. Don't collapse now Richard, I thought, or they'll tear you to pieces and steal your dime. We passed the third gang. Nothing happened. I kept looking back, making sure that some enterprising individual was not attempting to sneak up on us from behind. They all just seemed to be ignoring us.

We finally crossed the street to the bookstore—"The Flying Saucer Bookstore." It was closed. Before turning around I heard Dan exclaim that Ivan's book, *More Things*, was displayed in the window, and quite prominently at that. Wonderful. I already had a copy of it, given to me personally by Ivan.

Now all we had to do was to squeeze by the same three parties, who were still kicking around in the middle of the street. I swept past them in a flash, leaving Dan to defend himself alone should trouble arise. I got to the front door of the apartment building in no time at all, but I waited at the threshold for Dan, since I was not sure what might be lurking inside.

We entered, all being quiet in the lobby as usual. Following another death-defying elevator ride to the fifth floor, we rejoined the rest of our group back at the apartment. Everyone was sitting around, chatting. I got talking to Ivan about a Lithic stone implement field in British Honduras (now called Belize) he had written about. He went into the bathroom for a moment and returned with one of the stone spearheads from that field. We then discussed such things as Thor Heyerdahl's sighting of a UFO near the Azores (Heyerdahl had launched his ship, *Ra II* and was sailing across the Atlantic from Morocco at the time, attempting to prove that prehistoric Egyptians could have sailed to the New World).

"You know," Ivan said, "Heyerdahl is a funny sort of fellow. He wrote of floating over this 'mass' of something in his book, *Kon-Tiki*. He said it probably was the 'ray of evil repute'—whatever that is— but then he contradicted himself by saying that it split into two parts which then swam around his raft. Well, after SITU pounced on this, he didn't talk about it much anymore. Now you tell me he's seen this flying saucer thing."

It had never occurred to me to observe Ivan's apparel for the evening. I had noticed earlier that his clothes were a little old yes; but now that I was closer to him I could see that he was barefooted besides, and he was wearing a peace medallion on a chain around his neck!

"Darling, why don't you change your shirt or something," said Alma.

Ivan answered definitively: "No."

Nonplussed, Alma did not press the matter further. Here was one of the small gestures of tolerance that had kept the couple in marital bliss for the past 36 years.

10:45 p.m. came and went. Show time was 11:30.

Into the Ether

The decision was made to head for the studio. Alma told us she would stay here at the apartment and listen to the show on the radio. The six of us then had another adventurous elevator ride to the ground floor, after which we again stepped out into the warm, noisy, New York night. Following a few minutes of walking, we cut across 42nd Street near the Allied Chemical Building (now called One Times Square), soon ending up in the lobby of the WOR Building. We all signed in, stepped into a sleek, brightly lit elevator, and a moment later we were on the seventh floor. The corridors, many of which were covered with sound-absorbing ceiling tiles, were so narrow that a man of large stature would have to pass through them turned sideways. After a few left and right turns, we found ourselves in a sound room where two men were twiddling dials and flicking switches. There was a large window where the actual studio itself could be seen, the one that normally occupied Barry Farber and his guests. As I mentioned previously, Farber was running for Congress against Bella Abzug at the time, so selected guests were hosting the show in his absence. Ivan was on every Thursday night for a scheduled 20 weeks.

Ivan swung a door open and we entered the studio down a carpeted ramp. The room was covered with acoustic panels (the kind with holes that you see on some old ceilings) and, consequently, there was not a window in the place, except for the one through which the two soundmen could send you messages in their own language of hand signs. There was a large clock ticking away beneath this window that read 11:15 p.m., and in front of me there stretched a long curved table with about seven chairs on the convex part for the guests, each facing the one chair on the other side (the concave part) that normally seated Barry. To the left of this lone chair was a panel on which there were about ten small dials. A chair had been conveniently provided in a corner for my father.

Sitting on a far chair at the table was a man in his late 20s or early 30s, in casual attire. I nudged Ivan and asked, "Who is that? Cohen?"

"Yes. That's Daniel Cohen. He used to bully me when I tried to write fortean articles for his magazine, and now that he's written a book on *sea monsters*—well, let's just say that I've got him right where I want him!"

"Oh."

"By the way, Richard," he went on, "the producer of this show is positively tickled pink to have you on—especially after what I told him about you."

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, let's just say that we're going to put one over on him. That's how I got you in here. Just wait until I introduce you, you'll see."

I was not sure what he had meant by that, but I would find out soon enough—it was air time. Meanwhile, 60 miles away, my poor English teacher friend, Mildred Hughes, was trying to gather some of WOR's 50,000 watts of power on her car radio. There she was out in the darkness, the time now 11:30 p.m., running the motor and radio just so she could record my voice on a cassette tape recorder, and probably having second thoughts about ever introducing me to that "eccentric guy past Blairstown." Seated next to her was her daughter and the family's pet racoon. Lightning storms in the distance were generating static in WOR-Radio's AM band, disrupting the quality of the recording.

Back in Farberland, we were all now seated, patiently waiting for the show to begin. One of the men behind the window made a gesture. Ivan made one back. Nothing was happening. A few tense, silent moments passed, then Ivan leaned over to his microphone and proceeded to launch the show. After introducing a number of guests, he came to me. All eyes in the room were now on me. They were finally going to discover why a 12-year old kid was appearing with them on national radio. The following then echoed throughout the ether:

"Then I have with me Mr. Richard Grigonis: G-r-i-g-o-n-i-s, who is a universalist. He also has his own radio show using tape like Walter McGraw does, for interviews. Mr. Grigonis is doing some extraordinary work in the educational field. He's a sort of neighbor of mine in Newton, New Jersey, with the schools around there. Richard Grigonis. I believe I'm right in saying that this next fall you're starting in the ninth grade?"

"Yes, the ninth grade," I replied

"The ninth grade," Ivan echoed with proper definitiveness, delivered with a straight face.

Ivan went on with the other introductions, none of which being as unusual as the one he had inflicted on me.

Though my credentials had been expanded considerably, I did not bring up the subject, preferring instead to savor the amazed look on everyone's faces. It has been so many years since the show that I do not remember the exact sequence of events that immediately followed, but I do remember that a soundman behind the window looked bemused for some reason when he heard my intro, and *everyone* on the panel (except for Ivan, who kept a straight face throughout) clandestinely stretched across the table to get a good look at me. No wonder the producer of the show was "tickled pink" to have me on this program!

What followed the introductions was one of the more exhausting shows in the history of radio broadcasting—well, it *seemed* that way. During a radio show one's attention is intensely focused on the subject at hand as you try to formulate a quick-witted remark or two in case the show's host suddenly decides to call upon you for a response.

But, this was a civilized show, unlike some of the firebrand broadcasts of today. No flaming comments here; aside from some amusing commentary, it was basically a long, drawn-out, erudite radio panel discussion on every reported aspect of these creatures that are said to lurk in the briny deep. Of course, no discussion on this subject would be complete without a short dissertation on that perennial favorite of freshwater monster enthusiasts, "Nessie" of Loch Ness. Ivan and Dan Cohen took care of that by dragging out all of the "classic" sightings of this lovable tourist attraction which usually confines its peregrinations to a 400-foot-thick layer of algae at the bottom of the loch, at least according to a number of sonar surveys and an RAF report.

At 1:00 a.m. I looked around the room to see my father sleeping on the chair in the corner. I hope he wasn't going to start snoring. Turning to my left, I could see Mike Freedman snoozing away at my end of the table. I myself had become tired, but I dare not drop off into slumberland right now, for this show was all *live*, except for some commercials that were taped and narrated by Barry Farber. Besides, I was about to deliver my own little proclamation on the subject:

"Up until now you've presented us with a pretty convincing argument for sea monsters being pinnipeds," I began. "However, there are a good many incidents which have taken place involving humps or a set of loops sticking out of the water and moving at great speed. This can only be attributed to the existence of some species of giant eel. Now, a ship called the *Dana* once caught an eel larva over five feet long. If this had been allowed to grow, the adult would have reached 150 feet in length, and you would have had yourself a 'sea monster'."

"Yes of course, Richard," Ivan replied. "*But* you must remember that the vertebrate of eels are such that they cannot undulate their bodies up-and-down as would be required for those reports. They can only undulate *sideways*."

"Well Ivan, *perhaps they swim on their side*," I said, rather foolhardily.

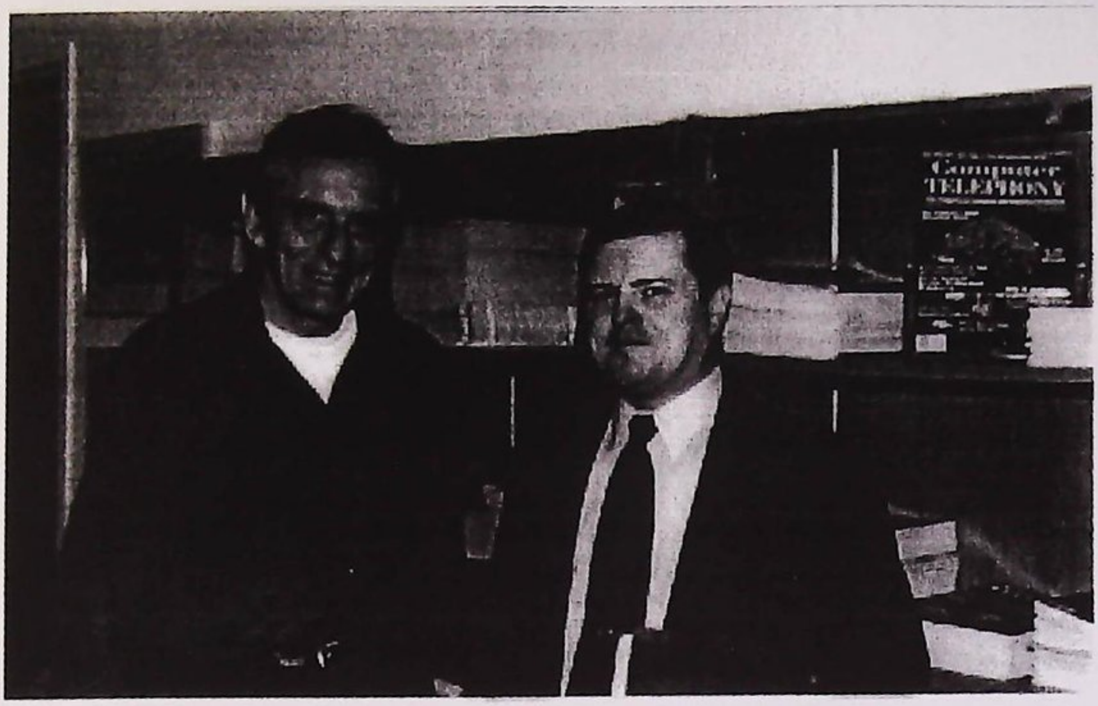
"Or perhaps the vertebrate of these big boys are different than common eels," said Ivan, accompanied with a faint smile, for that line had saved my whole argument. He then returned to his talk with John Carlsen, representing the company that imported the sonar device Simrad.

At first I expected a wild argument over whether the machine that had seen the monster off the coast of Alaska had been faulty, and if it had not been faulty then the monster must be real—a line of reasoning that any Fortean would use against a skeptic. What we got instead was a pleasant soliloquy from Mr. Carlsen admitting the possible, perhaps probable existence of sea monsters. Why? Well, he explained to us that shortly after Ivan's article on the Alaskan monster and its illustration of the echogram appeared in *Argosy*, scores of private individuals, companies, universities, etc., had all put in orders for Simrad equipment, each wanting to be the first on their block to have sighted a sea monster. The general upswing in business was amazing, said Mr. Carlsen. The formerly substantial cry of: "There ain't no such animal," had been instantaneously transformed into: "Sure there is, so why don't you buy one of our machines and find a monster of your very own!"

Shortly after 1:15 a.m. we again paused for a commercial. Someone came into the studio with a tray of pastries as a sort of early-early-morning snack. I tasted some of the tidbits.

"God is this stuff stale," I remarked. Everyone was chattering away like mad. Not a steady hum of dialogue but bits of spontaneous talk that crackled like popcorn in the making.

Suddenly a man behind the window made frenzied gestures. Ivan put his hands up to his head in astonishment and told us all to keep quiet for a second. Our mikes might have been inadvertently "left open," and our conversations could be intermingling with Barry Farber's commercial. If that were so, it would be the only high point of the evening. Sitting there, I visualized a great radio blooper: You hear Barry Farber's voice begging you to run right down to such and such a restaurant, and then you hear the voices of the supposedly satisfied customers, including my: "God is this stuff stale!"



Barry Farber and Richard Grigonis, 1996.

A few more gestures came from the control room, and Ivan reassured us that everything was all right after all, and we would be continuing with the show in a moment. So much for the evening's excitement.

Finally, at 2:00 a.m., the show came to an end. Even after all of this profound discussion, sea monsters remained an enigma. I walked over to Ivan to say so long.

"I'll be seeing you Ivan—and thanks for everything."

"Good-by, Richard, and good luck." His tired, limpid eyes were staring through me and he was forcing a big smile. As I turned away from this weary soul, I suddenly realized that Ivan had put on a remarkable performance. He had talked for hours using no notes whatsoever, and with a considerable amount of alcohol in him besides. How could he have kept up this pace for his entire life?

My father and I then departed the studio, took the elevator down to the ground floor, signed out of the building, and walked down 42nd Street back to the Port Authority Building, which was an experience itself in those days, especially at that hour of the morning. At the back of the terminal we found our now-familiar aquaintance, the drunk, who was blocking the elevator entrances on the ground floor. We had to nudge him out of the way to gain access to the elevator, which soon took us up to our car on the roof. We then drove out of New York, and somehow made a wrong turn, and were lost for three hours. After a series of misadventures on New Jersey's overly complicated highway system, we made it back home. It was 6:00 a.m. now, and dawn was filtering through the trees. I collapsed onto my bed.

Ivan continued hosting the Barry Farber show for the scheduled 20 weeks. Farber lost the election, tried running for office of Mayor of New York in 1977 but was again defeated.

At the end of the show's run, Ivan's apartment was stripped of its office equipment, books, and furnishings of great intrinsic value, which were then transferred to the Annex Building at SITU Headquarters. After Ivan's death in 1973, Ivan's friend Roy Pinney, the photographer and "father of herpetology," moved into the apartment at the Whitby with his own collection of lizards and strange creatures. A few years ago, Pinney, now in his 90s, turned the apartment over to his nephew, and moved into a Park Avenue pad with his wife.

In 1996 Yours Truly finally had occasion to meet Barry Farber. I had lunch with him at a restaurant on 21st street near the Flatiron Building in Manhattan and we traded stories about Ivan Sanderson.

"I started my radio broadcasting career in 1960," he began, "Just before that, I read an autobiography of radio commentator and journalist Mary Margaret McBride. In it she wrote that Ivan Sanderson 'was the most fascinating guest she had had on her show in 20 years.' Naturally, I was determined that one of my first guests as a radio host was going to be Ivan Sanderson."

"Did you ever visit him?" I asked.

"Yes, I made the trek to New Jersey," replied Farber. "When you walked into his home, there was a line of people sitting outside a room, waiting to see him. It was like in the days of ancient Rome, when a long line of people would wait in the foyer of a great man's home, seeking an audience. They all had strange objects or animals or ideas to discuss with Ivan, all of them seeking notoriety, money for research, or just some kind of recognition. One fellow did nothing but collect reports of strange coincidences. He said he had invented a sort of Richter scale of coincidence, called the K factor. The stranger the coincidence, the higher the K number. I believe he had self-published a book on the subject, called '*K, the Power of Coincidence*,' or something like that."

We both laughed. I still keep in touch with Barry, who can now be heard as much over the Internet as on radio.

In 2002, a radio industry publication, *Talkers magazine*, ranked Barry Farber the 9th greatest radio talk show host of all time.

Why Me?

A casual observer of my brief radio career might wonder why Ivan Sanderson went through all the trouble of getting me on the air. Generally, when a student interviews a celebrity, the only dramatic effect is an intense urge by said celebrity to conclude the interview as quickly as possible and go back to airing his or her personal problems in the pages of tabloids. Why the special treatment in my case? I think perhaps a story Ivan told us that evening explains everything.

E. A. Wallis Budge

When Ivan was a boy, he was wandering around the exhibits of Egyptian artifacts at the British Museum, pen and paper in hand, attempting to compile a complete list of the Egyptian pharaohs.

An old man patiently watched him for a while, then came over to him and asked what he was doing. Ivan explained his mission.

The old man said, "I work here. Come with me, I'll show you our collection." And indeed he did, spending more than three hours showing young Ivan the museum's immense, glorious collection of Egyptian artifacts that the public rarely if ever gets to see. While walking along with him, he also introduced Ivan to various people working there. When this extraordinary personal tour ended, Ivan thanked the mystery man and asked him his name.

"Oh, I'm Wallis Budge," he said.

It was Sir Ernest Alfred Thompson Wallis Budge (July 27, 1857 – November 23, 1934) a great Egyptologist, Orientalist, and philologist who worked for the British Museum and published many works on the ancient Near East. His translation of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* greatly influenced the works of William Butler Yeats and James Joyce. Despite improvements in Egyptian language translation over the years, many of his works are still in print.

"It was as if he recognized something in me," said Ivan, "and on the off-hand chance that I could possibly grow up to be a great Egyptologist too, he spent the time introducing me to all the wonders the field had to offer."

Well, Yours Truly can't say that he ever made any advances in the fields studied by Ivan Sanderson, but in retrospect it is gratifying to see that, in a world of greed, backstabbing and all-around exploitation, immensely generous souls such as Wallis Budge and Ivan Sanderson continue to pop up now and then in history to pass on the torch.

And so now, decades later, I repay Ivan with this online tribute, one that may rekindle the general public's interest in this most remarkable, nearly forgotten individual.

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Ivan T. Sanderson — Chapter 13 — Downfall

Died: SITU Headquarters; 19 February, 1973

At the old "Mansion House" (actually just a reasonably large old farmhouse dating from the 1600s) Ivan set out some some house rules for him and his live-in staff. First of all, the kitchen had to be kept spotless—something he had done since his days aboard his schooner in the Caribbean. The "strictest" rule was, no one ever talked until they had their first cup of Tetley tea in the morning. Alma was a late riser and always cheerful. Right after breakfast, Ivan and Sabina would pour themselves their first drinks (Ivan liked Ron Rico Light rum and water) and headed for the office, where their desks faced each other.

As Resident Staff member Richard T. Grybos recalls, "Depending on the way the day had been, sometimes after dinner we'd retire to a back room, and Ivan had a collection of LPs he'd play. He liked to play things like Richard Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" from his opera *Die Walkure* and a three-record African anthology of music—I remember one evening he and Alma did a little dance liked they used to do professionally in the old days, and I still remember the look of love in their eyes. Ivan also liked to listen to the comedian Bob Newhart, such as the album, *The Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart*, the comedian Victor Borge, and the lesser-known comic Johnny Standley." Standley was a musician and comedian from Oklahoma who in 1952 sold more than a million copies of his only "hit" record, *It's in the Book*, which was a song that included a parody / imitation of a country preacher, recorded at a live performance with the accompaniment of "Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights."

Ivan Sanderson was an exceedingly generous fellow. From the 1950s until 1972, the Sanderson Estate (or "the Farm" as everyone living there called it) was a rendevous for the famous, the near-famous, the non-famous, and even the entirely nondescript locals. International personages and renegade thinkers such as Charles Hapgood, father of the "earth crust displacement" theory, wandered about the grounds, freely intermingling with SITU scientists, members, and personal friends of Ivan's who may have casually dropped in from neighboring farms, or who may have just flown in from some other continent. Ivan would wine, dine, and entertain these people. He would even gladly put them up for the night—the 11 room, inappropriately-named "Mansion house" alone was equipped with about 10 guest beds—so it was only natural for such visitors to flock to SITU Headquarters in droves, sustaining Sanderson-fueled parties that could last for a period of about three days and nights, occasionally four or more.

When a number of guests became exhausted from the partying (or when somebody could be found to take them home), a new batch of acquaintances would arrive for a three or four day stay.

Whether they had come from the other side of New Jersey or the other side of the world did not matter; a good time was assured for all through the courtesy of Ivan's massive and somewhat overblown hospitality. Indeed, there were never less than five people inhabiting the Estate at any one time.

During the good times, visiting the Sanderson Estate could be very enjoyable experience indeed. One member dug a pit out in back of the Mansion house, lined it with rocks and proceeded to roast an entire pig. "It was so succulent and delicious," said one dinner guest, Allen V. Noe, "you could eat the meat, all of the fat, and maybe even the bones!"

This was one of the reasons why the Foundation, and later the Society was slow in becoming established. Ivan's penchant for engendering near-perpetual merry-making could interfere a bit with the serious planning of Society objectives.

While visiting SITU shortly after Ivan's death, a girl who was a hired bottle and dishwasher at his home mused to me that "a Board Meeting" of the Society usually consisted of a bunch of people driving up in flashy cars, who then got out and walked up to the Annex building, where they would sit around with Ivan and quibble over minor financial and operational aspects of the organization, such as who was going to install a new floor in the Annex. (In fact, most of the maintanence around SITU Headquarters that required any physical effort was usually carried out by Ivan and a few close associates and staff members upon whom he could depend.) At noon there would be a short recess in the meeting, and the now famished multitude would swarm out of the Annex, besieging the Mansion house kitchen for edibles, while at the same time breaking open a keg of something in the way of liquid refreshment. After the assemblage had mellowed a bit, Sanderson's home-grown bar and grill would close operations and the throng herded back up to the Annex, where the final session of the meeting would begin.

Most SITU meetings were completed just prior to the dinner hour, at which time the group would despatch what remained of the foodstuffs and *spiritus frumenti*.

After dinner, clusters of people, seeking entertainment, would fiddle about with Ivan's valuable record collection and phonograph (Ivan liked the Romantic composers, particularly Richard Wagner, as well as comedy records), lounge on his fabulous hand-carved furniture from Asia and wander about the property. In the summer months some SITU members often ended up in the swimming pond.

One can only wonder how Ivan found the time to write. Interestingly one of Ivan's best-known books of the late 1960s was entitled *Uninvited Visitors*—a "Freudian slip," perhaps?

Friends said that in 1969 his hair suddenly turned completely gray (perhaps he just stopped coloring it).

Even more disturbing was that, round about 1970, the publishing business took a turn for the worse, in concert with the plummeting Dow-Jones average. Ivan's fortunes declined precipitously.

Ivan was still averaging about one radio and TV appearance per week. "Beeper" radio shows—that is, programs done by inquiring reporters over the phone --would come in from time to time. One beeper show from Chicago brought in 1000 inquiries for more information on SITU and its activities. He also appeared on television shows such as *A.M. New York*, and *The Dick Cavett Show*.

Ivan achieved a dynamic renaissance in popularity by re-entering the limelight through television. Not with elephants, bats, or snakes this time, mind you. Ivan's new onslaught into the world of mass media was made up almost entirely of flaunting forteana before the masses. Radio was splendidly informal and generally easy-going, but Ivan felt it could not bring in an audience of the monumental proportions Ivan desired. However, a "beeper" show from Chicago—meaning a show that is conducted over the phone—brought in 1000 enquiries for more information on SITU and its activities. Ironically, Ivan discovered that he got the greatest response from the public when he appeared on late night radio talk shows, such as the Barry Farber show. Thus, long before the rise of radio personalities Art Bell or George Nouri, Ivan had accidentally discovered a demographic of people who loved to listen to tales about unexplained phenomena in wee hours of the morning.

For his TV shows Ivan was equipped with one of his famous travelling exhibits. The routine was as follows. Ivan would join the TV host onstage, carrying one or more gold suitcases with him. Each case contained a series of smaller boxes, also sprayed a lustrous gold. The bewildered host was then asked to pick out a box from which Ivan would remove and display a small tangible unexplained item, such as a rock that rings when it is struck by a hammer, an item found in a field in Pennsylvania. Now having throughly mesmerized the host, audience, directors, producers, cameramen, and viewers with the contents of a single container, Ivan would now ask for the host or someone else onstage to pick another box to be opened. Since there were so many boxes in the cases, and considering the overriding factor of human curiosity when it comes to anything unknown or mysterious, Ivan and his traveling exhibit would stick around for two or three segments of the show while all concerned played the game of "Pick Your Box." This game went on until their curiosity was satisfied by opening up all of the boxes, or else they would run out of air time, in which case Ivan would be called back to mystify another show.

Problem was, many people got the impression that a great museum of some sort could be found tucked away somewhere on at SITU headquarters. This of course was not true, though the many items that comprise each travelling exhibit were all carefully labeled, bottled, catalogued, and stored away in the Annex, waiting for such a building to be constructed. It never was built.

The Bermuda Triangle and Sanderson's "Vile Vortices"

Nearly all of Ivan's last network TV appearances in the early 1970s were spearheaded with a discussion of the favorite weird topic of that era, the so-called Bermuda Triangle. The public loved to hear of it, for there was mystery (ships and airplanes have disappeared in this area off of Florida without a trace, taking along a total of more than 1000 people), terror (no rational explanation can account for all of the disappearances—though quite a few were explained by Lawrence David Kusche (born 1940) in his 1975 book, *The Bermuda Triangle Mystery - Solved*), and suspense (it could happen again to any one of the many aircraft and pleasure boats which cross its wide perimeter daily). Ironically, the author of the most famous book on the Bermuda Triangle, Charles Berlitz, had gotten his material by visiting SITU and going through the files. This was just another example of how Ivan, his stories, his files and SITU's journal, *Pursuit*, attracted and helped a number of publicity-minded fortean luminaries of the era: The "little gold model airplanes" from ancient South America ended up in Erich Von Daniken's books, for example. And as long ago as the 1950s, a sign painter at Ivan Sanderson's Jungle Zoo in the early 1950s (who hung around Ivan and his associates to an almost irritating degree, as recalled by zoo assistant Eddie Schoenenberger) was none other than Howard Menger (February 17, 1922 – February 25, 2009) who would soon beecome famous as an American Contactee, claiming to have met extraterrestrials throughout his life, recounted in books he published such as *From Outer Space To You* and*The High Bridge Incident*.

Ivan would then haul out his carefully drawn maps and charts and dazzle the public with his presentations of the subject. As far as he was concerned, the "Bermuda Triangle" was a misnomer—it wasn't a triangular area, nor did it have much to do with Bermuda. After charting the mysterious disappearances of aircraft and ships on a map of the world along with the locations of reported strange sea and sky phenomena, mechanical and instrument malfunctions, and mysterious disappearances, he came to the conclusion that there were 10 such areas precisely distributed around the earth—five in the northern himisphere, and all centered some 72-degrees apart longitudinally; and five others similarly apart in the southern hemisphere, but all shifted about 20 degrees to the east. Next, the location of these 10 anomalous areas was plotted, and corrrelations were found only with surface ocean currents. However, both military and commercal pilots began to supply Ivan and SITU with data indicating that in, or immediately around, these ten areas there appeared to be evidence of "time anomalies." These were cases of aircraft, for example, that arrived at their destinations either "much too soon" or "much too late" according to its instruments on the one hand, and by ground records on the other.

He even talked about it with an old friend from his CBS days, Arthur Godfrey, on *The Dick Cavett Show*, on a March 16, 1971 broadcast. Ivan described what happened in the April 1971 issue of *Pursuit*:

Then something else connected with this wretched buisness has cropped up. this came up after a TV show—Dick Cavett of ABC—broadcast on the 16th of March, on which our Director was to debate this whole business with Arthur Godfrey. On two previous occasions Arthur had told Dick, and his audience, that he would be willing to do so but, in his good old style, referred to it as being "a lot of bloody nonsense" or words to that effect. Arthur Godfrey has been just about the loudest front for aviation during the thirty years he has been on radio and television, but he certainly slammed down the

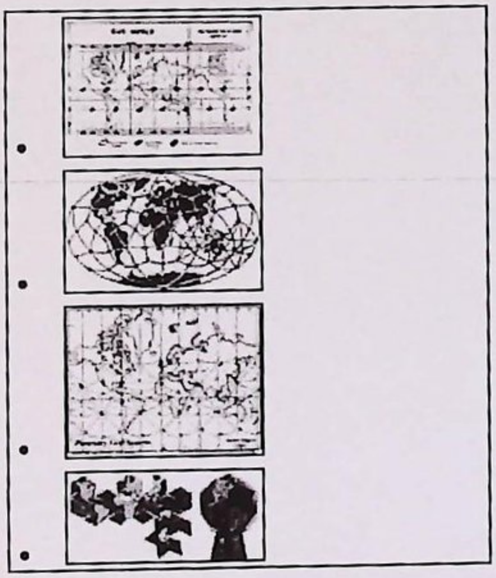
SST *[Boeing's Supersonic Transport for passenger service that was never flown]* that evening, and everybody expected him to let the poor old "Bermuda Triangle" have it just as forcefully. But to everybody's amazement, he not only treated the matter with the utmost conscientiousness and a sympathy, but went further to give three flat statements confirming this mystery from his own personal experiences. Also, at the end of the show, in reply to a query from Dick Cavett as to whether he felt the matter warranted proper scientific investigation, he replied—directly into camera—with a flat "Yes".

The three cases that Arthur related on the air were demonstrated on a small globe we had provided on which the (then) ten known areas of anomaly were clearly marked. The first was of the instant and complete disappearance of a great plane, called simply "The Mars", northeast of the Hawaiian Islands. Arthur told us that he was to have been on this fligth but missed it and so watched its departure on radar. Snapping his fingers at camera he said: "The darned thing just went 'puiff', and they never found a trade of it". His second personal experience was when he was on his round-the-world flight in a two-engined jet, and started to fly across the infamous "Devil's Sea" north of the Bonin Isalnds in the west Pacific. He told us that this time they lost radio contact and all other instrument contact with the 'outside' world for an hour and a half, and with only four hours of gas to go. Arthur stuck his finger on that blob on our globe and said simply: "And that's not nice, I'm telling you".

His third case was even less expected. Arthur asked for the globe again and, turning to Dick, he outlined the Bermuda blog and poionted out that the east coast of North America really leans way over till it almost points south. He told us that he and other experienced fliers en route from New York to Florida usually cut across the ocean, so saving a hundred miles or so, but he then volunteered the information that whenever he did so he kept an awfully wary eye on his instruments! And that is just what other pilots have told us, including Bob Durant, who used almost the same words on Barry Farber's radio show.

This information and confirmation give us by Arthur Godfrey set off ja sort of chain reaction among scientists and engineers. And it was one of the latter fraternity who came to us the very next day with an observation that has necessitated our dropping just about everything else. His suggestion: simply that the earth is a gigantic static electrical machine having not just five dipoles—represented by the ten lozenges, "triangles", vortices, or whatever you want to call them—but six; the sixth pair represented by the north and sorth magnetic poles. ["Current Pursuits." *Pursuit.* April 1971, 4:2. 48-49.]

Today, Ivan Sanderson is known for this theory of the "Vile Vortices" almost as much as he is for his investigations in the world of cryptozoology. His diagram of 12 "vile vortices" appeared in the April 1971 issue of SITU's journal, *Pursuit.* Sanderson then published the article, *"The Twelve Devil's Graveyards Around the World"* for a 1972 issue of *Saga* magazine. (Reprinted in Nelson, Nicholas R. *Paradox.* Ardmore, Pennsylvania: Nicholas R. Nelson, Dorrance & Co. 1980.) This article caused a sensation and led to a 1973 article by three Soviet researchers (Nikolai Goncharov, Vyacheslav Morochov, and Valery Makarov) entitled "Is the Earth a Large Crystal?" published in *Khimiya i Zhizn'* (*Chemistry and Life*), the popular science journal of the USSR Academy of Sciences. Historian Nikolai Goncharov, construction engineer Vyacheslav Morozov and electronics specialist Valery Makarov together noted that the 12 locations of Sanderson's "vortices" in 3D space correspond to a platonic solid known as a dodecahedron. They mapped out a geometric grid pattern spaning the globe, speculating that the edges of this pattern were in fact the lattice edges of some kind of great crystal structure within the earth. This imagined planetary crystal is described as an icosahedron (made up of 20 equalateral triangles), interconnected with a dedecahedron, composed of 12 pentagons (much like a soccer ball). This was nicknamed "icosa-dodeca". The points and vertices of this pattern imposed on the earth's surface followed many seismic fracture zones, ocean ridges, migratory animal paths, areas of atmospheric highs and lows, and areas of gravitational anomalies.



The 1973 Russian article was in turn followed by author Christopher Bird's article entitled "Planetary Grid" (*New Age Journal* #5. May 1975. 36-41.)

Then, in 1983, the husband-and-wife team of William Becker and Bethe Hagens devised their own planetary grid, based on all previous research as well as some of the ideas found in R. Buckminster Fuller's "Dymaxion Map" of 1944. Becker was a Professor of Industrial Design at the University of Illinois, Chicago; Bethe Hagens was a Professor of Anthropology at Governors State University. The wrote: "We propose that the planetary grid map outlined by the Russian team Goncharov, Morozov and Makarov is essentially correct... The Russian map, however, lacks completeness, in our opinion, which can be accomplished by the overlaying of a complex, icosahedrally-derived, spherical polyhedron developed by R. Buckminster Fuller. In his book *Synergetics 2*, he called it the "Composite of Primary and Secondary Icosahedron Great Circle Sets." We have shortened that to Unified Vector Geometry (UVG) 120 spheres. We use the number 120 due to its easy comprehension as a spherical polyhedron with 120 identical triangles - all approximately 30, 60 and 90 in composition."

Thus, by the early 1970s he had become the Grand Old Man of forteana, a kind of Lowell Thomas of the unexplained.

Amazingly, after surviving the "Bozo the Iceman" episode and battling scientists for so long in the past, Ivan was overjoyed to receive a growing number of requests from "name" scientists about SITU and forteana. Perhaps they were just curious. Or perhaps all of Ivan's "hammering" had finally paid off. An unprecedented amount of money was beginning to flow into the Society, as SITU continued to grow. Ivan was even breaking his once-a-week TV and radio appearance schedule record.

Then, seemingly at the height of his career, Ivan and Alma were both wiped out by uncontrollable forces of fate.

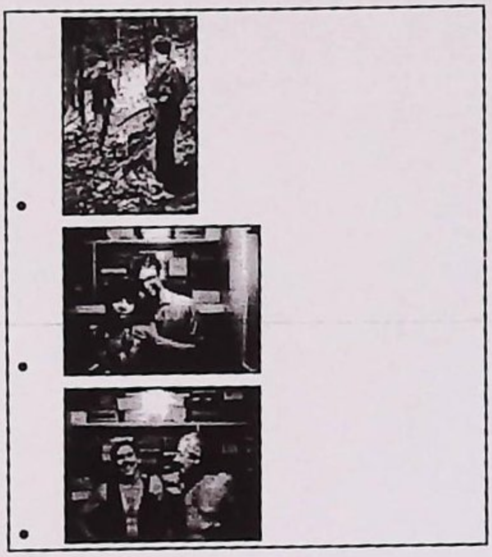
1971: The Decline of Ivan and Alma

At some point during 1970 a check-up disclosed that over two-thirds of Alma's left lung was cancerous. The medical opinion advised her to stay in the hospital until "the end." Alma told the doctors to go to hell, stormed out of the hospital and went home. Amazingly, there was a remission of her stigma for a time. Alma, who had survived a number of other so-called "fatal" diseases before, simply went on with her business. One day in April of 1971 she discovered that it was becoming impossible to keep the financial accounts of the Society in order—something was interfering with he concentration. A check-up indicated that she was now afflicted with cancer of the brain, an outgrowth of her dormant lung problem. She was hospitalized at the end of April and had to give up all of her duties handling SITU's financial and legal affairs.

Around this time Ivan asked former Resident Staff member Richard T. Grybos—who had recently resigned from the CIA—to return to SITU headquarters to help out because Alma was ill.

As Grybos told me in 2009, "I remember taking Ivan to the hospital to visit her. At one point Ivan left the room and Alma and I talked. I remember her looking out the window from her hospital bed and asking me if I could see 'the castle in the distance'. Well, as hard as I looked, there was nothing out there except the grounds of the hospital. She did temporarily did get better and returned home. I want to say that she may have received some type of treatment—such as radiation—before coming home, but my memory there is vague. After Alma came home, I left SITU for the last time, in June 1971."

Ivan wrote that Alma's initial condition was so bad that she "ought' to have died in June 1971, "but instead made a remarkable recovery which we all hoped would prove to be a cure." Alma came home before the end of June (literally days before Ivan himself discovered that he was seriously ill), and, since she seemed to be recovering, Richard T. Grybos felt there was no reason for him to stay on to help out any longer. Having commitments back home in Chicago, he left. (On the night before Grybos' departure from SITU, a photo was taken of him and Ivan for old times' sake, and, with film still in the camera, another photo was taken of "the returned Alma" and Resident Staff member, Michael R. Freedman. These are reproduced in the photo deck below.)



Indeed, the following month, Alma sent a note to Grybos: "About me—I'm fine except that I am impatient to be doing things but the orders are to rest, rest, rest. So I try, with the aid of various calming & sleeping potions." **[Sanderson, Alma V. *Letter to Richard T. Grybos.* 20 July 1971.]**

Another check-up in mid-December, however, indicated that "the cancer in her brain had been knocked down but not out," as Ivan later wrote in SITU's journal, *Pursuit.* Alma was readmitted to the hospital on Wednesday, 29 December 1971. She never returned.

Ironically, 1971 was quite a big year for the Society. SITU was now fully approved by the Internal Revenue Service as a tax-exempt, non-profit Society. Thus, Ivan's monied friends and members could now donate their excess cash for tax-deductions.

Another big event in 1971 was that membership card #1000 (an honorary membership) was bestowed—with a minimum of fanfare, unfortunately—to the printer of SITU's journal *Pursuit*, Rog Hicks and family. Passing a membership figure of 1000 was in a way dangerous for SITU, especially when manpower for disseminating clippings, entertaining visitors and members, and performing various monotonous and at times seemingly useless duties were taken into account. Take membership alone as an example: Sixteen singular paperwork operations were required for the implantation of each new member into the membership roll. This is was done for the record, for efficiency in operations, and also in compliance to the Federal and State laws governing non-profit organizations. It was particularly complicated to do this while Alma, who normally shouldered some of the work, was sick in bed at home, her strength weakening.

Things could have been worse. Regrettably, within a short time they were.

In May, 1971, a mere month after Alma was first hospitalized, Ivan found a lump growing on the side of his head. It soon caused him terrific pain, right at the same time that he had to do a TV show. He struggled through the long program, smiling away and trying to be his usual affable self. Immediately thereafter he was rushed to the hospital, and he was operated on at once. The tumor had been malignant. What was worse, it had penetrated Ivan's skull, which required lengthy and very exacting radiation treatments. A few weeks later the doctors found the main source of cancer in his right shoulder, second rib down. This would have to be operated on. More tests and examinations revealed polyps in his intestine, and a section of Ivan's intestine had to come out too. Thus, as Ivan wrote in the October 1971 *Pursuit*...

> **In late June... I learned that I had to undergo three major operations (with a possible fourth one upcoming), from the last of which I returned home for convalescence on yesterday (the 4th September). As a result of all of this, I have been able to write almost nothing by way of contribution to PURSUIT for this issue. In a way this is, perhaps, just as well, since I had already expressed to the Board, starting with the mid-year meeting of last year, my intention to gradually disassociate myself from this aspect of our endeavor. I had felt that the organization should and by now could stand on its own feet. [Sanderson, Ivan. A Letter from Our Director. *Pursuit*. October 1971. 4:4 pp. 98-99.]**

Meanwhile, Alma had to have an operation to partially alleviate her suffering, followed by some radiation treatments of her own.

While Ivan and Alma went into the hospital for their respective series of major operations, a number of staff members were called away or got sick, the result being that poor Marion Fawcett was left alone to run things at SITU headquarters. She somehow managed to get out an entire issue of *Pursuit* singlehanded, writing portions of it, editing articles submitted from members and incorporating them into the final copy, which she duly pasted up and sent off to the printers. Marion was an absolute prisoner to her work, for she was stranded at Headquarters without means for escape—you see, she has never owned a driver's license. (Indeed, Ivan claimed in the October 1971 issue that Sabina "has been almost wholly responsible for the last four issues of PURSUIT, even to writing almost all of their texts except for those columns or items signed by others." [p. 99.])

Ivan's Suspicions of Foul Play

Ivan, having been a British spy doing counterintelligence against the Germans in World War II, was suspicious that he and Alma had been struck with cancer nearly simultaneously, and that both had developed brain or intracranial tumors—normally a rare condition (today it afflicts15 to 20 cases per 100,000 people, with about 13,000 people dying of it each year). Just prior to Ivan discovering the tumor that was essentially in his left ear, something strange occurred, as recounted by Adolph Heuer, Jr. and Eddie Schoenenberger. Ivan had a speakerphone with a loudspeaker hanging on the wall to the left of his desk in SITU's main office. For a day or so he became uncomfortable, claiming that something was "wrong" with the speaker and it was somehow "bothering" him. He had the device taken off the wall. Later, he discovered the tumor on the left side of his head, which led to a hunt for cancer elsewhere. The doctors thought that, as in many such cases, the cancer had started in his abdomen and spread to the torso and head, so it would seem that Ivan at that point somehow subconsciously knew that something was wrong, but was psychologically "projecting" the cause of his subtle discomfort to the device off to his left side. Strange circumstances none the less—so much so that Ivan confided to Adolph, Eddie and others his fear that he and Alma had been "targeted" by somebody, perhaps an enemy he had made during World War II, or perhaps someone who didn't like his investigations into some of the more outrageous technological areas (e.g. SITU's Standing Committee investigating "Brain Control" during what would later be known as the MKULTRA era of such research).

Ivan Prepares for the Worst

During Ivan's hospital stay in 1971, a friend by the name of Jim Murray substituted for him on radio, TV, and the lecture circuit.

When Ivan returned home from the hospital on September 4th, his attitude was: "There' s so much to do I haven't time to be bothered about cancer." Still, he had gone so far as to allow the doctors to experiment on him with various techniques, some newly developed. Ivan had become a sort of human guinea pig—a voluntary one, it should be emphasized.

It was also in September 1971 that Fred Allsop miraculously "came home" for the fifth time and, apart from the paperwork, he kept everything well in hand during Ivan's long convalescence. Soon Ivan was up and around, feeling his old self and on the road to recovery. He now became determined to write his autobiography. He set up four different outlines in an attempt to tackle the project, but he was confused as to how the finished product would take form. As a result, he never even got into a first draft. The book, *Green Silence*, about his early travels, was ultimately finished by Sabina, whose writing style matched Ivan's perfectly.

Not wanting to take any chances, Ivan resigned his role as Administrative Director. Indeed, both Sandersons had severed all ties with the Society on account of their health, and they could have easily "retired." Ivan instead wanted to press on as an outsider, so that a recurrence of his illness would not drastically affect the workings of SITU. At the beginning of 1972 he had half a dozen articles and three books in the works (one of them being his autobiography) and he lined up a large number of TV and radio appearances. After administrating all scientific doings at Headquarters for the years 1965-1971, he could now get back to original research (or "search," as he called it) and start work on the vast files.

The files themselves had been a cause for worry, for they were stored in the Mansion house, a highly combustible wooden frame structure built in the 1600s. In order to protect this collection of unique material, the projection room of the Annex (a fire-resistant concrete building) was removed, and the files moved in. These files consisted of 250 two-and-a-half inch ring-binders that took up 50 feet of shelving. They contained original reports from members on forteana, along with clippings from periodicals that were mailed in. About 25 of these were received at SITU headquarters every day.

This amassment of unique material grew to the point where "The Files" as became "rather extraordinary," according to Sabina's former boss, Dr. Whitfield J. Bell, Jr., Librarian of the American Philosophical Society (APS), who visited Headquarters in October of 1971. Bell had just set up a fortean section to the APS Library, a library that is in certain ways just as impressive as the library of Congress. In the event of SITU's demise, the entirety of its library, files, and "physical specimens" (objects that were destined for exhibits in a never-built museum) were to be absorbed by the APS, which is the oldest scientific society in the United States, having been founded by Benjamin Franklin and others as a discussion group in 1743, as an offshoot of Franklin's earlier club, the Junto.

In 1972, a series of disasters took place from which Ivan did not.bounce back with his past vigor. First, Alma died of cancer of the brain. When we last looked at Alma, she had been readmitted to the hospital on 19 December 1971. In a letter to Rich Grybos dated 4 January 1972, Marion (Sabina) writes as follows, "I have only sad news to bring—Alma was readmitted to the hospital last Wednesday, having gone into a rapid decline, and this time after she apparently won her battle against cancer. She seemed to recognize Ivan yesterday, but at 3 this afternoon the nurses reported that she seems to be in a deep coma, and her doctors have all said it is only a matter of time now—perhaps days, even hours."

Three days later, on 7 January 1972, Marion (Sabina) writes, "Nothing really new on Alma, but it is definitely now a matter of days, possibly hours. Her mind is completely gone and she is in no pain. That's the best that can be said, and we hope the end will come soon." It did. Alma died on Tuesday, 18 January 1972.

Ivan's Tribute to Alma V. Sanderson

When Alma Sanderson died, Ivan wrote a moving tribute to her that was apparently published in the small local newspaper, the Blairstown Express, to be seen by Sandersons' neighbors in Warren County, New Jersey. Former Resident Staff member Rich Grybos dug up a copy out of his archives and I herein reproduce it as follows...

SO WELL REMEMBERED

To use a traditional and rather aggravating phrase "my beloved wife", Alma'a Vioreta (nee: Guillaume de Veil) was vouchsafed the chance to "enter the long sleep" as she called it, Tuesday in the Monroe County General Hospital. And she wished me to express her thanks to Dr. Claus Jordan and his bunch of "saints" down to the youngest "candy girl" for all they did for her since she went down with this damnable, sneaky cancer last April. From long experience I am prepared to state that there is not a finer hospital or a more competent and sympathetic group of medical people than there is there. (If only we could dig it up and transport it to Warren County in our State).

My wife came from even farther away than I did, and when we were married, nigh on forty years ago, I would imagine that Warren would be just about the last place she would have guessed that she would end up in. But, from the moment she came here after having traveled all over the world and having had homes in twenty countries, including a floating one in the form of our schooner in the Caribbean, a sort of peace came over her. The beauty of our area appealed to her of course, but she constantly repeated that it was you people, the residents, which she most appreciated. A couple of years after we came here, somebody jokingly repeated to her what he had overheard in the old Blairstown Hotel. (That gave her more pleasure than anything, and she constantly repeated it). Apparently somebody mentioned to somebody else that those "crazy furriners" at least "live country style". I would like to endorse my wife's sentiments on this.

Just one more thing. Despite her outgoing ebullience, my wife was modest to the point of introversion. She was trained as a medical entomologist at Grenoble University in France and was the discoverer of the mosquito vector (carrier) of the deadly cerebral malaria that hit our American troops like a hatchet when they first moved into Central America and West Africa at the beginning of World War II (This insect had the singly inappropriate name of *Anopheles darlingi*). The malarial strain it carried killed in 24 hours.

Another little accomplishment that she did not talk about was that she took over my command on behalf of all the allies for counter espionage (and anti-submarine warfare) for the whole western

Caribbean when I was rushed to the Orient: and she carried it for almost a year. We were both in British Naval Intelligence from 1934, but came under the U.S. command a year after Pearl Harbor. When I finally got awake one morning and staggered downstairs at our headquarters—and we had been up all night decoding, I found her entertaining four admirals, one general, a Latin-American Ambassador, and one of our local agents, a Black Carib who had been a rum-runner and pirate all his life. I tell you that was some mix in 1943, as the admirals were all American southern gentlemen, but she carried it off like the aristocrat she was and proud of this fact, too.

My wife, Alma'a (meaning "clear water" in one form of Arabic) was officially born a Muslim but was baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. She was deeply religious but not a "religionist" and she should have been entered in the Puritan ambient due to her inborn, almost aggressively high ethical and moral precepts. However, she was first and forever a naturalist in all senses of that word. She gave her "earthly remains" as they say, to cancer research. There will be no funeral and one of her last wishes was that there be no condolences, but that life just go on as if nothing had happened. Her ideas on an afterlife were profoundly philosophical but she wished me to keep them to myself alone.

I thank all of you for the wonderful way you have accepted us here: and I say this primarily on behalf of my dear one.

—IVAN SANDERSON

18 January 1972

Ivan Marries Marion L. Fawcett ("Sabina Bertschy Warren", "Sabina W. Sanderson")

MARION FAWCETT

BETSY FAWCETT

County Twins, 17, Among Graduates At West Chester

Marion and Betsy Fawcett, twin 17-year-old daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Fawcett, of Concordville, were members of the second largest graduating class in the history of West Chester High School, both graduating in the first tenth of a class of 201.

Marion Fawcett was the winner of the Emalea Pusey Warner scholarship to the University of Delaware, one of three scholarships awarded by the university alumnae association. She was also a three-year winner of honor roll mention, graduating third in the class.

Betsy Fawcett was a two-year honor roll winner, and stood eleventh in scholastic standing in

A

apparently first met when the famous jeweler and friend of Ivan's Manny Staub brought her to SITU headquarters in the late 1960s.

Marion was a twin. She and her sister Betsy were born August 19, 1931 to **Richard Baker Warren** and the **former Sabina Clara Grzybowski at Crozer Hospital** (now Crowzer-Chester Medical Center) in Upland, Pennsylvania . For some reason I have yet to uncover, at some point the twins were transferred over to the Fawcett family. We're still researching this, but this is what we know thus far....

The twins' future stepfather was **Clarence Edward Fawcett**, of Concordville, Pennsylvania (21 Jun 1882 – October 1961, Monterey, California). Among other things, he was head of the Soil Conservation program of Delaware county, Pennsylvania, and known as a farming authority throughout the county. He was married on 19 August 1908 to the former **Mary Rebecca Negus** (28 September 1882 – 1931?). They had four daughters:

Laura Fawcett
Born: 5 Oct 1914
Married and became **Laura Fawcett Sanderson**
Died 24 Nov 1993, Monterey, California

Anna Mary Fawcett
Born: 3 Apr 1912
Married and became **Anna Mary Granade**
At one point moved to Elkins Park, North Carolina
Died: 5 July 1989, Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Daughter: Mary Granade Hammond, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Son: James N. Granade III, of Flagstaff, Arizona

Margaret Debra Fawcett
Born: 13 December 1909
Apparently never married.
At one point moved to Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, then to Chatham, North Carolina
Occupation: Bookkepper, accounting and auditing clerk.
Industry: Canned, frozen and preserved fruits and vegetables.
Died: 23 January 1999, Raleigh, North Carolina

Martha Fawcett
Born 1917 ?
Married and became **Martha Vohn**
At one point moved to Pearce, Arizona

In a strange coincidence, after **Sabina Warren** gave birth to the twins, Marion and Betsy, on 19 August 1931, the *Chester Times* for Saturday, 21 August 1931 (p. 4) notes that, "Mrs. Clarence Fawcett of Concordville, who was operated on in the Chester County Hospital, recently returned to her home yesterday **[20 August 1931]**." **Mary Negus Fawcett** had gone in the hospital for exploratory surgery that revealed an extensive growth of cancer. The doctors immediately realized that the cancer had progressed too far to try any kind of treatment, so they simply released her from the hospital. She died around the end of 1931.

Shortly after Mary Fawcett's death, Clarence Fawcett married wife Number Two. Her name is unknown. Family members say that it was in any case an unhappy marriage, and Clarence divorced this woman after a few years.

According to both family members Clarence adored folk dancing, and at one of these local dances the middle-aged Fawcett met the youthful **Elizabeth Pennell**. Both were descended from a long line of Quakers. Indeed, in an 18 August 1948 column in the *Chester Times* of Chester, Pennsylvania, Bob Finucane writes that, "...the white-haired Fawcett takes his wife Elizabeth, by the hand at least once a week and away they go in search of a folk dance where they can exert themselves for several hours."

From a statement by Marion to Richard T. Grybos, Clarence and Elizabeth may have married in December 1944 and the twins were living with them and they had taken the name Fawcett. In the 26 June 1945 edition of the *Chester Times,* Adelaide Cornogg reports that:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Humphreys, of Lake Drive, Brinton Lake, Concordville, entertained recently in honor of their niece, Priscilla-Mary Campbell, of Columbia, Missouri.

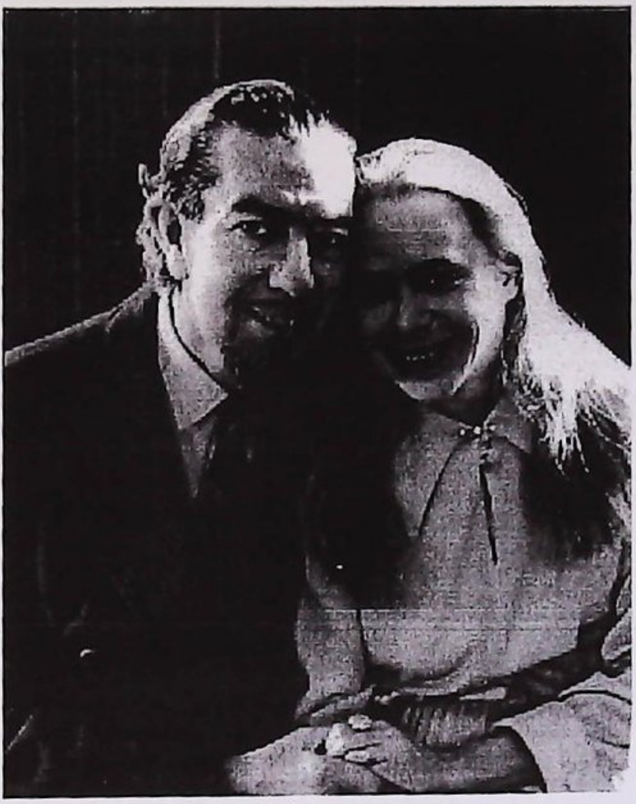
Their guests were Gail Corbett, Barbara and Kay Hackman, Debbie Cornogg, Glenda and Buddy Miller and Marian [sic] and Betsy Fawcett.

Mr. And Mrs. Humphreys were assisted by Mrs. Samuel S. Cornogg.

A canoe ride on the lake was enjoyed until driven inside by the heavy storm. Games were played on the porch. Refreshments were served. [p. 15]

Betsy Fawcett went on to marry James Henry Watson III of the US Navy on 28 June 1952. Their son Karl W. Watson was born March 12, 1953. Betsy attended the Adelphia Business School and worked at American Viscose Corp. in Philadelphia, then moved to Norfolk, Virginia. She moved around quite a bit during her life, with her final residence being Muldrow, Sequoyah, Oklahoma. She died on 21 June 1998. Clarence's widow, **Elizabeth Pennell Fawcett**, died Tuesday, 28 February 2006.

The twins turned out to be both academically gifted. Marion Fawcett was one of the first three graduating high school students in 1949 to receive the Emalea P. Warner scholarship to the University of Delaware for the freshman year (she attended the University of Delaware from 1949-1952, a call to the University of Delaware alumni association revealed that she had not graduated). She had planned on majoring in French at the University.



Ivan and Sabina Sanderson

Photo taken by Frank Brown, Blue Ridge Studios, Blairstown, New Jersey, January 1973.

Marion later moved to Philadelphia and became a medical secretary in the pediatric department of the Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital, Philadelphia (1953–1959), an associate editor in the medical book publishing division of J.B. Lippincott & Co.(1959-1965), and for several years after that was secretarial assistant to Dr. Whitfield J. Bell, Jr. , of the American Philosphical Society Library, also in Philadelphia (1965-1968). Her book *An Index to Films in Review, 1950-1959*, was published by The National Board of Review in 1961. Strangely, Marion initially gave her real name as "Sabina Bertschy Warren" with the name "Marion L. Fawcett" described as a *nom de plume.* Her "real name" was revised to "Sabina Warren Sanderson" in a subsequent edition (New Revision Series, Volume 3). She lists herself as executive secretary and assistant to the director of SITU from 1968 until 1977.

In any case, by 1972 a love developed between Ivan and Marion/Sabina (or perhaps a smoldering one had existed all along), and they were married on May 4, 1972. Interestingly, Alma told Ivan personally that he should marry Marion after her death. That was quite uncharacteristic for Alma, as she was always highly possessive of Ivan and jealous of any female who might catch his eye or pay too much attention to him. It was in any event a perfect match, for both Ivan and Sabina had been "literary partners" for years, their very writing styles being similar. If one were reading an edition of *Pursuit*, for instance, one could not determine whether a particular article was written by Ivan or by Marion, unless one read the byline. Ivan told everyone that, with the marriage, the name of Marion L. Fawcett was retired, and Sabina Bertschy Warren became Sabina W. Sanderson. Ivan in any case had endorsed her use of the name "Sabina W. Sanderson" so that she could wear the old SWS-monogrammed jewelry of his deceased mother, Stella Woodthorpe Sanderson.

In any event, Ivan's marriage to Marion Fawcett went well and all of the festivities of this happy occasion generated new well-being in him.

In September of 1972, however, Ivan went through an automobile accident, and although no one was injured, Ivan's mental state and outlook on life became dim. Shortly after the accident, he developed a constant pain. It soon became impossible for him to push the keys on a typewriter, so he resorted to writing out his articles and editorials for *Pursuit* in longhand. Even this became painful after a time, and he only averaged about a page of it a day. Finally, he went to recording his thoughts on tape, his loyal assistants transcribing from it word for word. The cancer, now in his abdomen, was getting the better of him.

Toward the end it was as if everyone who had ever heard of Ivan Sanderson wanted to meet him at least once before he died. Ivan and company were besieged with both visiting members and the mass of the curious, who looked upon Ivan's home/Headquarters as the Mecca of the fortean world. The annoyances, drudgery, and periodic invasions by outsiders were continuous. The phones, for example, were ringing twelve hours a day. Calls from the printer, Roggie Hicks, calls for still more appointments (now made a week in advance) and long distance "beeper" calls were coming in, which required the bedridden Ivan to gather his thoughts and start talking to inquisitive radio talk show hosts and their audiences. This all went on for seven days a week throughout the year. A fence had to be built around Headquarters to keep roving bands of sightseers out.

A dwindling number of staff members took over Ivan's production of about half a dozen television programs aired on a local UHF station, while at the same time appearing on an equal number of radio and TV network talk shows. This left Ivan to contend with the 40 or more beeper radio shows that came in over the phone that year.

Towards the end of 1972, Ivan went through a bout with London Flu, from which he recovered. Then one day he fell and suffered a concussion. The hospital found that he had been struck down again, this time with pnemonia. Ivan, who had never had so much as a cold in his salad days, remained in the hospital for several weeks. He returned home.

In a long talk with his friend, neighbor and SITU Treasurer and Assistant Director, Allen V. Noe, Ivan, now on the verge of death, expressed the desire for SITU to go on no matter what.

"I don't mind dying," Ivan lamented, "but its such a nuisance— its interfering with our work."

The radiation treatments had created a condition in Ivan that left him without a taste for food. The only thing in the way of nourishment that he found enjoyable was some nut bread baked by Alien Noe's wife. He would sit back and spread pints of English marmelade over the individual slices like an artist spreading oil pigments on a canvas, and then, when the collection of epicurean delights was complete, he would pause momentarily to admire the shiny, glistening works of art, then devour his little masterpieces in less than ten minutes.

Ivan T. Sanderson Passes on...

On the morning of the day he died, Ivan did a one hour beeper show from his bedroom. He was talking with a radio reporter, their conversation being broadcast over a station in New Mexico. After the show, Ivan fell back into bed, exhausted. "I'll never do another show in this condition," he muttered, as he closed his eyes and suddenly lapsed into a coma.

At 10:00 p.m., Allen Noe entered the front door carrying another loaf of his wife's nut bread. As Noe neared the stairs he could hear Ivan's weak, rough voice coming from the upstairs bedroom: "Dogs... dogs... dogs... " He was calling for his four golden retreivers, to see them all for the last time. Alien turned around, put the loaf of nut bread under his arm, then quietly made his way out the front door and went home.

Although his brilliant mind functioned with its usual precision right up until that last show, the combination of diseases and the pain were all too much for him. Thus, death came as a "blessed relief" as Marion later said.

His life did not end in a blaze of glory, yet his ubiquitous influence on the lives of the people whom he touched only became evident after his untimely passing: Not a one of them, not even the skeptics with whom he had long battled, could believe that the life of the indefatigable Ivan Sanderson had finally run its course.

This is probably why a number of newspapers "invented" descriptions of Ivan's passing that took on an air of mystique, no doubt to keep in tune with the kind of "end" the public expected to befall a world adventurer. One newspaper went so far as to give the impression that he had been enigmatically "found dead in his home." Actually, Ivan died peacefully in his sleep on the night of 19 February 1973, in his own bed, Marion holding his hand till the end. He was not "officially" pronounced dead, however, until after midnight, when he was brought to Warren Hospital in Phillipsburg, New Jersey, so Ivan had an uncertain date of both birth and death.

I had no inkling of what was going on, for I had gone on a journey into Canada for a period of time. Upon my return, I found that the April edition of *Pursuit* was not in my mailbox. This was indeed unusual, for it was now July, and the July edition should soon be mailed. Something was wrong. I did find a letter from Ivan, addressed to all SITU members, accompanied with a reprint from *The National Observer* summarizing what we had learned from our Apollo flights to the moon. The last line of Ivan's introduction to the article went: "I only hope that I shall be around to see what Mr. Young might have to say at the end of this next decade."

I then ran into a friend of mine who presented me with an old newspaper clipping—Ivan's obituary. Grief overcame me, for although I had heard about Ivan's operations and Alma's death, I was not aware that Ivan had died so suddenly. This one-two punch of the absence of *Pursuit* and the recipience of Ivan's obituary had convinced me that SITU had folded.

I sent a letter anyway, getting an instant reply from Marion. She said that the Society was still in working order, though Ivan's death had caused untold distress. Enclosed with this letter was the April edition of *Pursuit.* What had happened was that my file card had been pulled inadvertently when some other honorary members were deprived of their status. With no card there could be no address on my issue of *Pursuit*—hence, my issue was not mailed.

The April edition made known Ivan's decree that there should not be a gloomy ceremony for him. In fact, there was no ceremony at all —Ivan left his body to medical science in an effort to supplement world-wide cancer research. In the same issue, Marion related some of the curious repercussions felt by the Society and its members immediately following Ivan's death: "It is perhaps the greatest tribute to Ivan that many of the cards and letters I have received have come from people who had never met Ivan; they knew him from his books, his radio and TV shows, and they felt his death as a personal loss."

Remembering Ivan's pragmatism, I shot off another letter to Marion, asking if Ivan had made any "arrangement" for an effort to get in touch with him after death, as a scientific experiment. I also inquired as to whether Ivan knew he had cancer in 1970, at the time when my conversation with him took place. (Remember that line in Chapter 2: "I might as well tell you now because...."). Her reply contained the following:

I'm sorry to disappoint you, but Ivan hoped devoutly that there is no 'hereafter'—the idea of hanging around for eternity did not appeal to him at all. He made no 'arrangements' to try to contact me or anyone else after death and, in fact, at the end was really so ill that he didn't even want to think about scientific experiments; he was primarily concerned with keeping the pain under control somehow. And he was starting his autobiography and concentrating on that. Neither of us suspected that he would die so very soon (he started taping only a week before he died); both of us felt that he was going through another of his 'crises' and that once it was over he should improve—we figured generally on about five years before the cancer actually killed him.

As for the unfinished sentence, I do not know what may have been on his mind or even what he may have started to say, but he could not have known about the cancer, which was not discovered until very late spring or early summer of 1971. I have looked at the calendar for 1970 and can find nothing that indicates any kind of major crisis that might have been worrying him. It probably was nothing more than a 'Well, I'm going to start writing my autobio soon (famous last words) so I might as well tell him...' kind of thing. I certainly don't believe there was anything 'sinister' about it. [Fawcett, Marion L. Personal Communication. 11 August 1973.]

Thus, in a shadowy and coincidental sort of way, my friendship ended with the greatest intellect and most fascinating fellow that I have ever had the pleasure and the happenstance to meet—my "most unforgettable character," to use the parlance of *Reader's Digest*.

Now, years later, I sometimes place a dusty old reel marked "SANDERSON" on my tape recorder, thread the mylar strip through the machine and switch it on. I then sit back, listening and trying to visualize just how Ivan looked when he uttered the words that can be found in these pages. Fortunately, when I completely lose sight of that bearded figure in swimming trunks, I can always open up a large manila envelope and pull out Dan Manning's photographs of a distinguished-looking gentleman and an infinitely younger self sitting on a couch, pleasantly conversing.

Finally, the tape runs out.

Ivan T. Sanderson — Epilogue

Let us now move to late December 1973, less than ten months after Ivan's death.

On passing through Hainesburg I stop briefly to inspect the delapidated, boarded-up remains of Roth's Inn. A lone farmer heavily bundled in dirty coveralls, with walking stick in hand, unhurridly trudges past my car. For wont of an explanation, I roll down the window and call to him: "Hey there. Pardon me but—what happened to Mr. Roth?"

The elderly gentleman pauses and replies: "He sold out. A couple of new guys are fixin' up the place. . . Ha! They think they're gonna turn a profit, but I know better."

"You don't think they'll make money?" I ask.

"Nope. When Ivan Sanderson was around, all of his friends who he didn't have room for up at his place used to come down here and stay for the night at Roth's. They'd hang around for a while and have some drinks before they went back up again. When all his friends stopped coming after he died, well, there was no reason for Roth's to stay open."

The sign reading *Ivan Road* still stands, that small materialization of the reverence held for him by the inhabitants of the surrounding countryside, a sign that has now become enveloped in the branches of a nearby tree, the leaves of which obscure it during the summertime. But right now it is a frosty winter morning, and the tentacled silent guide still faithfully points the way to the local legend's domain.

I drive into the still vestigial parking lot, get out of my car and walk up a small path of crushed stone that leads to the front patio. I approach the door and knock.

Headquarters is not picayune any more when it comes to making appointments, for fewer people have visited since Ivan's death.

Sabina comes to the door and opens it. She is wearing a neck brace—arthritis.

I enter the house, seeing before me the kitchen with its long shelves of unfamiliar spices. As I chat with Sabina about old times, I casually walk over to the living room to see if it has retained any of its museum atmosphere. Yes, the "Oriental Room," as it is called, still lives on, though its decor has been shuffled around and rearranged a bit.

The guest bedrooms beyond are now empty and have been vacant ever since Fred Allsop jetted up from Port-au-Prince in September 1972 to pay final respects to his dying friend.

I finish my chat with Sabina and walk out of the kitchen, past the stairs, and into the room where she had typed out my membership card several years before. Sitting at a desk in the far corner is—Ivan?! No, its only Allen Noe, who has recently grown a goatee that is more Lincolnesque than Sandersonian. He greets me and pecks at a few keys on his partable typewriter.

Upon my mentioning Ivan or any of his past endeavors, Allen sits back and begins to reminisce:

"About ten years ago I was invited to a venison dinner at an establishment up in Massachusetts," he says. "As soon as I walked into the place I spotted Ivan over at the bar. I went over and introduced myself. He then turned to me and said, 'So *you're* the guy who was born in my bedroom. (Noe had been born in an upstairs bedroom of the Mansion house when his family had owned it at the turn of the century). I want to talk to you, Mr. Noe.' Well, I had met Ivan briefly several times before, but we had never really talked. We sat at that bar until about 4:00 a.m., talking about life, travel, and just about anything else that came to mind. We had something to eat and then we started in talking again through most of the following day. We saw eye to eye on a lot of things, and we were good friends from then on."

"When we finally did leave that place, Ivan told me that he wanted to plant a weeping willow on his property," says Noe. "As we walked, I reached up an broke off a few branches of a weeping willow that was growing near the parking lot there. I brought them back with us and I planted them out by the swimming pond, over there." Noe points out the window toward what is now a huge, 60-foot weeping willow tree.

Noe, a retired employee of the Federal Government, was at the time giving freely of his time for Society affairs.

Walking by a shelf, I notice a small black leather photo album labeled "Pix of Meetings." I take it off of the shelf and open it. It is filled with large polaroid color prints of the famous meetings that took place up until a few months before I met Ivan in the summer of 1970. Noe glances over, gets up and joins me.

"I've never seen *these* before," he exclaims. We work our way through the album, Allen pointing out and affixing names to the various people in the photos. It seems strange to see all of these flurries of activity and amusement captured on a sheet of plastic,.now so many years after the real events have all passed away.

There is Ivan, Alma, and a cheerful Marion, alias Sabina. Charming, charismatic people—all of them. And look, a clean shaven Alien Noe—a mere shadow of the man of character whom he now portrays with the help of his new, forceful, and adventurous-looking facial hair.

Sabina Sanderson, 2003. She lives in northern New Jersey, not far from the site of the old SITU headquarters.

I look out the window. A flock of guinea hens wanders about the grounds, accompanied by the last two of Ivan's surviving dogs, Bruno and Marzi. Just then Noe brought out some figures proudly demonstrating that while a few of Ivan's "fans" had dropped out of the Society after his death, they soon realized, after a few months of independence, the phenomenal uniqueness of SITU's library and files. Within these last two months they had all come back and were once again on the membership roll. There were even some new members: One in Australia, two in Yugoslavia, and finally—of all people—the mayor of Albany, New York.

The phone rang. An article was coming in from a Scientific Advisory Board member for *Pursuit*. Noe once again banged some keys on a Smith-Corona. Things were beginning to hum. He got up and walked over to SITU's new $1,500 copying machine, busily getting the material to be reproduced in order. He said there were plans to build a $100,000 two-story museum and conference room complex. This was probably the same structure that SITU had discussed building many years before in at one end of the SITU parking lot. It appeared on Eddie Schoenenberger's March 1968 map of SITU headquarters, and architects' plans of this "New Library Building" had been published in the June 1968 issue of *Pursuit* (incorporating Newsletter No. 3). The structure was never built.

I said goodbye and departed.

Yours truly visited SITU a few more times in the mid-1970s, taking some college chums along for the ride, and to satisfy their own curiosity about my tales concerning Ivan Sanderson and his bizarre scientific society, investigating mysteries just a hair beyond the limits of human knowledge.

We found that most of SITU's files, amazingly, had vanished. As cryptozoologist Loren Coleman wrote in 2007:

One fault of Sanderson's, however, may have been his trusting of others. As he was getting sicker and sicker with cancer, after Mark A. Hall's year of being a director of SITU, the end times of SITU in Blairstown, New Jersey, were not happy ones. More and more people, unscreened, would end up coming to visit the Sandersons. Many would "look" at the files, and walk away with materials. By the end, the rumors making the rounds were that people "in station wagons were backing up to the concrete bunker" and loading books and files into their vehicles. The "borrowed" files and books never were returned.

Ivan Sanderson's concrete building that he had built on his land specifically for his decades of materials was legendary. It was filled to overflowing with files and his priceless library. By the time of his death, the collection of SITU was, more or less, gone.

In a series of contributions and purchases in 1977 and 1983, Ivan's wife Sabina donated his personal papers not in SITU's library and kept in protected locations, to the American Philosophical Society Library in Philadelphia. This collection of 17,000 items contains diaries, correspondence, manuscripts, drawings, photographs and notebooks, and takes up 27 linear feet of shelf space. She still lives in northern New Jersey, not far from the site of the former SITU headquarters.

With the death of Ivan Sanderson, SITU began a slow but certain death. One of Ivan's friends, the eccentric fortean author John Keel, who wrote the famous book, *The Mothman Prophecies*, talked about keeping SITU alive—with Keel as its titular head—and "publishing a journal written by Ph.Ds," which in those days was a flight of fancy. That idea went nowhere—Keel was editor of the Society's quarterly journal *Pursuit* for a few issues, but he apparently changed his mind after realizing the hard work that would be involved, not to mention the fact that such small, unusual, almost cult-like organizations can only galvanize their membership and attract outside resources with the help of a charismatic leader, a quality which the acerbic Keel definitely lacked. (It is perhaps no coincidence that Ivan, in his book *This Treasured Land*, waxed poetic over architect Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin Fellowship, the ground zero of a "cult of personality" that pretty much became a cult in the literal sense. Ivan may have harbored a small, secret envy of Wright, since nearly all of Ivan's own entourage took advantage of him and then abandoned him when he became seriously ill.)

Moreover, a great deal of in-fighting among the SITU Governing Board was occurring in the wake of Ivan Sanderson's death. That was partly because Ivan, apparently to ensure that SITU would survive one way or another, or perhaps just to please his remaining, loyal friends, took several close associates aside individually and casually told them, "Well, I guess when I die you'll be the one running SITU." The final strange shennigans swirling around Ivan Sanderson extended well beyond the grave: Ivan's friend Bob Durant told me that, after his death, no less than three people showed up with deeds to the property, resulting in a lengthy legal action. After an eight-year court battle during the 1970s and early 1980s, the Sanderson estate and former SITU headquarters was awarded to Ivan's former zoo assistant and partner in the animal business, Edgar O. ("Eddie") Schoenenberger. He lives there today with his wife, the former Patricia Vanatta, another "alumnus" of Ivan Sanderson's Jungle Zoo.

During this time, and aside from the problems with the deed, considerable in-fighting occurred among SITU Governing Board Members and Trustees over what SITU should be doing. At one point, "Sabina W. Sanderson" (Marion L. Fawcett) was unanimously voted off of the board.

A couple of fellows (R. Martin Wolf and Steven Mayne) lived at SITU headquarters and basically ran SITU and helped edit *Pursuit* during the middle-to-end of the 1970s, then had to leave. More in-fighting occurred around this time, mostly involving a fellow named Robert E. Jones of Byram Township, Sussex County, who had secured a grant from IBM to pay for SITU's photocopier, and who claimed to have had "programmed the Multiple Independently-targetable Reentry Vehicle [MIRV] warheads" for the U.S. military.

Ivan Rd
Ivan Rd
Parking
Pond

Aerial view of the former SITU headquarters, 2009, taken over the remains of the Annex. The property is now the home of Edgar O. Schoenenberger and his wife Patricia.

After one particularly nasty dispute, Jones dissociated himself from the Society and started his own nonprofit organization in 1976 to investigate unexplained phenomena. Called Vestigia, Jones' group received some considerable publicity starting in December 1976 when they investigated a strange "spook light" that appeared (and still appears) at night bobbling along a wooded stretch of railroad tracks near Long Valley, New Jersey. Yours Truly and my motley crew of college buddies witnessed one of these investigations, and I even wrote up an uncredited short news item about Vestigia's investigations for *Science Digest*. It was the second article I ever published professionally ("Earth Emits Ghostly Light." *Science Digest*. July 1982. p. 19.), and I was rather amazed that such a publication was so open-minded as to run an article on the subject. Jones died in the 1980s, however, and Vestigia then began to wind down its activities. Today it appears to be a nearly inactive e-mail "Vestigia group" at Yahoo! Groups.

The supreme irony is that whereas Ivan Sanderson always bragged about how his "scientific society" of SITU would never investigate "intangible" unexplained phenomena such as apparitions, SITU ultimately came under the control of Robert C. Warth of Little Silver, New Jersey, a machinist at Bendix Corporation, who began doing things such as conducting seances.

During the era following Ivan Sanderson's death, the person who made the single largest financial donation to SITU was cryptozoologist Dale Drinnon. Shortly after Ivan's death he visited the original headquarters while

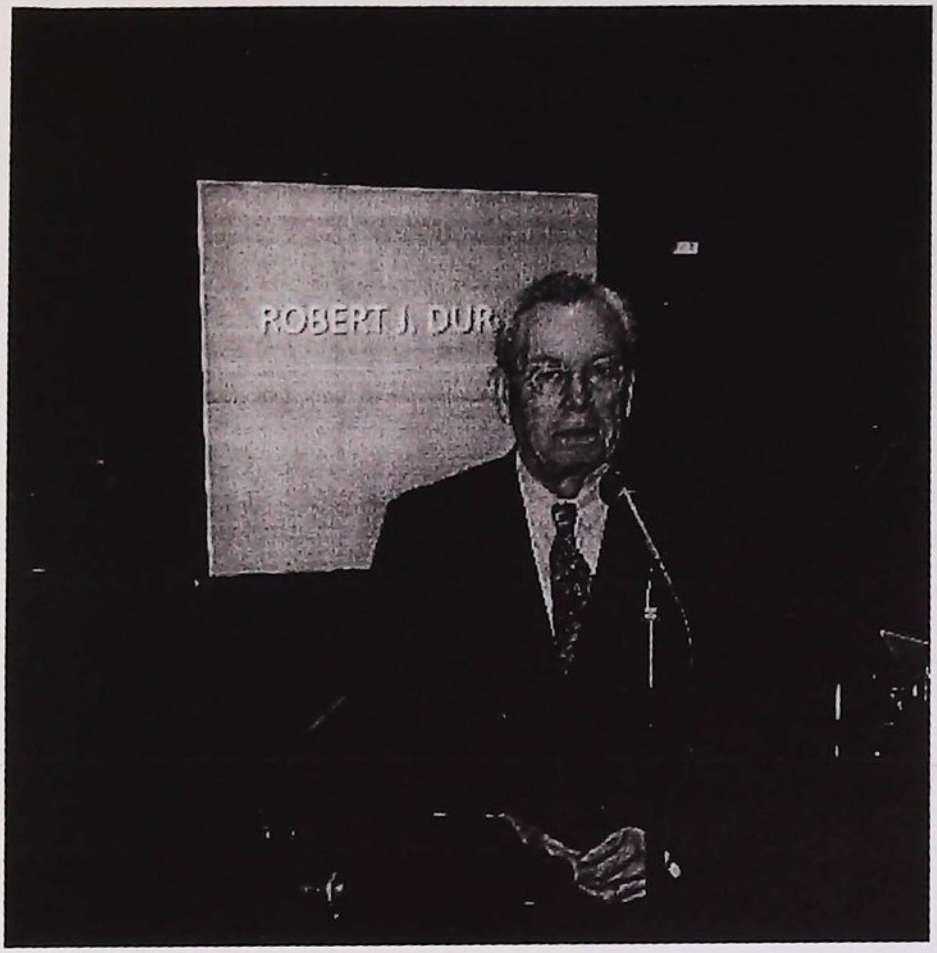
"Sabina W. Sanderson" (the former Marion L. Fawcett) was in residence, and then he stayed for longer periods in the summers of 1975 and 1976, living in the Annex building and spending hours going through the files. Drinnon got to experience Warth's eccentricities firsthand, such as his propensity to have "fits of pique" and tell people he would want nothing more to do with them. As Drinnon later wrote to me in an e-mail, "He [Warth] was sitting on a stack of my submissions for *Pursuit* for the length of the 1990s and at one point he said he would have nothing more to do with me because he thought I was too chummy with Bernard Heuvelmans." **[Drinnon, Dale. E-mail communication. 14 December 2009.]**

Under Warth's leadership, SITU's membership shrank dramatically and the Society's quarterly journal, *Pursuit,* suspended publication in 1989 (my last issue is designated Volume 22, Number 1, Whole No. 85, First Quarter). Still, additional factual material and reports from the remaining members had again accumulated over the years, and the garage and home of Bob and Nancy Warth were overflowing. A small "farmette" of several acres was purchased somewhere near Jackson, New Jersey, along with a small building. It was a sort of miniature reproduction of the former SITU headquarters. Most of the remaining SITU material was stored there. A final effort by Warth to revive *Pursuit* in 1995 was unsuccessful, and SITU continued its decline. Warth died on Halloween, 31 October 2005, from a brain hemorrhage secondary to undiagnosed colon cancer.

With the death of Bob Warth, the last remnants of SITU vanished. Shortly after his death, his wife Nancy donated the remaining SITU records, back issues of the Society's journal *Pursuit*, library, specimens and so forth, to the Society for Scientific Exploration (SSE) , a professional organization of scientists and scholars who study unusual and unexplained phenomena. Founded in 1982, the SSE has about 800 members in 45 countries worldwide and publishes a peer-reviewed journal, the *Journal of Scientific Exploration* (JSE) and another magazine called EdgeScience, which brings their work to the general public. SSE appears to be a worthy successor to SITU.

Purely in terms of cryptozoology, however, Ivan T. Sanderson himself would most likely be enamored of today's Centre for Fortean Zoology, founded in 1992 by Jonathan Downes (born Portsmouth, England, in 1959) . It is in operation and spirit very much like the old SITU.

Recollections of Capt. Robert J. Durant



Robert J. Durant

Bob Durant flew helicopters for six years for the U.S. Navy before joining Pan American World Airways. He flew six different types of airliners for Pan Am primarily on international routes serving as navigator, flight engineer, copilot and captain. He was also a flight operations manager for two-and-a-half years supervising 1100 pilots and flight engineers. Bob moved from Pan Am to Delta Airlines in 1991 where he flew until his retirement in 1998. He continues to serve as President of the Pan Am Pilots' Retirement Foundation, Inc.

When Durant, a former Board member of SITU, discovered that Yours Truly was working on this tribute to Ivan Sanderson, he forwarded to me this unpublished recollection he wrote in 2004 (I have added comments in brackets and a **bold font** where appropriate):

"Remembering Ivan" by Robert J. Durant

It must have been 1968 or 1969 when I first heard the voice of Ivan Sanderson. His accent was a perfect "BBC" upper-class English, but what caught the attention at once—and kept it—was Sanderson's totally riveting discourse. He was on the Barry Farber radio show, one of the AM powerhouses of the day. And he was talking about the Bermuda Triangle.

I had experienced something that to this day puzzles me, and wanted to let him know about it. While flying in roughly the area of the Triangle, I had observed, from an altitude of some 30,000 feet, a huge mound of seemingly boiling water emerge from the sea about 100 miles north of Puerto Rico. It rose, looking like a gigantic cauliflower, then slowly collapsed back. The diameter of the mound must have been at least one-quarter mile.

So I wrote a letter to Sanderson with those details. To my surprise, he replied with a nice note. Soon we were exchanging more letters. Eventually, I was invited to the Columbia, New Jersey Farm. And thus began a wonderful friendship.

Unfortunately, it was to be a short friendship, because Ivan died in 1973. In fact, by the time I met him, Ivan was already ravaged by various medical problems. He had always had one "bad" eye, and now the remaining eye was deteriorating, so he had to use a magnifying glass to read, slowly scanning, and pausing when it got too much. Before this problem set in, Ivan had been a voracious reader, and he mentioned that it was a real blow to suddenly lose his lifetime habit and joy of vast reading.

But that was just a statement of fact, rather than a complaint. As I got closer to him, I learned that in those final years, sickness and an encroaching blindness were not the sum of his troubles. He was nearly broke, sustained by a few royalty checks that sporadically appeared in the mailbox. **[Ivan had run up such large bills with the local grocers that he would offer to pay their income taxes at the end of each year.]** And many friends of long-standing, meaning the crowd that clung around him when he made enough money to pay the restaurant and bar bills, and who benefited from his publishing and show business contacts, had stopped calling. I did not learn this from Ivan, but from others. So I could go on at length about the miserable condition in which Ivan's final years developed. But having stated the facts in outline, I will go on to the more important point. That is, he never really complained. This amazed me, and it is one of my enduring memories of Ivan Sanderson. The man had "character" to a truly exceptional degree.

Ivan was a non-stop talker. But not a bore. Never. This was another exceptional trait. He talked and talked, but the range of topics was huge, and always what he had to say fascinated. And if you want to know how the talking was organized, look at his writing. It was the same flowing, sometimes almost poetic discourse.

His wife Alma died during this period. She was a black woman, a native of Africa, but educated in France **[and England, where they met, according to Ivan]**, and so accomplished that she did translations of French publications into English. Incredibly, they had performed a night club act internationally for many years. They were dancers, doing Latin steps that were still very new. Apparently this was quite a sensation. Ivan said they gave it up because of the rigors of constant travel. Sorry I used the word "incredibly." With Ivan, just about everything seemed incredible, ridiculous or impossible, but eventually I was able to document nearly every claim he made about his truly amazing life.

He told me that once he was watching a motion picture of a rhinoceros attacking and killing a man. Then he grasped that it was a movie taken of the last moments of the life of—his own father! He knew his father had been killed by a rhinoceros, but had no idea the event had been filmed.

And he was a highly skilled cook, specializing in the food of Southeast Asia. The kitchen was lined with scores of oddly shaped glass bottles, each containing a different spice or vegetable, nearly all of them originating in Thailand, Vietnam or Burma. **[As SITU Resident Staff member Richard T. Grybos told me (Richard Grigonis), "Did you ever try Ivan's sukiyaki? He'd make it one day and we would eat it every night for 4 to 5 days."]** He told me once that even though he was an experienced naturalist, and had subsisted in the wild for long periods, one thing he would not take a chance on was mushrooms. Apparently he had made a serious mistake once, and was not about to repeat it.

He liked to drink. At the time, I was a pilot with Pan Am, and had a regular run from New York to Ireland, where I would routinely buy one or two bottles of whisky. This was a double-malt called Cardhu, then quite cheap, but now a very expensive brand. To me, the stuff tastes like kerosene, but Ivan pronounced it wonderful, and eagerly awaited my next shipment. That was all I could do for the man, and gladly did it, knowing that he genuinely appreciated the occasional bottle.

It seemed Ivan was always hosting someone at the farm. Some were local farmers who stopped by to chat about entirely mundane things. Others were more exotic. A man with an eye-patch and a strong resemblance to Ernest Hemingway was there often. He was retired from *Time Magazine*, which he ran for many years, and lived nearby on a luxurious spread, but liked to hang out with Ivan. **[Bob Durant is almost certainly referring to Ivan's friend John Stuart Martin, who was part of the original group that started *Time*, and who was a cousin of its co-founder, Briton Haden. A 1923 Princeton grad, he was nicknamed "the one-armed bandit" because he had lost a left arm in a childhood hunting accident and was resentful of any sympathy, but he could win at games of golf, was a crack shot with a rifle and shotgun, and could hold a telephone using his shoulder and chin while typing and chewing paper clips. He was managing editor at *Time* (1929–33, 1936–37), and helped to get *Life* magazine up and running during 1935–36. Like Ivan, however, he was a heavy drinker and was said to be a verbal bully when drunk, a behavior that some say may have blackballed him from being appointed *Life's* first managing editor. A staunch political conservative, he wrote the narration for the World War II propaganda film, *The Fighting Lady* (1944) as well as the narration for a filmed version of George Orwell's *Animal Farm.* Eventually ending up as a freelance writer, he wrote everything from a novel, *General Manpower* (1938) and *Learning to Gun* (1963), to *The Curious History of the Golf Ball* (1968), *A Picture History of Eastern Europe* (1971), and he was the editor of book, *A Picture History of Russia* (1945).]**

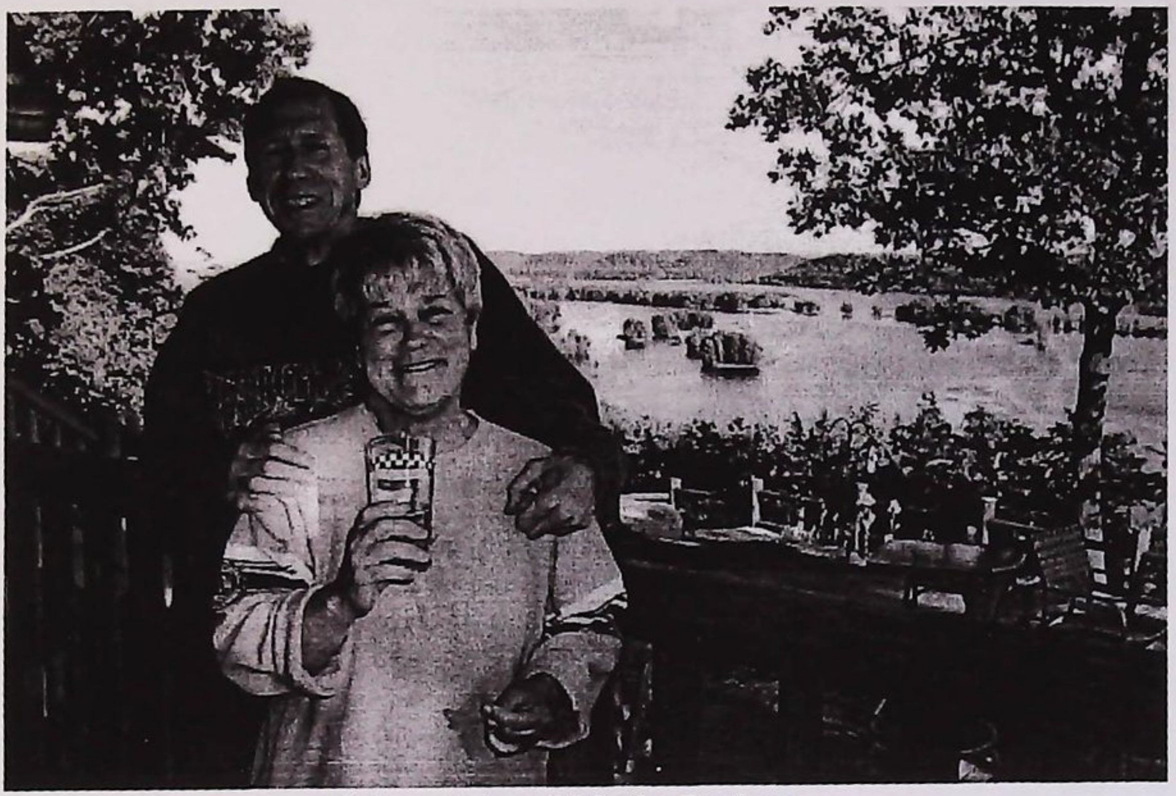
Then there was the big-game hunter from Africa, straight out of Hollywood's Central Casting, but there to plan strategy for tracking Yetis. And the British aristocrat who lived in a chateau in France, but had taken a week and a transatlantic flight to pick Ivan's brain about a similar cryptozoological venture. Everyone was treated equally, and Ivan went to pains to ensure that the visitors, regardless of their eminence, met everyone else on even terms.

There was a time when Ivan made a lot of money. His books sold well, and he was a fixture on early television. It was then that, with money in his pocket, he drove from New York City, with nothing other than sightseeing in mind, and found a small farm for sale in the nearly uninhabited western edge of New Jersey. On impulse, he bought it outright. That was a lucky thing, because it was to be his home, headquarters for the Society, and his refuge.

Ivan had his faults. Upon his death, it seems that no less than three individuals produced documents in which Ivan had bequeathed to them the farm! This took considerable sorting out.

Once long ago I was musing about Ivan, and the idea popped into my mind that the best way to describe him in comparison to the rest of mankind is as follows: Ivan was like a color photograph, everyone else was black and white. What a man! **[A strangely apt statement, given that Ivan had hosted the world's first color TV series in 1951.]**

R. J. Durant
March 1, 2004



Richard T. and Linda Grybos.

Special Thanks to Richard T. and Linda Grybos

Former SITU Resident Staff member Richard T. Grybos was kind enough to send Yours Truly many transparencies, back issues of SITU's journal, *Pursuit* and various SITU newsletters, occasional papers, minutes of meetings, annual reports, etc. He also has provided considerable email correspondence and has made himself available for interviews concerning Ivan Sanderson and those who were in his orbit. His wife, a superlative genealogist, has recently become fascinated with the story of Ivan Sanderson and has traced the Sanderson family tree back several generations—her research is also in the process of being incorporated into this website. I thank them both for their earnest contributions in time and effort in assisting me in the creation of this tribute to Ivan Sanderson.

Yours Truly (Richard Grigonis) hopes that you have enjoyed this tour of the extraordinary life of Ivan T. Sanderson. And, unlike a conventional printed biography, this is a perpetual work in progress. If anyone out there reading this ever met him, knows of any anecdotes about him, or has stumbled across any interesting old newsclippings concerning him, please send me an e-mail!